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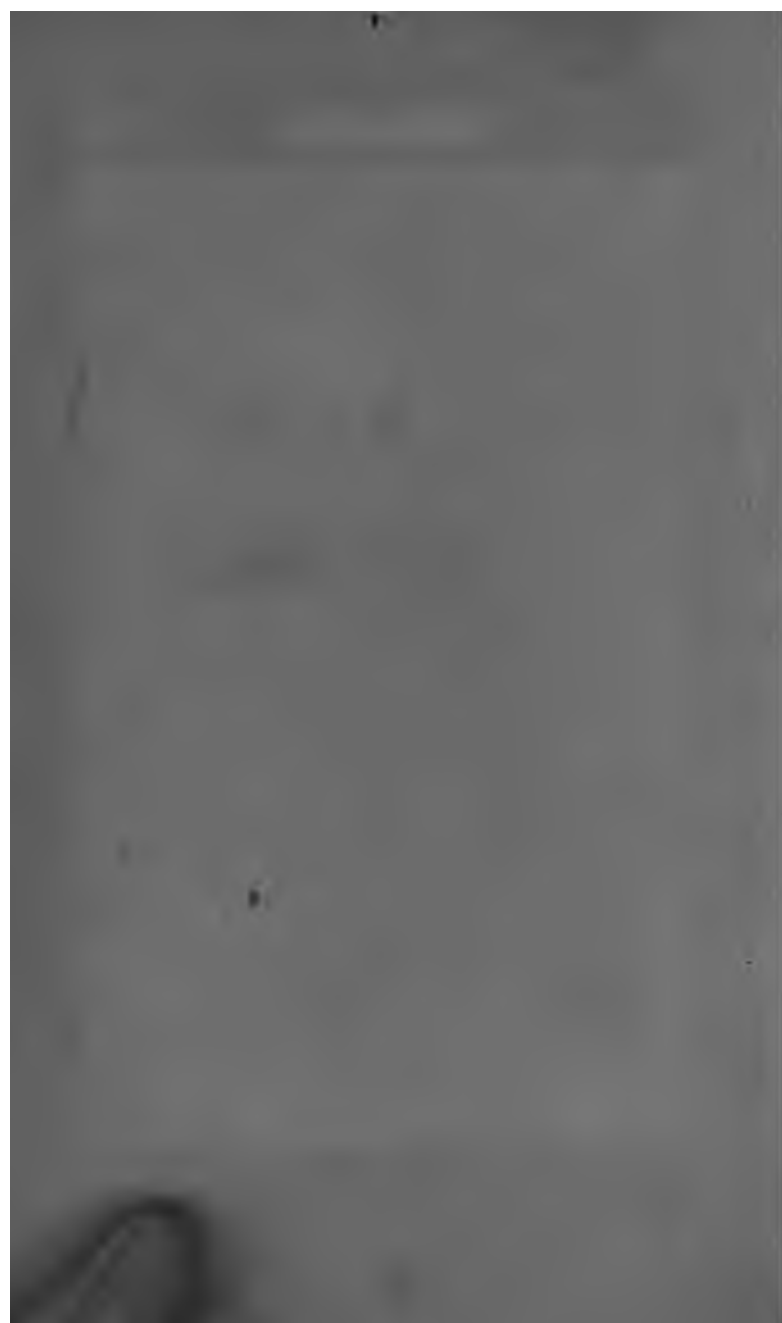
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KATE MARSTONE:

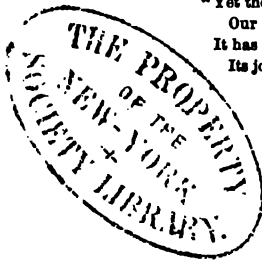
OR

HAPPY HEARTS MAKE HAPPY HOMES.

A Fireside Story.

"Life's little lines, how short, how faint,
How fast they fade away;
Its highest hopes, its brightest joys,
Are compassed in a day.

"Yet though so changing and so brief,
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charm for every grief,
Its joy for every age."

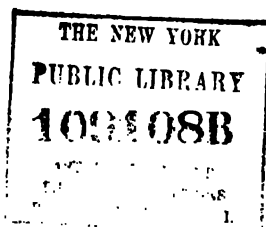


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To
THE TEACHERS AND PUPILS
OF
ST. MARY'S HALL, BURLINGTON, N. J.,
AND
TO THE BELOVED MEMORY OF ITS FOUNDER,
THIS SIMPLE STORY IS
Affectionately Inscribed.

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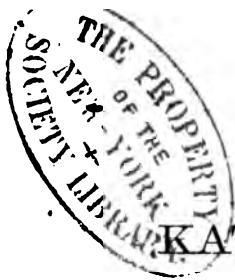
P R E F A C E .



HIS simple, but eventful story, will be found to contain one or two portraits, upon which the pen alone has been employed.

Many throughout these wide United States will recognise the picture thus presented of the Clairsville Institutions; and the forgotten memories of early school days will rise up in pleasant visions of the time once passed within their walls. Such will doubtless welcome the story, as the tribute of a fellow-pupil who, perhaps, like themselves, has only pleasant reminiscences to record, even while shedding tears for the "great-hearted shepherd" who, after so many years of watching for their spiritual welfare, now rests from his labors.





KATE MARSTONE;

OR,

HAPPY HEARTS MAKE HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER I.

"A rural church; some scattered cottage roofs,
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended, mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy, and weather-stained;
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;
And here and there a venerable tree,
In foliaged beauty; of these elements,
And only these, the simple scene was formed."



None of the less rocky defiles of the White Mountains, completely shut out from the world, lies a beautiful fertile valley, of several miles' extent, through which a clear stream meanders like a silver thread, lost often to the view amidst dense masses of foliage, and now and then winding past some quiet farm-house, whose simple-minded inhabitants but imperfectly realize the enchanting beauty of their locality.

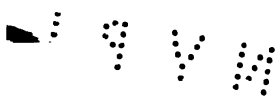
But to a stranger, travelling away from the heat and noise of city life, the place offers rare attractions, and might well persuade one to embrace a hermit's life amidst this perfect stillness and seclusion.

The whole air of the place seems to breathe of peace and long life; and yet beside the brook, in the most beautiful part of the vale, rises the church, with the graveyard near it, studded with white stones, proclaiming that even the dwellers in this peaceful place are mortal, while the tapering spire, as it points upward, reminds us of those bowers of unfading green and those streams of living water prepared beyond the grave.

As we have said, the inhabitants of this charming region are for the most part humble, and totally unacquainted with the doings of the great world around them; for their resources are within themselves, and they need not to wander abroad in search of the outside vanities, since ignorance is to them a sufficient measure of bliss, and contentment sweetens their daily bread.

Here and there, however, you might discover traces of a higher refinement, as a pretty English cottage peeps out behind the clump of forest trees that almost hides it from view, or a spacious farmhouse, not entirely devoid of ornament, appears by the road-side, showing that some have found shelter in this quiet nook, bringing with them a more cultivated taste in architecture.

It is within one of the more elegant of these lovely cottage homes that we are about to introduce the reader to the subjects of our tale. A home of neatness and comfort, everything about it wearing the impress of refinement and cultivation, although



there is small show of those superfluous things which generally come under the name of luxuries.

The site upon which the house is built forms one of its chief recommendations, being high and commanding, overlooking at no great distance the river Saco, as it rushes onward from the mountains to pour its impetuous waters into the sea, receiving in its tortuous course many little streams that find their origin in the snows of the lofty mountain-tops beyond.

The graceful honeysuckle and trellised roses which surround the door, and the smooth lawn, studded with beds of bright flowers, attest the presence of a hand of taste.

Nor are the more substantial tokens of a farmer's wealth wanting; broad fields are waving with ripe grain, and fine cattle and sheep are grazing upon the uplands, while ample barns show that industry and thrift are qualities duly regarded here.

At the time our tale opens, the husband and father of the family had just returned from the nearest village, laden with the various dainties and necessities which he had been commissioned to procure, in exchange, perhaps, for sundry articles of home produce carried thither.

His wife, a delicate-looking woman, bearing the traces of former beauty, welcomed him with smiles, while a tidy maid was busily employed in preparing the evening meal; and the children, who had eagerly watched for their father's return, now climbed his knee, besieging him with alternate kisses and questions.

"How much did you get for my ducks, papa?" cried Willie.

"And how much for my turkey?" screamed little Jessie. A bright silver dollar in the hand of each of the querists, was an answer that caused both to dance with delight, and they almost flew to their mother to tell her the news of their lately acquired wealth. Then came a long consultation as to the manner of its appropriation; whether the long desired cart and whip should now be procured, and the coveted doll which would open and shut its eyes. These momentous questions seemed so difficult to be decided, that the call to tea found them still undetermined.

"What has happened?" asked the wife, as they rose to obey the summons; "you look anxious to-day."

"Nothing, my love," he cautiously answered, "only I have brought you a letter from home."

"A letter from *home*!" What a thrill ran through her soul as she heard the words, for she had waited long for such a one; but though many a month and year had gone by, her waiting and longing had been in vain. So she tremblingly reached out her hand for the treasure.

Her brother's handwriting on the outside was easily to be recognised; the lapse of time had not altered its peculiarities, and she hastily tore it open, and glanced down the page. Instantly, an ashy paleness overspread her face, her head swam, and she was rapidly losing consciousness, when her watchful husband caught her in his arms, and bore her to a neigh

boring couch. The cruel news brought by the long expected letter was more than the exile could bear; her father, he whom she had so bitterly offended, but whose forgiveness she had never ceased to hope would at last be granted to her prayers, was no longer among the living. That affectionate old man, who had loved her so tenderly in her earlier years, before offences had divided them, could not now be troubled either by her acts or her absence. No wonder that she was stunned by the suddenness of the blow, and that her sensitive nature comprehended at once the magnitude of her bereavement.

The tea remained untasted that night, for even the children, who did not yet venture to ask the meaning of their mother's sudden emotion, could not feel hungry while she was in such distress, and their father's anxieties were too much awakened for him to relish food.

Edward and Mary Malcolm were English people, who had left their fatherland some eight years before, and come to settle among the mountains of New Hampshire. Mary was the only daughter and eldest child of a proud family, and had been reared in all the elegance of a lordly home; but love for Edward Malcolm had induced her to brave the displeasure of a stern father and frowning friends, and seek an asylum with him in the New World. Here the co-working of kindred interests and loving hearts had wrought out a little Eden, where harmony and

domestic bliss were the air they breathed; and in living for each other, the outer world was in a degree forgotten, and they were happy.

Yet within any earthly Paradise corroding care will enter, though unbidden; and the delightful memories of childhood, connected, as in this case, with recollections of greater luxury and affluence, did occasionally bring a tear into Mary's eyes; but there was one always at her side to wipe it away, and soothe with kind and loving words the rugged path of life. And from within her own soul there shone forth the pure light of religion, with no faint or flickering ray, but with that steadily increasing brightness which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Edward Malcolm was also of a noble race, a younger son of an honorable house. He had won the heart of Sir William Scott's fair daughter, and but one obstacle presented itself to their happy union, and that, alas! how great.

Sir William, and all his family, were Roman Catholics of the old stamp, who prided themselves on the fact, that never had their escutcheon been stained with the record of a single apostate to the ancient faith; and most devoted was he in his attachment to his creed.

His near neighbor, Lord Malcolm, had rendered him some personal services, and had, through his superior influence in Parliament, procured the passage of an Act whereby the members of that Church were materially benefited, and their religion and pro-

perty guarded from encroachment. By reason of a feeling of obligation on his part, Sir William had permitted the increasing intimacy which had for some time existed between his own daughter and Lady Helen Malcolm, who was near her age, and both just budding into womanhood.

No fears had the pious father of his daughter's faith wavering, nor of any arguments which Protestants could offer having any contaminating power over her well balanced mind; so carefully had she been instructed in all the dogmas of her father's creed, and armed on all points against the heresies of the English Church.

And they, bright creatures, were happy in this friendship, being almost inseparable in their attachment, no shade of disagreement ever resting on their hearts. There was only one topic upon which they must ever differ, and that the one on which they mutually desired most to agree—the sacred theme of religion. Naturally inclined to seriousness, Mary Scott was sincerely anxious to convert her friend, and draw her within the pale of the “one true Church,” bringing forward in its defence all the most powerful arguments of the several learned councils; but the lovely Lady Helen only opened to her friend the pages of Holy Writ, and there showed her the *Divine authority* for the doctrines *she* held. And in their daily visits among the poor of the parish, beside the sick-bed of many an infirm cottager, her voice was heard reading from the same blessed

volume, while Mary Scott stood wondering by, astonished that such piety was possible among those whom she had been taught to consider as being devoid of all real religion.

A year of this close intimacy had passed, and not without leaving its impression upon Mary. In answer to the fervent prayers of her friends, many of her doubts and fears were giving way, and the twilight that precedes the day was beginning to dawn upon her understanding. The great question which Rome considers as unanswerable, "*Where was the Protestant Church before the Reformation?*" had been met and clearly answered; and she now saw that the Church of England, released from novelties which had disturbed her peace, was still the same as at the beginning, a true branch of the "one, holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church."

Imperceptibly, a kind feeling had sprung up and gradually ripened into warm affection between her and the brother of her friend, and now Edward Malcolm was, secretly, her affianced husband. But how was the union ever to be accomplished? To obtain Sir William's consent was a thing scarcely to be hoped for; on the contrary, even to ask it would but bring upon them both the severest expressions of his displeasure. And yet, how could she take the step without consulting her father? He had been a kind and indulgent parent, and had placed the most entire confidence in her sincerity; could she then act in a manner so at variance with his well known wishes,

and brand herself for ever with the dreadful stigma of apostasy to the faith? It was a bitter struggle between filial affection and the inward convictions of conscience; but her love for Edward and his religion triumphed, and at length she made the startling revelation to her family.

It would be making this digression too long to enter into the particulars of the dilemma; we will merely state that, having failed to procure the consent of her only parent, and having no place in England where they might go to avoid the opprobrium attending runaway marriages, they were privately united, and set sail immediately for the United States, where they hoped to find a home in which they could live peacefully, and in the enjoyment of religious freedom.

And here in this beautiful valley, so far from the conflicting cares of the outer world, they had pitched their tent; and though debarred by their remote residence from many of the luxuries of life, they were still contented and happy. Yet how true it is, that in this world there is *no* pure and unalloyed happiness, no rose, however sweet, but has its thorn; and so was it with them, for to Mary, even amidst the pleasures of her home and fireside, and the enjoyments of her children's innocent prattle, memory would intrude, and recall to her the bright picture of her own childhood, when she was the idol of doating parents, and the anticipated comfort of their declining years—now the source of sorrow to them, self-banished, perhaps, for life.

Yet she could not wish it otherwise; the religion she had chosen was the deep well from which she drew comfort and refreshment; the pure Word of God, the lamp which lighted her way; and the humble little church which their united zeal had been instrumental in raising here, another and more sacred tie to the spot.

At the time of commencing our story, eight years had passed since their marriage, yet not without bringing changes on both sides of the water. Of Sir William Scott's increasing infirmities and declining health they had been apprised by Lady Helen Malcolm, their faithful correspondent, whose frequent letters were ever most welcome, and generally contained some items of news relating either to the family or neighborhood, which, however trifling in itself, possessed unspeakable interest for them. In this way they had heard, first, of the sudden death of Lord Malcolm, about a year after they left England; next, of the marriage of Mary's only brother with one of his own creed, and their settlement within the old paternal mansion; and lately, of the intended marriage of Lady Helen herself.

Yet none of all these important items had affected her with a tenth of the intensity of joy or sorrow that this last sad news had done. It was her father that was now no more—the father she had offended and deserted—and a feeling of agony thrilled through her as she thought of the grief she had caused him. It mattered not now that she was justified in acting

as she had done; all other considerations were absorbed in the one thought, that the time for a reconciliation had passed, and she had not received his forgiveness and his blessing. The letter from her brother that contained the intelligence, merely stated the fact of Sir William's death, after a short but severe illness; for the son was much like his father in prejudice and feeling, and was at present in no mood for sympathizing with his Protestant sister, who had, in his opinion, forfeited all claim to notice or consideration by the step she had taken. Besides, being heir to his father's title and estates, he was now fully occupied in new plans and important improvements, and had little time for anything but business. However, she looked anxiously for a letter from Lady Helen, which she fondly hoped might throw some light upon the subject, and inform her more fully as to home affairs.

Mary sat long with the letter before her, reading it, and re-reading, in order to fully realize its contents, and occasionally giving way to a passionate burst of tears; while the children, who but a moment before had been so happy, were whispering in the corner, and wondering, with childish amazement, what could have happened to make mamma cry so. At last, Jessie's blue eyes came peering into her face, and with that expressive look of partaken sorrow, so beautiful in a child, she began her attempt at comforting: "

"Don't cry, mamma; have Willie and I been naughty?"

"No, darling, you are both very good;" and the

mother stooped to kiss the fair cheek, and part the clustering curls of the child.

"Then what *can* make you cry so, mamma?" continued the speaker.

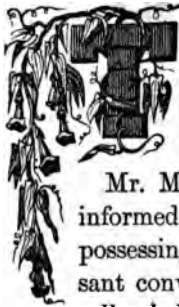
The answer, "Grandpa is dead," was enough to satisfy both children that there was cause for grief, although they had never known "grandpa" except by name; but in their minds death was always associated with the recollection of their little baby brother, whom, about a year before, they had seen committed to the grave; and notwithstanding they had often been told that little Johnny was an angel in heaven, yet the more terrible and gloomy idea of a coffin and the cold ground was the one that prevailed in connexion with the mention of death. Bedtime soon came, however, and Betty, the faithful nurse, who had filled the office ever since Willie was born, now almost seven years, was summoned to prepare them for bed; and then, when each had knelt at its mother's knee, and said the accustomed "Our Father, who art in Heaven," with her never-forgotten kiss and good-night, she closed the door and left them to their peaceful slumbers.

CHAPTER II.

"Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?"

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart."

PSALTER.



THE home of the Malcolms was near the pleasant little village of Dunkeith, and their nearest neighbors were the rector of the village church and his family.

Mr. Marstone was an excellent man, well informed, dignified, and deeply religious, yet possessing such suavity of manner, and pleasant conversational powers, that he was generally beloved and universally welcome, whether among young or old, rich or poor. His wife was an exceedingly lovely and pious woman, though unfortunately an invalid, having suffered for many years with an obstinate spinal affection. She was now confined to her couch, and each morning it was placed beside the little parlor window, that she might enjoy the lovely prospect, and see what passed along the road, besides enabling her to attend in some degree to the affairs of her household. Her husband, whenever time permitted, would sit for a half hour beside

her, and read or chat on family and parish topics, while the neighbors and parishioners vied with each other in the performance of sundry acts of kindness and attention to the sufferer. Before dinner-time Mrs. A. would come with some broth, or the breast of a chicken, and presently Mrs. B.'s little girl would run in with "Please, ma'am, mother sent you this pudding for your dinner," and off again, without waiting for thanks, or anything else, in her haste to get home for her own share. Then perhaps Miss C., or Mrs. D., would drop in with their work to spend the afternoon, and cheer the drooping spirits of the sick, slyly depositing in the cupboard as they entered, the nicest and whitest napkin, which, at tea-time, is found to contain some cake or buns for the invalid's evening meal. Thus, the best feeling prevailed amongst the people towards their minister and his family, and seemed to strengthen as years rolled on, and they saw his zeal and devotion to his sacred calling increase, and his consistent Christian walk remain unchanged.

The only child of the Marstones was a boy of some ten years, a bright, active lad, of an open, candid disposition, who bade fair to repay well the patient care and religious training of his worthy parents. He seemed to have inherited the strong constitution of his father, together with the gentle and winning sweetness of his mother; in a word, Frank Marstone was a good child, and generally held up as a pattern by other parents in the village for their hopeful

offspring to imitate, in obedience, politeness, and studious habits.

There were two other members of the minister's family of whom we have yet to speak; Kate and Lizzie Marstone were the orphan children of the rector's oldest brother, who had fallen a victim to an epidemic prevailing in the city where he was residing, leaving his widow and orphans alone and unprovided for. The former did not long survive him, and the two little girls were at once taken home by their kind uncle, who ever since had supplied a father's place to them. Six years had now passed since they were first domesticated at the parsonage, and they felt almost as if they had never known another home, so well had their losses been supplied in their uncle and aunt.

At the time we introduce them to the reader, Kate was about seventeen, and Lizzie twelve; the former was the housewife of the family, superintending the domestic department, overseeing all the minutiae of the household arrangements, and always ready to carry into execution the wishes and requests of her invalid aunt. Womanly and thoughtful beyond her years, she was loved and welcomed everywhere; whether in blind Margaret's little cottage she stopped to read a chapter, and minister to the outward necessities of the poor woman, or graced the social circle in a more wealthy home, she was still like a little sun, shedding light and warmth all around her.

She was old enough, at the time of her parents'

death, to understand the awful solemnity of the dispensation; and their own sad bereavement, and her naturally reflective mind, then received a religious bias, which, in after years, in the congenial atmosphere of the parsonage, was strengthened and developed, until now she was a lovely example of what a young Christian ought to be.

Lizzie was a gay, frolicsome child, wayward and heedless, though kind and affectionate, and of a disposition easily won by love and gentle words. Her chief thoughts were fun and pleasure. She was always glad to be released from the school-room, and overjoyed at the mention of a proposed excursion; in truth, her merry ringing laugh was the music of the house. Yet she was not selfish in her nature; her anticipated enjoyments could always be resigned willingly, if not cheerfully, when her presence at home was desired, or her assistance needed; and if a momentary trouble clouded her brow, 'twas but an April shower, soon followed by a brighter smile and a louder laugh.

"Kate, dear, just snug up the room a little, and give me a cleaner cap, for perhaps we may have callers this afternoon," said the invalid.

Kate busied herself immediately, and had just completed the task, as a knock announced the anticipated visitors. They proved to be Mrs. Brown and her daughter Maria, near neighbors, who in truly primitive, country fashion, had come with their work

to sit awhile with the family at the parsonage. They were pleasant people, and favorites with the Marstones, and the afternoon seemed likely to pass agreeably; so Kate, having left Lizzie to attend to her aunt's wants, stole quietly away to spend an hour with Mrs. Malcolm.

She had heard the day before of her friend's affliction, and her uncle had desired her to call as soon as possible; she therefore tied on her little straw bonnet and skipped away across the intervening field, towards "the Lodge."

She found Mrs. Malcolm sitting quietly at her work, with the children playing on the lawn in sight; her husband having stepped out to attend to some farm work. There were traces of tears on her cheek; but the cheerful smile, though mingled perhaps with more than usual sadness, revisited her countenance, as she rose to receive her young friend.

For some time the conversation was on general topics, but at length the one engrossing subject of thought was brought up, and the gush of warm tears which followed seemed to refresh the pent-up spirit like a genial shower in summer, when the ground is parched and dry. Kate was an orphan; she, too, had lost her parents when she was old enough to understand her loss, and at a time when she most needed their care, and she could truly sympathize in this sudden bereavement.

Who that has lost a friend, or met with any deep sorrow, does not know how sweet is true sympathy!

Not the prying curiosity of the crowd, which says with the tongue what the heart is far from feeling; but the true commingling of soul with soul, which makes us experience the blessedness of affliction. This was the kind of sympathy that Kate Marstone could so fully give; and Mrs. Malcolm felt that the little hour thus spent, on that summer afternoon, was like an angel visit, for it left the impress of peace behind.

When Kate returned to the parsonage she found her services needed in the kitchen, as the company had determined to stay to tea, and she must therefore arrange sundry matters of biscuit and tea. Inside the cupboard was discovered a generous bowl of berries, and accompanying it a nice cake, which the kind-hearted visitors had deposited there unobserved; so with this assistance the meal was soon prepared, and the hospitalities of the house dispensed with grace and good-will. Then came a friendly chat of an hour longer, and the company took their leave.

Kate, having superintended certain other household arrangements, stole quietly in and seated herself on her accustomed low seat at her aunt's feet, while Lizzie and Frank were playing with the dog on the front piazza, and Mr. Marstone went into his study.

"I have been sitting awhile with poor Mrs. Malcolm this afternoon," said Kate; "she is in great affliction at the loss of her father."

"Yes, your uncle told me of it, yesterday; how does she seem to bear it?" asked Mrs. Marstone.

"Much better than we could have expected;—there were some very trying circumstances, you know—some estrangement, I believe."

"So I have heard, but it was a painful subject, and I never could bear to inquire into it," said the invalid.

"I have known," continued Kate, "that she had some great sorrow in connexion with her English friends, for whenever the subject was introduced, even incidentally, I could see the emotions were very painful ones, and therefore I always avoided any direct allusion to it."

"I think," returned her aunt, "that the father was over-harsh, although to marry a Protestant was in his eyes the same as consigning herself to destruction; he was very bigoted in his own views."

"And then to die without a line of forgiveness," said Kate, mournfully.

"Dreadful to think of," mused the minister's wife. "'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us;' but was there no account of the state of his feelings at the last?"

"Not a word on the subject," returned Kate; "and yet she has strong hopes that he did forgive her, although in the haste of writing, her brother may have omitted to mention the fact."

"I think they have a sister who writes frequently," said her aunt.

"Yes, the Lady Helen; and they are eagerly looking for a letter from her now, as she will most likely mention all the particulars of the case."

"Poor Mrs. Malcolm," said the minister's wife; "it were better, I think, to lose one's parents in infancy, as I did, than to live estranged so many years, and then have them die, without even leaving a blessing behind; but the Lord orders all things well, and I trust brighter things are still in store for them."

"Well, I cannot help thinking that if the text is to be fulfilled in any case, and all things are to 'work together for good to them that love God,' a brighter day will come; for Mrs. Malcolm is, I believe, a true Christian, if there is one to be found anywhere."

"She is truly an admirable woman, Kate, and I think we might all profit by their acquaintance."

"And those children, too, they are patterns of obedience, politeness, and gentleness; why, do you know, aunt, their father had given one of them a pair of little ducks, and the other a young turkey, which were to be sold when large enough, and the money given them to do with as they chose; and after consulting together for some time as to what was most desirable to have in exchange for their money, they both resolved upon sending it all to the missionary fund, and actually gave me the whole, that uncle may send it for them."

"Now that was noble, to be sure," said Mrs. Marstone; "I wish older and richer people would do likewise, and give in proportion to their store."

Lizzie and Frank now came in, tired of their romp; and the invalid beginning to feel weary, the

family were assembled for evening devotions, after which Kate assisted her aunt to prepare for the night. And then, after attending to the necessary preparations for the following day, she sought her own pillow, and sleep, sweet and refreshing, such as is known only to the innocent and pure, came with its downy pinions to that household, where love and peace reigned supreme.

CHAPTER III.

"Her price is far above rubles."

PROVERBS.



AND which way is my little house-keeper going?" asked Mr. Marstone's pleasant voice, as he saw his niece hurrying out of the house early one sultry morning, with her hands full.

"Only to see poor Margaret," answered Kate, and she tripped along to where the old blind woman lived, while her uncle stood looking after her.

"I never saw her match," thought he, as he watched her receding figure; "always thinking of, and doing something useful and good,—her heart is full of the milk of human kindness."

"Good morning, Margaret," she said pleasantly as she opened the door of the cottage; "and how have you passed the night?"

"Poorly enough, Miss Kate," answered the poor woman, as she turned her sightless eyes towards the young girl; "and if it wasn't for you, I think I'd be ather spendin' the day poorly too; you're an angel of mercy to me, and I hope the Lord 'll reward you."

"Well, never mind that, Margaret, we must not think of reward when we're only doing our duty;—here is some breakfast for you;" and suiting the action to the words, Kate poured out a bowl of milk and held it to her lips, while she put into her hands some nice buttered rolls which she had prepared; and then, having smoothed the bed and done whatever was needed to make the poor woman comfortable, she hastened back before her aunt was ready for her morning meal. It was indispensable that she should be there to superintend this, for no one could make a cup of tea to suit the invalid as well as Kate; none could arrange the couch or sitting-room as she could; in a word, Kate was the one whose presence was needed everywhere; and she seemed to possess that happy, enviable faculty of always being in the right place just at the right time.

Lizzie Marstone was diametrically opposite to her sister. Heedless, giddy, and headstrong, never stopping to think of consequences before taking a step, she was of course always getting into scrapes, and a dozen times a day might be found bathed in tears on account of some indiscretion; and yet all her mishaps failed to teach her wisdom; for although she was constantly forming good resolutions, yet as soon as the necessity for their practice arose, she at once forgot, and was ready to make as great a blunder as before. In vain did Kate reason and exhort; in vain was the dreaded prospect of leaving home, and a boarding-school, with its necessary calls for

self-dependence, placed before her as an incentive to greater care; it mattered not; the end of the year found her just the same thoughtless child as at the beginning.

Kate had passed two years at a select boarding-school kept by a friend of her uncle's, in whose abilities and judgment he had great confidence, and he had noticed with thankfulness the improvement she had witnessed, both in mind and manners, during her sojourn there. It was his intention to place Lizzie also under the same care as soon as she was fourteen, and he earnestly hoped that the judicious training and tuition of the school might have a sobering effect upon her. At present, she and Frank studied under his direction, and, during the morning hours, they were closely confined within the Rector's study until the lessons of the day were satisfactorily recited.

Frank was a promising boy; and it was his father's intention to prepare him for college himself as there was no suitable academy near home, and Mr. Marstone dreaded the baneful associations of common schools, wishing to keep alive in him, as much as possible, the attachment to home and parents which he had always striven to cultivate, and which, he hoped, might in after years prove a safeguard from the many evils and temptations of the world.

Kate busied herself in setting things in order, and after wheeling the low couch to its place by the window, and assisting her aunt in getting comfort

ably stretched upon it, got out the book she had been reading aloud, and began where she had last left off. An hour passed quickly away, when visitors were announced, and the book was laid quietly aside, and sewing substituted. Just now a voice was heard in the hall, apparently in great distress, calling to Kate, and Lizzie's doleful face came peering round the corner. Kate went to see what was wrong; when to her dismay, there stood Lizzie in a sad plight, covered with mud and water, with her dress torn, and her hands and arms badly bruised.

"Well, Lizzie, in trouble again, I see," said Kate, reproachfully; "where have you been?"

"Only trying to climb the fence by the ditch, and my foot slipped, and I fell in."

"Oh, Lizzie, when will you learn to be more careful,—and your new dress, too, what would aunt think if she knew it."

"But she wouldn't know anything of it," said the child imploringly, "if you could have it washed, and mend it for me," for the dread of displeasing her aunt seemed far more than the fear of troubling Kate.

"Then run and take it off," said the latter, with an air of resignation; and the thoughtless girl ran up to her room, while Kate returned to the parlor.

"Well," said Frank, as he slid from his hiding-place, "she didn't scold much, after all, did she?"

"No, she is the best and kindest sister in the

world, or she would have done so. I'm sure I should have been angry enough if I had such a job as mending that dress. I really will try not to annoy her again by my carelessness."

Before night Kate had found time to wash out the dress and repair the damage, and Mrs. Marstone was spared all knowledge of the mishap.

One day, soon after, as she was on her way to the village store, laden with commissions from her aunt, she stopped for a moment at the Lodge to kiss little Jessie Malcolm, who was standing in the gate.

"How's mamma, Jessie?" she asked.

"Oh, she's crying so much," answered the child.

"A naughty letter made her cry."

"Indeed," said Kate, impressed with the simplicity of the child's manner; "I'll stop a bit as I go back, and see her," and so she hastened to fulfil her errands, while Jessie ran in to tell her mother that "Miss Kate" was coming. A half hour more, and she was seated where she was always a welcome visitor, in Mrs. Malcolm's sitting-room. She found it as the child had said; letters had arrived from abroad the day before, containing some of the sad particulars of her father's death, but the correspondent, Lady Helen, had been unable to learn the state of feeling towards his daughter, as the new Sir William was cold and distant, and towards herself positively repulsive, so that her sources of information were the servants, and even they were so strongly attached to their master's interests, that

little was to be learned from them; they knew for whose benefit the information was sought, and therefore thought proper to withhold it. It was, however, an unspeakable comfort to the daughter to know that the late Sir William had often inquired of her welfare, and had been kept informed of the same by the devoted sister, who lost no opportunity to speak favorably of those distant dear ones who lay so near her heart.

"On my last interview with him," she wrote, "he spoke in the kindest terms of you all, and said he hoped to see you again before he died, and indeed I think he felt nothing but love and kindness towards you; but the shortness and severity of his last illness may have rendered it impossible for him to write to you, or leave even a verbal message. His great benevolence and kindness to the poor have caused his death to be felt and mourned by all about him, and among the members of his own church he is spoken of as a saint. Your brother and his wife are devoted to their religion, and seem inclined to carry out to the letter every measure calculated to advance the same."

And this, alas! was all she could ascertain of her father's feelings towards her; it might be that he had forgiven her, and even blessed her; it might be that he had longed to see her once more, and welcome her again to his loving embrace; it might be—alas! that was all she could say, and the consolation to be drawn was small and uncertain, for she knew

it might also be that he had cursed her instead, and would have spurned her from him as an apostate should be spurned ;—the thought, how dreadful ;—the sorrow, how crushing !

But Mary Malcolm was a Christian, and looked therefore to a higher source for comfort ; for she knew that in the home of the blessed, where she trusted her parents had entered into rest, no feeling of unkindness can ever intrude, and the atmosphere of that holy place is love. To the Heavenly Comforter she told her sorrows, and He, whose mercies are new every morning, smiled kindly upon her, and treasured up her tears ; and she was made to feel, indeed, that “Whom He loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.”

CHAPTER IV.

Then say not the world is a desert of thrall,
There is bloom, there is light, on the waste;
Though the chalice of Life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

ELIZA COOK.



TIME passed on, and Autumn was over; and now Christmas is here; merry Christmas—the children's feast; for them the happiest of all happy times. How each little face grows brighter, as the very name conjures up visions of sugar-plums, and stockings full of toys. Yes, this is emphatically the children's holiday, and it is peculiarly fitting that it should be so, for on the first blessed Christmas Day the Highest and the Holiest became one of them.

The holy seasons that Christians love to keep have each a peculiar and individual interest. How different is the joy of Christmas from that of Easter or the Ascension; we rejoice indeed that Christ has risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that sleep—that He has burst the cerements of the grave, and opened to us, if we will but enter, the gates of everlasting life; yet death and the grave are to us untried paths, and the resurrection from the dead a thing unrealized as yet.

So with the Ascension; we may stand as did the disciples and gaze up into Heaven with longing eyes, but a cloud must intervene to hide Him from our sight, just as it did then, and left them with such desolate hearts. But Christmas stands out alone, and the songs we sing are those of welcome, good will, and peace, salvation and blessing, for if there had been no cradle at Bethlehem there could have been no Cross on Calvary—no Resurrection—no life for us beyond the grave.

The cold winter of New England had fully set in, and the

“Snowy shroud, that winter flings
Around the dying year,”

covered the ground, and made it look dreary enough. The farmer's crops were housed, and the time for his pastime had come; and in the family circle, beside the cheerful fireside, the wintry atmosphere without was forgotten. Not that it was necessarily dull and dreary because winter had come; on the contrary, this was preëminently the season for fun and gaiety, and the bells rang merrily as the well packed sleighs flew gaily along, bearing the jolly inmates to some merry gathering.

The little church of Dunkeith was a simple one, and many a careless observer might have thought it too plain for its sacred purpose, but now, as it appeared in its Christmas dress, it was really beautiful; for the young folks of the parish always prided them-

selves on their taste in the arrangement of the customary decorations, and this year it seemed as if more pains than usual had been bestowed on it.

The minister looked around with satisfaction on the assembled congregation, and a holy joy seemed to light up the good man's countenance as the choir, led, as usual, by Kate Marstone, burst forth into that angelic song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men!"

Kate had brought the little ones from the Lodge with her to church, with permission to stay all day at the parsonage, for something unusual was astir at home, and they were to have their Christmas fun with Frank and Lizzie. Messengers were hurrying to and fro continually, and some of the kind neighbors seemed to be there most of the day. So it was very apparent that *something* was the matter.

In the evening, after a day of rare enjoyment, the children were taken home, and then the mystery was cleared up, for much to the delight and astonishment of both, they found a wonderful Christmas gift awaiting them—a tiny baby sister!—Oh, what screams of joy broke from both as the unlooked for sight met their eyes, and Jessie declared she was entirely willing to give up her new doll which would open and shut its eyes, now that she would have a real, live baby to tend; in fact, all other presents sank into insignificance in comparison with this one.

The little pink thing lay quietly beside its mother, and the children were lifted up to look at it, wonder-

ing more and more at its little hands, feet, fingers, and ears, asking all imaginable questions about it. Betty came at last, and took them to bed, with the assurance that the baby would still be there in the morning, and that they should see it and hold it then; so with kisses all round, and a loving good night to each and all, they submitted to be led away, and were soon tucked in their little beds, there to dream all night of their newly acquired treasure.

The family at the parsonage joined heartily in rejoicing at the event, and were truly thankful to hear of the safety and welfare of the mother and child, for Mrs. Malcolm was by no means strong, and the trials through which she had lately been called to pass, had made sad inroads upon her constitution; now, however, they hoped that her attention being engrossed by the care of her child, she would of course have less time for reflection, and might therefore recover her wonted cheerfulness.

And in this they judged rightly. As she regained her health and strength, and the little Helen grew and improved, much of her former animation returned, and she became, in a measure at least, the light-hearted creature she had been years before. It is a merciful provision of Providence that time does blunt the edge of even the keenest sorrows, and that although "some days will be dark and dreary," yet from behind the thickest cloud come occasionally bright gleams of sunshine to cheer our weary way.

On the same day that little Helen was ushered upon this fitful stage, the aunt in whose honor she was named, embarked upon the sea of matrimony, and was united to a man whose excellence we fully express in saying that he was worthy of her, and who possessed her love and regard. This news occasioned great joy to her American brother and sister, and letters from her own hand conveyed the welcome information, accompanied with lively descriptions of her house and establishment, daily occupations, and pursuits.

Mr. Seymour, her husband, was occupied too much, she thought, with Parliamentary business to be quite as domestic as she wished, but making all due allowance for a young wife's demands upon her husband's time, it was not to be supposed that she was necessarily neglected. At any rate she admitted that she was very happy, being blessed with every comfort, and having nothing left to desire.

Their home was one of those charming seats in the West Riding of Yorkshire, not far from the main road between Sheffield and Leeds, combining thus the advantages of retirement with facility of access, and a central position.

Mr. Seymour, although quite a young man, had represented his county in Parliament for several years, and his talents as orator and statesman bade fair to make him a conspicuous member of the House of Commons. During the London season they occupied a handsome establishment in town, where Lady Helen

entertained her husband's friends with the graceful dignity so natural to her, and which always made her a brilliant star in the high-bred circle where she moved.

Her brother, the present Lord Malcolm, made his residence in the old paternal mansion of Radcliffe, in Surrey, a noble seat within a few hours' ride of the suburbs of London; and here, with the agreeable company of her sister-in-law to increase its attractions, Lady Helen still loved to visit the scenes of her childhood, recalling the many pleasant associations connected with them.

She was not the mere butterfly of fashion; on the contrary, she was ever seeking some new scheme of usefulness, and entering upon it with full zeal and untiring energy. She had succeeded in interesting Lady Malcolm in the various objects of charity and benevolence abounding in the vicinity of Radcliffe, so that the cottagers and their families had come to love their "new lady" almost as much as they had Lady Helen.

It is true that Lady Malcolm's attention was engrossed in some measure by another object, for a certain apartment of the mansion, anciently known as the nursery, now contained a new scion of the old stock, in the person of a fine boy about a year old. Of course, then, it was not likely that she would neglect this important subject of her care, in looking after outdoor occupations; nevertheless, she did not grudge an occasional hour spent with the poor and

sick, or in teaching their children. Everywhere, in her walks, she was met with respectful salutations from the tenantry, or a fervent "God bless you," from the aged cottage dames.

Lady Helen felt highly gratified with the compliment paid her by her brother and sister in giving the name to their little daughter. The letter containing the announcement of the event was read several times, and she was just closing it as her husband entered.

"Only think, Walter," she said, rising to meet him, "I have a namesake in America."

"Indeed," said he, smiling, "I had not heard of it before. Who has the honor of such a name there?"

"A little niece of ours who must have been sent on purpose to save the name from an undeserved oblivion, as she was born on the very day of our marriage, and therefore took it at the same time that I relinquished its use."

"A wise arrangement, certainly. I hope she will prove worthy of it," and the proud husband drew his wife towards him, as if he was fully sensible of her value.

"I dare say she is a little beauty from the description I have of her here; how I would like to look in upon them all there among the hills of New England!"


"Yes, were it not for the three thousand miles of ocean between we could soon accomplish a visit; but this is quite a barrier."

"So it is; but we can send them some token of our love, notwithstanding, and I intend to get a box ready at once." Thus saying, she started up and went to take the preliminary steps towards the object proposed. It was not the first present of the kind that had been sent from the same hand, but this one was to be especially valuable, and contained many an article belonging to an infant's wardrobe, arranged with taste, and with an eye to effect as well as usefulness.

The long years of separation had in no degree lessened the attachment between the two branches of the family, nor had distance offered a barrier to the frequent interchange of these tokens of love. She would have gladly welcomed them once more to their native land, and to her own lovely home, but this was something she could scarcely hope to see, for every letter expressed their entire satisfaction with their present residence, and held out the idea that their choice was permanent.

Calmly, for Helen, flowed the rapid stream of life, with scarcely a ripple to disturb its even course; the tempests that assail the comfort of less favored ones found no entrance within the home where conjugal love poured out its constant fountain of happiness. The future casts no backward shadows to mar our present bliss, and whatever of trouble its pages may contain, by a merciful Providence are hidden from our sight; "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Thus two happy years passed by without a single moment's interruption to their peace, the mutual



attachment only increasing with the lapse of time.

The second London season since their marriage had just closed, and Mr. Seymour and his lovely wife had returned to their Yorkshire home, accompanied by a number of chosen friends who purposed remaining with them for some time.

Among the number was Mrs. Raymond, an intimate friend of Lady Helen's. She was somewhat older, and in many minor particulars altogether different in character and disposition; and yet, notwithstanding this, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which the acquaintance had been commenced, they had become closely united in friendship.

About a year previous, while the Seymours were spending a few weeks on the Isle of Wight, they were introduced to Mrs. Raymond, who, with her invalid husband, was staying at the same hotel, hoping to receive some benefit from the sea-bathing. The fact of her being alone, and in trouble, was enough to awaken in Lady Helen's breast a lively interest in her, while the many unobtrusive acts of kindness so delicately rendered, opened a fountain of grateful feelings in Mrs. Raymond's heart.

Her husband was growing rapidly worse, and the physician had forbidden his removal, on account of extreme weakness. The faithful, heartbroken wife watched beside him day and night; and as each day only gave evidence of increasing illness, she seemed

about to yield to despair with the prospect of desolation and widowhood before her.

One cause of her trouble was the callous state of mind in which the sick man seemed to be. Although the physician had withdrawn all hope of recovery, and had even told him of the daily uncertainty of his continuance, still the same spiritual torpor seemed to prevail. He had always been an upright man; his life had never been marred by the commission of an immoral act, yet now that he was entering the dark valley, his way was illumined with no beams of a light beyond, but a strange insensibility had taken possession of his mind which prevented him from realizing his situation.

Here, then, was an opportunity for a ministering angel to come with words of comfort and entreaty, and every day was Lady Helen admitted to the sick man's chamber, first merely as an interested friend, then permitted to assist in the various offices of kindness so necessary to the sick.

On these occasions she lost no opportunity for serious conversation. At first the invalid listened and replied from motives of politeness;—now and then he would volunteer a remark which betrayed some interest in the subject. Gradually she began reading from the Scriptures, always selecting such passages as expressed Christ's love for sinners, the necessity of repentance and faith, and the joys of heaven, until one day, when she had been detained longer than usual about her own affairs, Mrs. Raymond

came to her with a request from her husband to come and see him.

"Oh!" said she, "what return can I ever make you for all you have been to us? you have awakened him at last, and he seems to be earnestly concerned to seek forgiveness and acceptance."

"I have only been the poor instrument, it is God who should have the praise; 'He is not willing that any should perish, but that all might have everlasting life.'"

As they were entering the room where the sick man lay, they were arrested by the sound of his voice, evidently in supplication. The words were indistinct, through extreme weakness, but his manner showed the sincerity of his petition; and when they approached his bedside they were filled with inward gratitude as they observed the placid expression of his features.

"The struggle is over," he said, "and I believe that if Jesus died for *all* sinners, He will not cast me away, even though I am the chief."

"It is another proof of the goodness of God, that He has permitted you thus to see your own sinfulness, and the need you have of a Redeemer. Cling to His cross and He will save you, for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved," she said, feelingly.

"I always believed this, but never till now realized it; I bless God that He has been pleased to awaken me to a sense of my danger, through your instrumentality;" and as he said these words he turned his

eyes upon Lady Helen with a look of intense gratitude.

"Look unto Jesus Christ," she said; "for, as He is the author, so He will be the finisher of your faith. Put your trust in no human help, for earthly friends cannot go with you through the dark river; however they may minister to your comfort now, when the final summons arrives they must leave you to go alone before the Judge."

"I know it—I know it all;—oh, how often have I heard of God's mercy to sinners, but understood it not until now that I am entering the valley; yet it seems not a *dark* valley, for the 'lamp of His love is my guide through the gloom.'"

For some time the wife had remained beside his bed with her head buried in the coverings, yet hearing every word that passed. The sick man had fallen back, exhausted with the effort his words had caused him. An ashy paleness seemed to overspread his features, and Lady Helen, alarmed, rose quietly and opened the door to beckon for assistance.

The physician was close at hand, and soon obeyed the summons, but his experienced eye saw at a glance that nothing could be done. For some time he lay quietly, as if asleep; then suddenly rousing himself, he motioned to Lady Helen, and taking her hand, and at the same time that of his wife, he joined them together, with an unmistakable expression, while he looked upon both with deep affection. "Love her—comfort her"—then, with his eyes turned to heaven,

"Bless and protect them!" These were his last words; a few convulsive heavings, and the sufferer was released.

Mrs. Raymond, who had almost exhausted her own strength by the long watching and anxiety of the last few weeks, was completely overwhelmed by the suddenness of the closing scene. She had looked to a more lingering termination to the disease. Now she felt only that she was a widow, and among strangers, upon whose kindness and sympathy she had no claim.

It had been the wish of the deceased that his body might be laid in the quiet churchyard by the sea-side; and there, beneath a willow in a retired nook, his last resting-place was made, far away from home and friends, with only the sad sea-waves to chant his requiem.

We pass over the weary days and sleepless nights of that poor widow, alone and friendless as she seemed to be. Mr. Seymour and Lady Helen, who had stayed longer on her account than had been their original intention, insisted upon taking her with them to their quiet home, and she reluctantly yielded to the proposal. Here she remained until her only brother, who had been some time absent from England, having received intelligence of her bereavement came to remove her to his own home in Northumberland.

A constant correspondence had been carried on between these friends; and now, after a year's separation, she was again the guest of the beloved ones who were endeared to her by such mournful memories.

She had regained her composure, but not her cheerfulness; a feeling more like resignation had taken root there, which seemed to shed its subduing influence over every action of her life.

The gay friends who had accompanied them from London at length took their departure, and Lady Helen returned to her old employments among the poor of the surrounding district. In these visits she was generally joined by Mrs. Raymond, who found in this kind of occupation the only pastime she desired.

In her case was emphatically realized the poet's dream:

"The quality of mercy is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;"

for in the exercise of charity and benevolence, her thoughts so prone to brooding over her own sorrows were led away from self, while she found others who had experienced keener ones, embittered, it might be, by poverty and disease.

It is by comparing our own particular cases with those of others, that we are enabled to endure patiently our present ills, and our hearts are made larger the more they are occupied with another's troubles.

CHAPTER V.

"Mortal, if life smile on thee, and thou find
 Think, who did once from heaven to hell descend,
 So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
 Thy best, thine all."

KEBLE.



HE Autump leaves had begun to fall, and rustled beneath the feet in a sad, quiet monotone; the merry voices of children as they ran amongst them, and gathered the nuts and golden pippins, or played the "children in the wood," covering each other with the leaves and laughing for joy; the mournful whistling of the wind through some gnarled and shattered tree; the many-colored foliage of the forest trees, all these told that summer was over, and gave warning of the approaching colder season.

Upon the clear autumnal air rang out a merry peal from the parish church steeple, and knots of whispering young folks and laughing children were seen standing here and there, impatiently waiting for something which was to interest them greatly. At length, approaching up the green lane came a train, and quietly entered the church porch. It was a wed-

ding party, and the modest bride stood blushing before the altar in all the bloom of opening womanhood. She was the belle of the village, a pretty, buxom lass, and her husband a comely youth, sober, industrious, and withal extremely clever, so that the match was decided to be a good one, especially as mutual affection was its basis.

Lady Helen had presented the simple wedding dress of white muslin, while a wreath of natural flowers formed the only ornament worn by the fair bride.

The grey-haired rector bent forward and pronounced with deep feeling the solemn words of benediction as the service concluded, and when the newly wedded pair arose, a tear glistened in the young wife's eye as, perchance, she imperfectly realized the importance of the vows she had just spoken, and tried to look into the untried future of her life. It was but momentary, however, for she was soon surrounded by friends congratulating and admiring, and all eager to speak to the bride.

The cottage on the hillside had been prepared for the young couple, and to it they at once proceeded, accompanied by a party of friends and relations. For months past both Nannie and William had busied themselves in the preparatory arrangements; Nannie's own hands had made the neat curtains for the windows, and had even sewed the rags from which the weaver had produced the nice carpet that covered the floor. Her savings had procured the showy

china and necessary kitchen furniture, together with many other nameless belongings, while William had employed his leisure moments in beautifying the exterior of the house. All the needful repairs he had attended to, and had made a pretty trellis for the woodbine beside the door, a neat paling in front, inclosing beds which were in readiness for the spring plantings. Of course they had nothing to do now but be happy in the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, and William and Nannie Ray were to be envied by many who had been less thrifty.

Lady Helen with her friend had been before them to the cottage on the morning of the wedding, and her generosity and kindness had prepared a delicate surprise for the company, in the shape of a handsome collation, served in Nannie's new dishes, to which were added some others to increase her store. In the midst of the entertainment, while all were enjoying the festivities of the occasion, a knock at the door announced visitors, and the Rector, accompanied by Mr. Seymour, Lady Helen, and Mrs. Raymond, begged leave to look in upon them for a little while.

"Pray let us not interrupt your rejoicings," said Dr. Starr, "we only wanted to offer our congratulations to the bride."

Nannie hung her head bashfully, but dropped a courtesy as she replied:

"Thank your reverence, it was very good of you to honor us so."

"Why, how nicely you have fixed everything here," said Mr. Seymour; "there's nothing wanting to comfort, so far as I can discover."

"No, sir; thanks to yourself and her ladyship there; we are fixed very comfortably," returned William, "and I hope we may always be able to serve you faithfully, seeing you have been so kind to us."

Lady Helen was also overpowered with expressions of gratitude from Nannie and her mother, who declared they had never dreamed of such good things as those before them; and so after a short visit the "great folks" took leave, amidst blessings and curtsies, and many a good wish for long life and happiness.

"A worthy company," remarked Dr. Starr, as the party left the cottage, "and much more to be respected than many in higher circles of society."

"I agree with you entirely," returned Lady Helen, "and I have often thought that there is really more of the ingredient called contentment, so necessary to happiness, to be found among this class than with those who possess higher worldly advantages."

"Undoubtedly; since with them pleasure can be derived from far less objects, and from a less frequent indulgence in dissipation they are not liable to a surfeit."

Lady Helen looked back to say a word to Mrs. Raymond, who was walking behind with Mr. Seymour, but a glance at her friend's sad countenance showed her that a tender chord had been touched by

the occurrences of the morning, and as they walked silently homewards, no ill-timed or trifling remark was suffered to disturb her meditation.

She was wandering away, in spirit, to the green grave beside the sea, wherein all that was earthly of her love and happiness lay buried; and still farther, memory carried her backward to her own early home of wedded love, and even to the simple church where *her* marriage vows had been spoken.

But faith and hope were the angels that ministered about her; and far above earth and its fleeting pleasures her spiritual eye beheld "a house not made with hands," and she trusted that in heaven might be prepared a blissful reunion, eternal and unbroken.

The day following had been fixed upon for a visit to the Rectory, and Dr. Starr had insisted upon their taking an early start, so as to insure the most of the day for the pursuit of certain objects connected with the interests of the parish, for he relied on the judgment of his friends, and their advice and counsel.

The morning was all that could be desired for the trip,

"So cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;"

and Mr. Seymour and his wife were welcomed warmly by the Rector and his helpmeet, who, with a grown-up daughter, constituted the family.

Mrs. Raymond had begged to be excused, at the

same time insisting upon the others going without her; so she remained at home, engaged in letter writing. Much regret was felt and expressed on account of her absence, for she was a favorite wherever she was known, and the worthy Rector had hoped for her company. But her feelings would not permit her to visit much, and they could understand and appreciate the motives which prompted her to decline even their invitations.

The day passed quietly though pleasantly, and was intended to conclude with a drive home by moonlight. About the middle of the afternoon, however, the sky became over-clouded, and every symptom of an approaching storm warned them to take an earlier start; the carriage was therefore ordered, and the guests made ready for their departure.

The storm now rose rapidly, and the clouds seemed gathering into one black mass. The horses were urged on, and the party still hoped they might be able to reach home before it attained its height; onward they hastened until they were able to see the lights of their own home. Suddenly came a sound of a mighty whirlwind, first roaring in the distance, yet rapidly nearing, and now compassing them in its fury. Trees were torn up and thrown across the road, houses blown down, fences destroyed, and as the tornado passed on, everything seemed to yield passively to its power. A few moments, and it had passed over them, but silence had sealed their lips; they were both busy in contemplating the awfulness

of the scene, and realizing how truly His voice was in the whirlwind.

An uprooted tree lay across the road, and the affrighted horses, now entirely unmanageable, pressed forward madly, without heeding the obstacle. A moment more, a piercing shriek, borne homeward on the gale, told that danger was at hand, while it summoned immediate assistance to the spot.

Alas! the sight that met the eye as the inmates of the overturned carriage were borne to their home! Bleeding, insensible, and disfigured, they were stretched upon couches, and the surgeon hastily brought.

At first glance, it was difficult to say which of the three was most injured; for the careful coachman, in his efforts to check the horses, had been thrown violently forward upon the ground, and was found lying at some paces behind the spot where the final catastrophe occurred. The agony of suspense was to continue for days; for although Lady Helen's injuries were principally on the surface, and no bones were broken, still much was to be dreaded from the stunning effects of the shock; and although she entreated to be taken to her husband, they managed for a while to dissuade her from the attempt, with the assurance that all was well with him.

The physician, a kind and anxious man, thought this evasion allowable, in consideration of her own precarious state; for her husband, on whose account her liveliest fears were prevailing, was beyond the reach of human aid.

He lingered several days in great bodily suffering, but with his mind unclouded, and at peace; while the sympathizing care of faithful friends and attendants provided everything that could alleviate his sufferings, until God took him to Himself.

And then, one parting look at those confined remains—this was all that was permitted her, though her heart was bursting; but with the calmness, if not quite in the *spirit* of resignation, she submitted to the wise decrees of her physician. Yet oh, agony! agony!—by what name shall we express the mysterious communion of such a meeting—such a parting; when the lips are sealed for ever, and refuse one word of comfort and love to the widow's breaking heart. The precious casket is before her, but the more precious jewel has gone to the safer keeping of the heavenly Treasurer. Try to realize this, poor heart, for herein is thy consolation.

It was Marion Raymond's privilege (and such she deemed it), to watch beside her friend's sick bed during the whole period of danger, to administer each soothing draught, each healing application, and with patient love and unwearying kindness to guard her from excitement during the dreary weeks of convalescence. It was to her only that the invalid could speak of her bereavement. From her came the information of his peaceful close; she bore his latest message of love, and received his dying assurance of an unwavering faith, and in those few words were found a consolation not to be derived from any earthly

source. The Providence which had raised up friends for the stranger and widow in her affliction, had kindly permitted her to minister in turn to those who then befriended her, and the attachment which had commenced in sorrow, was now cemented in the same furnace, and sealed with never-to-be-forgotten tears.

The dreary months of winter passed slowly on, and spring approached, but still Marion Raymond lingered in the abode of sorrow. She had become necessary to Lady Helen, her sole companion, and more than sister.

Lord Malcolm, on the first intelligence of the accident, had hastened to his sister; and his wife, with her two children, had come to spend some time in this quiet and desolate abode. The innocent prattle of the babes wiled away many a weary hour, and cheered, in a measure, even the widow's heart. But home duties called Lady Malcolm to Radcliffe, and the most she could do was to yield to her sister's entreaties and leave Freddy behind, which arrangement met with his hearty approval, as he loved to stay where his company seemed so important, and with one that he loved so well as he did Aunt Helen.

A few of the neighboring families kept up a social intercourse with the desolate inmates of Seymour Hall, and no more welcome visitors ever appeared than the excellent Rector and his delightful family. Their own association with the disastrous effects of that darkly memorable day had drawn still closer the bonds of friendship, and scarcely a day during the

five months which had now elapsed, but had brought some one from the Rectory to pass a few hours with the lonely mourner.

On a bright April morning the old-fashioned carriage came lumbering up the lawn, and Mrs. Starr alighted at the main entrance, which was immediately opened by the smiling Nannie Ray, who had run over hastily to the Hall on account of sudden tidings, in which all the household and tenantry felt a great interest. Mrs. Starr was glad that she had arrived at this auspicious moment, and found no difficulty in making herself useful, while she endeavored to still the boisterous emotions of joy which continually burst from the servants.

From within a darkened chamber came, ever and anon, the sound of an infant's wail; and the mother, who had just passed through the great peril, lay in a calm slumber, which gave hope that danger was over.

And so it was permitted to be; she awoke to realize, with gratitude to her Heavenly Parent, her own new relation. To feel that the hour so anxiously looked for, and the hopes which had formed her only dream of earthly happiness renewed, were now become realities. The son, that now nestled in her bosom, should henceforth claim her care; and though he could never know a father's love, she could point him to where his father dwelt, and thitherward they would journey together, over life's lonely road.

Mrs. Raymond, at Lady Helen's earnest sollicita-

tion, remained until after the babe had been christened, and consented to act as sponsor, in connexion with a worthy and valued friend of Mr. Seymour and Lord Malcolm.

Dr. Starr administered the rite, and admitted the young soldier into the visible church, while from the mother's heart at home arose a heartfelt, burning prayer that he might never "be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, but manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

"Many a sad sight, as well as many a cheery one, has that old Church looked on," soliloquized Dame North, as she walked homeward after the service was ended. "'Twas but a few days after my Nannie stood before that altar a bonny bride, and the master, in all the health and strength of his life, was stricken down, and then his coffin stood in the same place before they put him in the cold ground, and now they've brought his own bairn to fill the same blessed place. The Lord orders all things righteously, and I'll take it as a good omen that the wedding went before the funeral; may it be so with its own dear little self."

William Ray had been promoted to the post of head gardener in place of one whom age had incapacitated, and his faithfulness and ability in his new office were praised by every one. The cottage, too, surrounded with a nice plot of ground, looked like

neatness itself, and the clean rows of vegetables and bright flowers were the results of his industry. Indeed, the pride of Dame North's heart was her son-in-law William, and when on Sunday they all walked to church in their simple holiday gear, many a one whose lot had been cast in a higher station might have envied her contentment and emulated her virtues.

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh, Time, that ever with resistless wing
Cuts off our joys, and shortens all our pain,
* * * * * All bow beneath thy reign."



IVE years had passed away, bringing their usual allowance of change to the people of Dunkeith, and in nothing was the lapse of time so perceptible, as in the growth and improvement of the children.

Jessie had grown to be a tall girl, and gave promise of becoming a beautiful woman. Willie was no longer the little child of nine summers, but a fine boy with quite a notion for gallantry, and a decided smattering of Latin grammar and mathematics. Even the baby, whose advent we have but just announced, was such no longer, except so far as that title is synonymous with being the youngest of the family, and consequently the pet.

And the Marstones, too; to them the flight of time had brought greater changes. The beloved invalid, who once was the centre of so much love, and the object of general solicitude, had been taken from among them. The promise to the pure in heart had

been fulfilled in her, and she is permitted to behold Him, whom, having not seen, she loved.

A year ago they laid her in her quiet resting-place in the green churchyard. A simple white stone marks her grave, on which, with the spring's first breath, bloom violets and snowdrops—fit emblems of one whose good deeds live after her, the fragrant memories of a well spent life.

Kate was still the same useful, benevolent creature, excelling in womanly graces, and now the house-keeper, upon whom her uncle depended for all his home comfort;—his assistant and counsellor, companion and confidante.

Frank was almost ready for college, and Lizzie, whose boarding-school career had been delayed by her aunt's illness and death, was now pursuing her studies at a large and flourishing seminary in the Middle States; the lady, to whose care she was to have been committed, having been compelled through ill health to resign her school.

She had been nearly a year away from home, and her letters gave evidence of much improvement. The voluntary testimony of her instructor also told that her superior abilities were becoming developed in that congenial atmosphere of learning.

But things were not always to remain *in statu quo*. The Malcolm children were old enough to require larger opportunities for advancement in knowledge, and the question, after many discussions, had gene-

rally ended with the inevitable decision that they must be sent from home.

To this dire necessity both the parents looked with dread; not only on their own accounts, but chiefly on that of the children. The idea seemed at first to forbid consideration; but, as the true interests of their children were the real issues of the question, they were forced to entertain the subject.

At last, after months of wavering, they finally determined to place Jessie at the same institution with Lizzie Marstone, and as Willie was nearly prepared for college, and the same town in which this school was located contained also a college of high reputation, it was further settled that they should rent their present home, and, during the period occupied in the education of the children, take up their abode in Clairsville. Thus the benefits of home influence could be combined with high literary advantages.

Clairsville, as it is a city of some celebrity, and is destined to be for some time the home of the Malcolms, demands a passing notice. It is situated on the margin of one of our most beautiful rivers, near a large city, and is the favorite resort for those who love to rusticate for a while in the heat of the weather, without being under the necessity of leaving city manners behind them. Here fashion rules its votaries with as stern a law as if the place had not been originally settled by the descendants of William Penn, and milliners and dress-makers abound to a degree quite startling to the married man with

slender means. In short, a stranger might walk its gas-lighted streets, and enter its costly private residences, without supposing himself out of one of the great cities.

The streets of Clairsville crossed each other at right angles, and were lined on either side with large trees, whose umbrageous arms in many places met over head, and formed a beautiful archway of impenetrable shade. These long avenues, well paved, and kept in good repair by the town authorities, were the pride of the city, and enabled the pedestrian, travelling either on business or for pleasure, to proceed with comfort.

Along the bank of the river, and extending past the entire front of the town, stretched a beautiful green sward, well sprinkled with trees, and intended both for a public promenade and as fronts to the river-side cottages. Of a summer evening this green carpet, and the smooth, gravelled walk beside it, were thronged with visitors, while many a boat pushed off from the piers for an excursion up or down the stream.

Beside the bank, and facing the river, stood the school whose wide-spread popularity has made the place what it now is,—changing its character, and causing it to become a centre of attraction for a wide expanse of country. It was a plain-looking building, of a style of architecture which showed it to have been erected at various times, as the patronage of the institution called for increased accommodations.

On one side of the school-house, and communicating with it from the interior, rose a chaste building of stone,—plain but beautiful,—over which the ivy had been taught to climb until the large eastern gable was well nigh covered with its dark green leaves; it was the chapel, in which, at morning and evening, the whole family was assembled while the venerable Rector offered the beautiful prayers of the Church, and the organ, with its hundred accompanying voices, chanted a full *Benedicite*.

Near the Institute, and almost within sight of its walls, was situated Clairsville College, an odd-looking, prison-like building, which may have been patterned after the "House with seven gables," and had at least this number of them. In addition to its unmeaning design, the dreary look was increased by the dark color given to the exterior walls; and the absence of all attempt at beautifying the grounds, only served to heighten the contrast between them and the neighboring ones.

It was not to be wondered at if the young gentlemen, whose lot had been cast within the college bounds, did now and then cast longing glances towards the female premises, and crowd in the corner nearest the same, hoping, perhaps, to obtain a glimpse of some slyly waved 'kerchief as the girls walked up and down upon the green sward.

The objection which might have been made to the fact of this close proximity, was removed by the constant vigilance of the teachers, who were ever on the

alert to report any case of suspected acquaintance, so that few instances occurred in which any serious progress was made in flirtation. Besides, the Rector's house filled the intervening space, and he was a man who was never known to wink at improprieties of this kind.

The principal street, in which most of the business was transacted, terminated in the main wharf, from which started many times a day the steamboats that plied between the different points on the river; in the centre of the city it was intersected by a broad thoroughfare, through which the railroad passed, and along which were also seen, stretching away in the distance, the tall poles that carried the telegraph wires; and scarcely a half-hour in the day passed without witnessing the passage of a train, attended with the shrill warning of the steam-whistle.

At the upper end of this beautiful street was a row of neat cottages, with pretty gardens in front and verandahs around them. One of these was fortunately vacant, and Mr. Malcolm considered himself happy in being able to secure it.

As in all places of its size, the advent of a new family was an event in Clairsville, and furnished ample subjects for conjecture and gossip. "Who are they?" "What are they?" and "Whence are they?" were the leading questions of the day, and seemed likely to remain so until they could be satisfactorily settled. "Genteel looking people," said one. "Proud and conceited," said another. Mrs.

Barton declared "she should not call until she knew something more about them; she had had some experience in that way, and was almost *done* calling on strangers."

Mrs. St. George agreed with Mrs. Barton entirely, but "approved of ascertaining at once their claims upon society, and thought that, as they were members of the church, and had taken a pew, there was good reason for supposing them respectable."

Miss Dawson "thought she should wait and see what others did" before risking her own precarious position.

Thus weeks passed on, and as yet no visitors had crossed their threshold except those connected with the college or the school, and the Rector of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Murray, with his family. These to be sure were a host in themselves, and by their frequent pleasant calls more than atoned for the absence of others.

At last, however, the Misses Clark, whose standing was too well established to be jeopardized by the act (since they belonged to one of the "first families" in the country), called, and having reported favorably, others followed the example, and soon the new comers were fairly enrolled among the *élite* of Clairsville.

The society of the place was composed almost entirely of the families of retired merchants, who, having accumulated fortunes in the neighboring cities, sought a quiet residence aloof from the bustle of busi-

ness, with widows and maiden ladies of moderate means, attracted to the spot by family associations, or pecuniary considerations. The fact, therefore, that Clairsville was a place of little business activity, the result of its nearness to the two great cities of the Union, explained the unusual majority of females shown by the census reports; for the sons, as soon as they had attained a sufficient age, were necessarily sent elsewhere to pursue their various callings.

This occasioned an alarming dearth of gentlemen in the society of the little city, which was only remedied by special importations whenever any unusual occasion demanded it.

Still we would not create the impression that there were no beaux in Clairsville. Lawyers were there, and one or two young physicians hung out their signs. Then there were the square-capped fraternity at the College who were occasionally to be seen at the social gatherings (though we believe in direct violation of the rules), together with a few others whom accident or interest had drawn thither. The dulness of the winter season was broken by meetings and assemblies of various kinds, intended either for pleasure or improvement. An evening in each week was occupied with the "Literary Circle," a select society formed for the improvement as well as the entertainment of its members, and which held its meetings at the house of Mrs. Brown, the original projector of the enterprise, a lady of high literary attainments, and occupying the top round on the ladder to gentility.

She and her two lovely daughters called in their carriage at the Elm Street cottage, and politely urged an invitation to attend these weekly soirées. If there had been needed any further testimony to establish their standing, the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm at these aristocratic assemblies settled the question at once and for ever, since Mrs. Brown's discrimination was so good as seldom to lead her into errors of that kind.

On another evening of each week Mrs. Williams held her levées, where were generally collected some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen (the former always in the majority), who, being well acquainted, and consequently under no restraint, mingled with full zest in the various enjoyments offered. Music, dancing, whist, or literary games were by turns the engrossing features of these occasions, and the hospitable lady by whose kindness the entertainments were provided, but whose age and infirmities precluded much active enjoyment, found ample return for her pains in the pleasure she thus gave to others.

The Dorcas Society, miscellaneous lectures, occasional concerts, and private parties, filled up the remaining evenings of the week, and the winter could scarcely be said to be dull, though some simpering misses declared they should die of *ennui* if compelled to remain in Clairsville until spring, and therefore annually became birds of passage, seeking gayer scenes in New York or Philadelphia.

To Mrs. Malcolm, so long accustomed to the quiet and seclusion of her mountain home, the society of Clairsville seemed exceedingly pleasant, and the kindness and hospitality of the people found their way directly to her heart. Of course she was ignorant of the jealous scrutiny with which their every action had been regarded, neither did she imagine that their appearance in Clairsville had furnished a fruitful theme among the gossips of the community, who, having exhausted all the previous material, were glad of a new subject for discussion.

But before proceeding, we would desire to correct any wrong ideas which might be formed in the reader's mind from what we have said. The people of Clairsville were not *all* the mischief-making scandal-mongers we have described. There were among them some of the purest specimens of the true Christian, shown in the constant practice of works of charity and acts of devotion. These breathed a higher atmosphere, and never heard the voice of idle rumor around them. Judging others by themselves (if indeed they ever assumed the censor's office), they traced actions only to the purest motives, and drew the veil of charity over faults.

Clairsville had always, from time immemorial, contained some of these shining characters. It had been the cradle of many whose names have been, and now are, ornaments to their country. Statesmen, divines, men of science and renown, have drawn their first breath within its modest boundaries, and many an

old building is yet remaining, whose history is rich with Revolutionary associations.

The Rev. Dr. Murray, the venerable Rector of St. George's Church, was likewise president of the college, and exercised a general supervision over the affairs of both the literary institutions.

He had been the original founder of the young ladies' school known everywhere as "The Hall," and in bringing it to its present prosperous position had risked both fortune and reputation. The outlay required in this venture for Christian education had been immense, and had scarcely begun to repay the zeal of its projector when he laid the foundation of "Clairsville College," a scheme capable of swallowing up a princely fortune, and which relied solely upon the high reputation of its head for patronage and support.

The self-sacrificing spirit shown in the enterprise attracted the sympathy of the public, and the increasing patronage of both establishments satisfied the most sanguine hopes of those interested in their prosperity. Year after year were sent forth a band of Christian men and women whose influence was to extend throughout the length and breadth of the land—immeasurable—unending. Thus, in spite of the severest pecuniary troubles, the schools continued to flourish, and the public confidence was unimpaired.

The parish of St. George's, Clairsville, was one of the oldest in the country, having been founded by the missionaries of the venerable "Society for the Propa-

gation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," at an early period in the history of the American Colonies, and afterwards endowed by the generosity of Queen Anne.

When Dr. Murray entered upon his ministry here, the church was small and unpretending; and through his zeal and energy in building up the waste places of Zion, an enlargement was soon found to be absolutely necessary. A wing was therefore added, which doubled its size, while the improved appearance of the interior proved that the movement was a wise one.

But an increasing population, and especially the constant additions to the congregation, soon filled it again to overflowing, and called for another enlargement; the dear old church, however, as all things will do, began in time to show evident symptoms of decay; and notwithstanding the necessary introduction of sundry props and stays within its sacred precincts, was at length pronounced too far gone to warrant any further outlay, and a new church seemed to be indispensable. And so the new edifice, after many delays and embarrassments, was at last completed, and stood in graceful church-like beauty, the admiration of all who beheld it, with its tower of massive stone rising upwards from the intersection of nave and transepts, until the shining emblem that glittered on its tapering point was almost lost to view. No sham work was permitted to mar the effect of the plan; it was one of Dr. Murray's firmest principles to offer to the

Lord only the best, cost what it may, since there can be no acceptable service without a sacrifice; and he considered it little short of profanity to offer to the Giver of all, that which cost us nothing.

But this world were another place, a sort of paradise indeed, did all things go on smoothly. Transverse lines must come to intersect the regular parallels, or the strange network tissue of our lives would never be formed. A wise man working in a good cause, with no object in view save the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men, is generally the very one to have the bitterest enemies, who pursue him with the most untiring malignity. So it was with Dr. Murray; beloved and revered by the majority of his congregation (and even the minority was a very insignificant one), looked up to as one of the leading minds in the Church, both in regard to his theological and general information, he was nevertheless disliked and feared by many of the ultra-radical school, who dreaded his influence, envied his talents, or coveted his well-earned popularity.

Fortunately for himself and that portion of the Church whose views he upheld, none of the evil reports that were in circulation, and occasionally reached even his ears, disturbed him in the least; he treated them all with indifference, because he naturally supposed that no one who believed him to be possessed of common sense, not to say religious principles, could listen to such idle tales, or give them the slightest credence. His heart was in his schools,

and when he saw how they prospered in his hands, he felt a laudable pride in showing them to the Church as her own nurseries, wherein her "sons might grow up as the young plants," and her daughters receive that proper modelling which would enable them to become, throughout the length and breadth of the land, "the polished corners of the temple." Christian education was his life-business, love to little children his favorite and happiest theme; and the hundreds who from year to year left the classic halls of Clairsville College and its sister institution, were so many loving messengers to prove to the world the reality of the good cause to which his best years had been devoted.

CHAPTER VII.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."



It was a delightful May morning several years before the reader's introduction to Clairsville. The steamer that made its hourly trips up and down the river was about leaving its dock at the great city, and passengers were hurrying aboard, cab-drivers swearing, just as is done to-day on every occasion of the kind. The last bell had rung, and the boat steamed proudly away with its living freight, soon lost to the view of those left behind. The deck and cabin were crowded with people, as was usual at this hour; and the beauty of the day had tempted many to embark on an excursion of mere pleasure, forgetting for a brief space the wearing toil of business.

There were groups of gay children, lively school-girls, and frolicsome boys; here and there a cheerful family group, and now and then a sad-looking child, whose lengthened visage told of an approaching spell of home-sickness, and wakened sympathy for the little exile about to exchange, for the first time, the dear

society of home for the strange loneliness of a large boarding-school.

It was the period for re-assembling after the month's vacation, and the stream of children was pouring in from north and south with its accustomed punctuality, to fill the halls of the deservedly popular institutions at Clairsville.

Among the youthful crowd, yet sufficiently apart to show that they were not of the party, sat two gentlemen, whose appearance betokened them to be clergymen. They were talking earnestly upon some topic in which both seemed equally interested, and their serious demeanor would lead to the conclusion that the theme was one involving weighty interests that lay very near their own hearts.

It was even so; and as they warmed with the subject under discussion, they drew aside further, and conversed in a lower tone of voice, as if caution were necessary, lest they be overheard.

"Can it be possible?" said one, "after all that he has done to raise the suspicions of the Church,—I could not have believed it; but one must take the evidence of his own eyes."

"And sad evidence it is," returned the other, "when we consider that these children will all be contaminated, and infatuated, with the erroneous teachings of these schools, in three weeks after they enter the walls."

"Yes, and there can be no measuring the influence exerted even by a single child;—each one has his own circle at home, and once imbued with these

heresies, his affections and desires will all lead that way, and thus there will be no end to the dissemination of these Puseyite doctrines."

"And yet there seems no way to stop the patronage; Dr. Murray has his name up now as a good teacher and a pious man, and people seem to forget the higher issues of the question."

"I did expect that his pecuniary losses would compel his abandonment of the scheme, but somehow he managed to keep his head above water; he must have borrowed largely to enable himself to sustain the vast expenses of such establishments;—however, pay-day will come some time."

"And a sorry one it will be for him, I fear, as well as for his deluded creditors." The speaker here looked as if he knew more of the sorrows referred to than his mere words would seem to imply; and his companion, taking up the cue, responded in a mysterious manner, while their heads bent nearer together, and their voices fell into whispers.

"I trust it will not be permitted to pass unnoticed; the honor of the Church is at stake, and it would be a burning shame if her ministers were at liberty to encumber themselves in such unwarrantable ways."

"Such talents, and so perverted," mused the other sadly, after a short interval of silence; "how much that man might do to promote Christian unity, if he would but give up his extreme views and receive the brethren of other denominations into fellowship."

"That he will never do; for to give him his due,

in spite of the dislike I feel for him, his practice in that respect is perfectly consistent with his principles; he always asserts the necessity of Episcopal ordination, and rigidly follows the Ritual of the Church; therefore he never will invite one of another name to officiate in his parish."

"I should think that he would be universally disliked outside of his own Church on this account," replied the other.

"So one would suppose; and yet I am told it is quite the contrary. The other ministers of Clairsville are on the best of terms with him socially. If one is sick or in affliction, he is the first to offer his sympathy and assistance to the family, and they are always ready to reciprocate the kindness. Also, on occasions of public enterprise, he sits on the platform side by side with the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist ministers—they are equal *there*."

"Alas! then, only in the church it must be different; I would that perfect unity and equality could be established there also," said the first, piously.

"But how will it ever be while such men as Dr. Murray remain in the Church? Our efforts cannot avail much while the rules and rubrics of the Prayer-Book are unchanged, and the attempt to alter them has already drawn down upon us his most powerful batteries. Unfortunately, his arguments are unanswerable."

"I understand that he and his friends are delighted with Albert Barnes's pamphlet inviting the Evangeli-

cal party into the Presbyterian Church, and profess to think that the plan proposed therein is the shortest way to restore peace and promote unity."

"A strange spectacle, truly, that such wide extremes in sentiment should meet here; but that is not my plan. No, let us break down the partition walls which have so long kept the Church separate from the other evangelical denominations, and welcome them all in the glorious spirit of Christian charity; it is a far better way of advancing the cause to draw them into our fold than for us to go out to them."

"Why, this last is the very argument that Dr. Murray uses; you certainly do not mean after all to advocate his views," remarked his friend, somewhat astonished.

"By no means—by no means; but here we are at the landing."

As the two clergymen stepped ashore at Clairsville they were met by a third person who had been awaiting the arrival of the boat, and came forward to greet them with strong expressions of regard.

"You have had rather a long passage this morning," he remarked; "the wind and tide were both against you."

"Yes—more than an hour," returned the younger of the guests, consulting his watch.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed both together, involuntarily, as they beheld the lovely greensward before them; "how beautiful this is—like fairy-land: and these splendid trees—how charming!"

The gentleman who met these *honorable* persons—Mr. Nelson—deserves some notice, as he is one who, from his peculiar position, must figure occasionally in these pages. In person he was tall and commanding, with prepossessing manners and agreeable address; but his eye had an expression which told of an uneasy conscience, and fell beneath the earnest gaze of an honest man. He was a lawyer, and had risen to some degree of eminence in his profession; but by sundry impolitic movements within the last few years, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of his fellow-citizens, and thus lost much valuable practice. These circumstances alone were sufficient to occasion considerable chagrin; but when taken in connexion with several unexpected losses and mortifications, his irascible temper was completely aroused, and he was ready to fancy himself the object of insult and contempt from those who scarcely knew him, and to revenge the same with the bitterest animosity.

With this misanthropic turn, it may well be imagined that his judgment was not always clear, nor his sense of propriety to be depended on; and as the number of those who had experienced his displeasure was by no means few, neither was the sympathy in his misfortunes general.

Not long before the day of which we have spoken, some trifling disagreement had taken place between himself and the Rev. Dr. Murray, which had resulted, as was usual in all such cases, in an open rupture, and a secret resolution to retaliate. It was while he was in

this peculiar frame of mind that some strange chance introduced him to the two clergymen, with whose dispositions and sentiments the reader is already acquainted. Of course he was just the man to suit them, and they eagerly received his offers of coöperation and friendship. Having once been somewhat in the confidence of the Rector, and familiar with some of the causes of dissatisfaction in the parish, he fancied himself qualified to furnish any amount of information; and an item of scandal, however vile at its start, never lost anything of its original malignity by passing through him.

Mr. Nelson's residence was one of the most beautiful little villas on the bank of the river; and here the two guests were entertained in a manner no doubt agreeable to themselves, as they did not leave until the last boat in the evening, when, having sufficiently rested from the arduous labors of their weekly sermons, they reëmbarked for home, their bodies invigorated with a taste of pure air, and their minds enriched with new ideas for their future digestion.

Time passed on, and yet nothing seemed to come of all the whispers that were abroad; true, they appeared to be gaining ground in some prejudiced quarters, but no difference was observable in the popularity of the schools; only that particular clique who desire the downfall of the Church's sacred bulwarks, and are striving to remove her landmarks and place her on a footing with the thousand conflicting

sects or parties of the day, looked on with jealousy and displeasure.

This was the state in which the parish affairs stood when the Malcolms went there to reside. Unprejudiced, therefore, and ignorant of the merits of the case, or indeed of the existence of any dissatisfaction, everything appeared to them as it should be, and they knew nothing of the rancor that stirred the breasts of others.

Lizzie Marstone, far away from her own family, regarded her friends at the cottage in the light of relations, and accordingly was permitted to spend a day occasionally with them; and these Saturday visits seemed almost like a peep into home again, for the dear ones there were generally the subjects of conversation, and letters, always considered as common property, were freely exchanged.

Kate's long letters were always particularly interesting; they were filled with accounts of whatever had transpired in the neighborhood of Dunkeith; and, in the absence of other news, were occupied with details of her own doings, told in her peculiar, lively style. She was now enjoying the prospect of a visit to Clairsville in the spring, her uncle having made arrangements to accompany her, expecting to take Lizzie home with them at the close of her term of study.

The care of preparing Frank's wardrobe, also devolved upon Kate, and she wrote that she was busy enough with work of various kinds. Frank was to

accompany them, his college life being about to commence, and it required no small amount of labor to fulfil the many duties thus falling to her lot. No one who knew her, however, would doubt her ability to accomplish whatever she undertook, and the appointed time found all ready for the start.

CHAPTER VIII.

"But when on life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fixed wth Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!"

BURNS.



HE particular observance of the high festivals and solemn occasions of the Christian year was a delightful feature in St. George's parish. The lessons of each holy season were enforced by appropriate services, eloquent discourses from the pulpit, and the continuance of certain time-honored customs peculiar only to some of the oldest parishes.

Thus had come and gone Christmas, Epiphany, the solemn forty days of Lent, and once more Easter, glorious Easter, was the theme. As the noble church, with its fine dimensions, filled up as usual almost to overflowing, we might spy a new face in the pew occupied by the Malcolms—a gentle radiant one, full of intellectual beauty and womanly grace. It was Kate Marstone; the long-promised visit had been accomplished.

The services of the day were solemn indeed, and seemed to breathe into every heart the full meaning

of the inspired text, "Christ is risen from the dead;" and while the preacher dwelt with burning words upon this key-note to the Christian's faith, Mary Malcolm found herself carried far backwards in memory to the green graves of those who had died rejoicing in the hope of a resurrection and a re-union in a land where there is no more death.

And how was it with Kate? Had she no links drawing her towards heaven? Ah, yes; the sacred beauty of that blessed Easter morning found a true response in her heart; even Nature, which was in this milder climate much more forward than in their own neighborhood, was bursting from her wintry cerements, and rising in new life and beauty.

Kate was charmed with everything about her; she had travelled little during the course of her quiet life, and all was so new and entertaining to her, that she enjoyed to the full every opportunity for pleasure.

As is usual in a well-bred community, the Clairsville people had only to hear of Kate's arrival, and they were ready to extend to her the customary hospitalities of their little city. She was called on by the greater part of the aristocracy, invited to divers select assemblages and social gatherings, until she began to think, in her modesty, that the people had mistaken her for some distinguished person with an especial claim to their notice.

Among the rest came Mrs. Williams, who was exceedingly infirm, but wished to pay her respects to

Kate, as the daughter of an old friend of her youthful days. She appeared to be much affected at perceiving the strong likeness between Kate and her father, and told many pleasant anecdotes of their childish acquaintance, which so won upon the orphan's heart, that she was very willing to accept her cordial invitation, and pay the good lady a visit a few days afterwards.

It was a lovely afternoon in the spring, and with little Helen to accompany them, Mrs. Malcolm and Kate set out for Mrs. Williams's pleasant cottage, where they were ushered into the drawing-room by a good-natured-looking Irish servant, and found the hostess extended upon her couch, which she seldom left long at a time.

When they arrived at Mrs. Williams's, a hearty kiss to Mrs. Malcolm and another to Kate were given in the usual kind manner of the good lady, when she immediately went off in her former raptures at Kate's likeness to her father.

"You are his very image," she exclaimed. "Why, it seems as if I could see poor James himself now, just as he looked the last time I saw him in the city; really it does me good to look at you, my dear," and she leaned forward again and impressed another kiss upon her cheek.

"Where is Helen?" asked Mrs. Malcolm in alarm, for the first time perceiving the child's absence; "she is not here." She rose hastily, and went towards the door, which was ajar.

"Only here, mamma," returned the child, running from the opposite side of the hall.

"Ye're pardon, ma'am," said the broad voice of the Irish servant; "it was meself that was talking to the darlin'; she's jest like the wee angel I took care o' in the ould countree, and I could na' kape the hands off her."

"And mamma, she says her little girl has gone to heaven now, and that's the reason she wanted to talk to me about her; may I stay here a little while till she tells me more?"

The mother hesitated a moment; but the beseeching looks of the poor Irishwoman, and the entreaties of Helen, finally prevailed, and she returned to the parlor alone.

"I am glad to see you are suited with such a tidy-looking servant," said Mrs. Malcolm; "it must be very necessary to your comfort to have those about you that are to be depended on."

"You are right," returned Mrs. Williams; "it is very important that I should have honest people about me," and she glanced down at her paralytic side; "and I am well suited at present, but there's no telling how long she'll stay; they go off and leave me generally on an hour's notice. Pray, how did you manage to find such treasures, as yours are? Why they have been with you these six months, have they not?"

"Nearly as many years, I think; and they are now so much attached to every member of the family, that

it would require a large inducement to draw them away from us," was the answer.

"But how do you manage to interest them so? It is out of my power to inspire the least feeling of attachment in any of them, and I have long ago given it all up for a bad job; pray what is your plan?"

"I have no plan, I assure you, but uniform good treatment, kind words, and sympathy; this goes further, I find, than harsh or severe measures."

"But, after all, I think you know little about the true state of the case; you never had such wretches to deal with as I have had. Why in six months I've had eight cooks, five chambermaids, and fourteen colored boys; enough to drive any one crazy, certainly. This one has been here two weeks, and seems to be clever enough; but is half her time crying and talking to me about the people she lived with in England, and the child she tended."

Here the door opened and Helen came running in full of glee, and after submitting passively to Mrs. Williams's caresses, deposited in her mother's hand a little packet which she had brought for her to look at; it was a picture of the lamented child, and "Bridget had let her take it in the parlor to show mamma."

It was not surprising that the woman had seen a likeness in Helen to her lost darling, for the resemblance was perceptible to all; there was the same pensive expression, dark eyes, and fair complexion; and Mary Malcolm lingered long over the little pic-

ture, then closing it, directed the child to take it back to its owner.

The usual pressing invitation to tea was given and declined; and the visitors took leave of the invalid, who was unable to leave her couch, Kate promising to come frequently to see her.

"What was the child's name?" asked Mrs. Malcolm of Bridget, as she stopped to take another look at the picture on their way to the door.

"Mary Scott, ma'am," replied the girl; and then with true Irish garrulity she continued her extravagant praises of the child she had loved so well.

"Mary Scott!" How the words fell upon Mrs. Malcolm's ears; how many years since she had heard the name—had owned it herself. Was it an accident, or had the name some real connexion with the likeness they had all noticed?

They walked on in silence; Kate had not heard the name, and her companions did not care to allude to it further at this time.

Helen, whose sympathy was warmly enlisted for the poor woman, was the first to break the silence.

"Poor Bridget," she said; "I wish she did not live in that gloomy house without any one to talk to her; she's so lonely, besides being a stranger in the country."

"Hasn't she been here long?"

"No, mamma; only one week before she came to Clairsville to live with Mrs. Williams, and she does

not mean to stay there long, for she says her mistress is so hard to please."

"Hush, my dear, you should not listen to servants' complaints of their mistresses; she is to be pitied, but I think had better try to stay where she is."

"Oh, but, mamma, how can she when she is so unhappy, and Mrs. Williams does not pity her at all?"

"Well, you know she is sick and feels miserably all the time, and much allowance should be made for her on this account; ill-health always affects the temper more or less."

Silenced, though not convinced, Helen said no more, and their pleasant walk soon brought them home. Almost immediately callers were announced. They were Miss Barton and Mr. Nelson; the former was the daughter of a reputed millionaire, and had just returned from her winter of gaiety in the city; with the latter the reader is somewhat acquainted already.

"How are you pleased with our little city, Miss Marstone?" asked the gentleman in his blandest manner.

"You would have good reason to think me hard to please if I did not admire it exceedingly," answered Kate.

"Oh, you have not been here long enough to find out how dull it is," said the fashionable Miss Barton. "I'm sure I could not endure a winter here."

"The past one has been very pleasant to us," said Mrs. Malcolm. "I have learned to do without much

gaiety; a pleasant society, such as I have found here, being all I care for."

"The people are all too pious here to have balls or parties; they seem to think of nothing but going to church or something of the kind. I approve of going to church as much as any one, but moderation is desirable in this as well as in other things; don't you think so, Mr. Nelson?"

When thus appealed to he was too polite and gentlemanly to differ from a lady, and particularly when Miss Florence Barton was in the case, into whose good graces report said he was just now seeking an entrance; he therefore echoed her opinions entirely, merely adding that "he found it impossible to think of going to church whenever the bell rang; his press of business forbade it."

"How were you pleased with our Easter services?" asked Miss Florence of Kate.

"I never heard anything of the kind that pleased me more," was the reply; "the children's voices sounded exceedingly well; they must have been very carefully trained, or they could not execute such music as that."

"Oh yes, our new assistant makes that his particular business, to superintend the church music. Did you ever hear him take the solo parts himself? I assure you it is worth hearing."

Kate, who did not notice the hidden satire in this speech, expressed a wish that she might have an opportunity of doing so, and went on to remark upon the beauty of the building itself.

"It is very beautiful," said Mr. Nelson; "but it has always been a question with me whether it was right to build such an expensive church when the money might have been employed so much more usefully in other ways—\$50,000 is a large sum."

"That is a question which has always had warm advocates, and opponents also; perhaps there is much to be said on both sides."

"Ah," returned he, "I see you are prejudiced in favor of Dr. Murray and his views—perhaps a longer residence in Clairville will show you that 'all is not gold that glitters,' nor are those the most exemplary in other respects who make the loudest professions of religion."

"I should be sorry to find that we were deceived in our opinion of the place or people; so far, we have seen nothing to displease us in either," said Mrs. Malcolm, trying to change the topic of conversation into another direction; but Miss Barton, who had waited for a pause, turned suddenly to her gallant and asked:

"Pray, Mr. Nelson, can you tell me who that stupid-looking man was who read the lessons on Sunday? He looked as if he had not an idea in his head."

"Indeed I cannot, but you may depend upon it he is one of the same calibre; otherwise he would not have been admitted there."

Kate glanced towards her friend; the blood was mounting to her temples, and her indignant feelings kept her silent. A moment's pause ensued, and the visitors arose to take leave; just as they did so,

however, the door opened, and the "stupid-looking," white-haired clergyman entered, and Kate proudly introduced her honored uncle, "the Rev. Mr. Marstone."

An embarrassed return of his kind salutation was all they could give; and, covered with the mortification their own imprudence had brought upon them, they took leave.

"What a provoking mistake!" said Miss Florence, passionately, as they left. "Who ever dreamed of its being a friend of theirs! Oh, well, it can't be helped now," and the speaker gave her flounces a consolatory shake, and tried to laugh off the affair.

"I should not give it another thought, I assure you," answered her companion; "probably they did not notice it themselves."

"It was lucky, though, that he came in when he did, for I might have said something worse. I was going to laugh at his awkwardness in forgetting to turn his face to the chancel window, as the others do."

"Many a one might make that mistake, and perhaps Dr. Murray would himself, if his assistant was not constantly before him to remind him of his duty."

"Yes, he is rather a busy youngster, I must confess; but he'll never get *me* to call him by all his titles, or treat him with the deference he is so fond of. I remember him too well as little Tom Wilson that we used to play with, when his reverence was a child, too."

"No doubt it is trying to have upstarts set over you

in this way. For my part, I prefer going to another place of worship to listening to the improper doctrines taught there under the present administration."

"Oh fie!" exclaimed the lady, reprovingly; "I always imagined you were a true Churchman. I wonder how you can bring your mind to go elsewhere."

"So I *am* a true Churchman, Miss Florence," said he, with deep feeling; "and it is for this reason that I cannot bear to see the services performed by those whose wickedness renders them unfit to exercise a ministry which I have ever considered so sacred—this it is which drives me into schism."

The feeling of admiration for his principles which this explanation was intended to create, was already latent in the heart of his hearer; and this further exposition of his opinions only served to fan the flame, and make her more than ever the friend of the injured Mr. Nelson.

A few steps further, and they had reached the young lady's home; and the gentleman, declaring he had a pressing appointment which should have been attended to an hour ago, politely took leave.

Whatever might have been the urgency of the engagement, he spent the next two hours in his office, occupied in writing notes of apology. He had considered the subject, and had come to the conclusion that it was impolitic for him to endanger his popularity in that quarter, by omitting to make what reparation was in his power, for what was only a thoughtless speech. The apology was therefore written and

re-written, until, after several attempts, one was at length accomplished to his satisfaction, and despatched, directed to "Mrs. Edward Malcolm."

Of course, none but a man of Mr. Nelson's narrow-minded philosophy would have descended to a proceeding of this kind. It is not to be wondered at, then, if the very means he had taken to make himself respected, had the contrary effect, and impressed more deeply upon the minds of Mrs. Malcolm and Kate the rude behavior of the afternoon.

But the month allotted for the visit passed (as such months always do) very quickly, and urgent home duties made it imperative that Mr. Marstone should be at his post in Dunkeith; the preparations were accordingly made for their return, and with deep regret Kate tore herself from her friends.

Lizzie's absence was to be but temporary. Her conduct and application had enabled her to pass the examinations with the highest credit to herself; and the very urgent solicitation of the principal had prevailed with her to return as a teacher, which she expected to do after a few months of rest.

Frank had entered upon his college duties conscientiously determined to distinguish himself. He knew the sacrifice his father had made to give him the advantage of a college education, and he resolved to be diligent, knowing that this was the most acceptable return he could make.

CHAPTER XIX.

Thy words have darted hope into my soul,
And comfort dawns upon me.

SOUTHERN.



T was about two weeks after the events related in the preceding chapter; Mrs. Malcolm was in her kitchen, attending to some culinary preparations. Her old English habits had become so merged in the characteristics of New England housewifery, that she had accustomed herself to superintend her establishment, and understand the minutiae of its arrangements, instead of trusting all to servants.

A knock at the kitchen door was followed by the appearance of Bridget's good-natured Irish face. She started back, abashed at discovering the "lady o' the house" herself, before her, and began at once to apologize for her intrusion.

"I am going away," she said, "but I could na' without coming to tak' leave o' me swate little lady, that I may niver see ony more."

A kind answer reassured her, and she took a seat in the kitchen corner. Mrs. Malcolm was really glad that she had an opportunity of inquiring further of

her history; the circumstance of the picture had made an impression upon her mind not soon to be effaced. The girl needed small encouragement to proceed with her recital, and indulged in the most lavish praises of little Mary Scott, of whom she had taken charge during the whole six years of her life, and whose memory she cherished with all the warmth of heart peculiar to the Irish character.

She had left her native home for England in search of better fortunes, and after some years of service in one family, had come to the United States alone and friendless. An intelligence office had been the means of bringing her to Clairsville, though a few weeks seemed destined to be the extent of her residence there.

"What part of England did you live in?" asked Mrs. Malcolm, endeavoring to conceal her own interest in the subject.

"It was but a short way from London, ma'am, in the country, and a beautiful place it was too, all covered with such beautiful trees, and the house was so large, my lady, it would have been fit for the king himsel' to live in."

A pause followed, and the woman resumed :

"Oh, Mrs. Malcolm, I wish you could have just seen me lady herself; she's the swatest, purtiest crathur ye ever laid your two eyes on—may the saints protect her, and all her house, for she's na' been like the same, since the heavy thrubble came on her."

"Was it their only child?"

"Sure an' it was, ma'am, and the blow was all the harder, when it took all they had, and me lady's but a delicate one afther all. But Sir William it was that took it the most to heart; some said he thought it was a judgment on him for not tratin' his own father as he ought."

"Did you ever see his father?"

"He died just afther I came to the house, but I saw him now and then, and it was mesel' that was standin' by when he breathed his last. Och, I niver shall forget it to the longest day o' my life," and the tears flowed freely as she described the death-bed scene.

"There was many a wet eye that day, for the poor folk lost a good friend, and the new laird was not so well likin' to the tenants. I heard 'em say that the old laird was like one that had a heavy sorrow weighing on him a' the time, and he was thryin' his best to make his son promise him to do something that he was very anxious about; they said it was a daughter that he wanted to see once more, but she lived so far away it could na be."

Mary found it difficult to conceal her feelings during this recital, but she longed to hear more of the history in which she was so much interested; and after a temporary absence, during which her feelings found vent in a copious flood of tears, she returned, bringing with her little Helen, eager to renew her acquaintance with Bridget.

"What did she do to you, Bridget, that made you

leave her?" asked the child; "did she scold you and say cross things to you?"

"Yes, honey; I've been used to kind tratement, and plenty to ate, but it's neither of 'em I got there; and because I broke a plate this mornin' she just shut the door on me, and told me to begone, for she'd have the likes o' me no longer."

"She's a nasty wicked woman, and I would hate her, if it wasn't wicked to hate people," said Helen, in great indignation.

"Och, it seems as if it was me own little lady hersel' that's spakin' such kind words to me; sure ye're enough like to be her sister," and she gave a warm squeeze and another kiss.

"And have you no home now?" asked the child.

"Not a bit of a one," said Bridget; "I must be stirrin' me sel' and thry to find a place before night, or I'll have to pay for a lodgin', and that will go hard with my lane purse, for it took a'most all I had to pay for the dish I broke."

Helen looked around at her mother with an inquiring glance, and the same thought seemed to be operating with both.

"Never mind, Bridget, you can stay here for a day or two, and I will try what I can do to find you a place; in the meantime I have some work which you can do for me."

Bridget's gratitude to her kind benefactress knew no bounds; she invoked the protection of all the saints in the calendar upon the house and its inmates.

declaring she would be glad to serve them, and would "do the same too for nothing but to be near swate little Miss Helen." So the poor friendless girl settled herself contentedly in her new quarters, her greatest trial now being the belief that they were only temporary ones.

Meanwhile Mary Malcolm was endeavoring to find her a good place, and had already spoken of her to several, but none of the persons who needed a servant were disposed to take one who had been in the country such a short time. One said "it was not worth the trouble to teach servants everything, and then have them leave you as soon as they can find higher wages elsewhere." Another wanted an "experienced cook," and such Bridget did not profess to be; while some were unwilling to have one who had been turned away from her last place. This last objection, however, did not operate with many, for Mrs. Williams's name was too generally associated with servants' quarrels to lead people into the erroneous supposition that they were always at fault.

It was not many days after Bridget's kind reception at Mr. Malcolm's that circumstances occurred which rendered a further search for a place unnecessary, while it made her the happiest of happy creatures.

The housemaid, Sally, who had had an admirer for some months past, suddenly concluded to end the matter by marrying the fortunate man who had already won her heart.

Accordingly she informed her mistress of her inten-

tions on the evening previous to the wedding, at the same time giving notice that her services would be no longer available. This of course left a vacancy, which Bridget was permitted to fill, and which she was fully capable of doing.

Mrs. Malcolm made Sally some trifling presents towards housekeeping in acknowledgment of her faithful services during several years, and Betty and Bridget worked faithfully to help with the necessary preparations. When the ceremony was over the happy couple went to the apartments which they had provided and furnished neatly from their joint savings, where were found a nice cake and other refreshments, sent as a present from Mr. Malcolm to the bride.

Mrs. Williams would no doubt have condemned this as foolish indulgence to a "set of creatures who were incapable of gratitude;" but Mary Malcolm and her husband preferred ruling their household by love, rather than fear, and so far they had succeeded.

Bridget's chief fault was her garrulity. She never wearied of the subject of her late master and mistress, their manner of living, occupations, and in fact everything connected with them and their little child. Mrs. Malcolm had no difficulty in finding out all that she had long wished to know concerning her brother and his family, and particularly the circumstances of her father's death. She learned in this way that he had really forgiven her at last, and desired to see her; that he had sent messages of love to her, which she had never received. Sir William seldom spoke of

her, and then only as his "heretic sister." What could be the reason for denying her the inheritance of her father's blessing? Was it not enough that the broad lands and rich possessions were his son's, but must that son deny his sister the only treasure she craved, that which it was not his to withhold—her father's blessing and forgiveness?

But she knew not the lengths to which religious intolerance will carry those who are blinded by its power. Family ties, early attachments, must all fade before it; fanaticism takes the place of religion, integrity gives way before bigotry.

So it was with Sir William Scott. He had truly loved his only sister, and had grieved sincerely over the step she had taken in leaving the Church of her fathers. Perhaps if they had since had the opportunity of personal intercourse, the feeling of religious antagonism might have toned down considerably with the lapse of time; but a broad space lay between them, both materially and spiritually, and the evil she had done in his sight far outweighed the good.

Little did he dream of the manner in which those neglected messages were to be conveyed to his sister, or of the true insight she was now having of his own character.

And all the time he was silencing his conscience with works of charity, large gifts to the Church, and sounding acts of devotion; men pointed at him as a benefactor to his race; the Church regarded him as a saint; and yet himself felt and knew that all this could

not, and did not, purchase him that peace of mind more desirable than glory.

When the blow came which took from his embrace the child of his affections, it seemed indeed as if a bolt had fallen from Heaven to arrest him in his course; and many a time, when better moments dawned upon his path, a feeling of remorse found place in his bosom, and made him wish to make amends for the injury he had done his sister.

But the Jesuit maxim, "The end justifies the means," sounded in his ears, and his heart was growing harder; while year after year passed away, and still the proper restitution was withheld.

"Man proposes, but God disposes," was the adage uppermost in Mary Malcolm's mind as she pondered the circumstances. "It was no mere action of chance that brought this poor girl to me, but a kind Providence guided her steps. It is but a new mark of His favor, who daily crowneth us with benefits."

CHAPTER X.

“Be advised;
Heet not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it doth singe yourself; we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.”

HENRY VIII.



Y DEAR," said Mr. Malcolm to his wife, as he entered the room where she was sitting with an open letter in his hand, "I have just received a communication which puzzles me somewhat; perhaps you can throw some light upon the subject?"

"Indeed," she answered, "I cannot think of anything of which I might be supposed to know more than yourself; pray what can it be?"

"I have here a document of some length, signed by several gentlemen as parishioners of St. George's Church, and representing that the Rector of the same had been guilty of immorality and indiscretions which have impaired his usefulness, and rendered him obnoxious to the greater part of the Church. I am desired to attend a meeting which has been appointed to investigate the same, and take measures to have him presented to the ecclesiastical authority for trial."

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"What is the nature of the immorality of which he is accused?"

"That is more than I am able to say. I have heard rumors and undefined whispers, but have never heard any specifications or even a single charge made."

"I see Mr. Nelson's name is signed to it," said Mary, as she glanced down the paper; "perhaps he can enlighten you on the subject."

"It is probable. I had thought of making some inquiry on the subject before committing myself by attending the meeting."

"I cannot conceive of any gross immorality that such a man as Dr. Murray would be guilty of. Surely it is not generally believed, or we should see some evidence of it in the diminished numbers of pew-holders."

"So I should think; however, I do not mean to take sides in this question at all. I trust it is but an idle rumor, and as such should have no weight with sensible people."

"It is no doubt connected with his pecuniary embarrassments; he must have made great outlays in raising the two institutions to where they are."

"Of course he did; and once afoot, it is easy to see that the undertaking could not be abandoned while a reasonable hope of relief remained. The promised help of his friends was slow in coming, but he still looked for it; and like a drowning man grasping at a straw, he was obliged to resort to means of

raising money which nothing but the extreme necessities of the case could justify."

"And, after all, the errors were those of his judgment and not of the heart; a man with less zeal and devotion to a cause might have acted with more coolness and prudence."

"But his enemies laugh at the thought of its having been done from disinterested motives; they say ambition has led him onward until he has gained the notoriety so long desired."

"It is strange how much easier it is to discover bad motives for a man's actions than good ones. A little charity for our neighbors' faults would do away with much of the bitterness of party feeling."

"Yes, it is well for sinners that their brother sinners are not to be their judges at the last day; if it were so, I fear few of us would walk in white."

Mr. Malcolm put on his hat and walked out, turning in his mind the subject on which he had just been speaking. The rumors he had heard were mere repetitions of the same old story; complaints that the Rector was overbearing and loved to domineer in the parish, that he neglected social intercourse with his people, his time being too much occupied with teaching, &c., and other charges of the same trifling character. Then there were some who did not admire the new church, in whose architecture they had not been consulted, and did not hesitate to find fault with the manner of performing the services, which were to be sure somewhat differently conducted from the pre-

vailing customs of some other neighborhoods; and these criticisms, having come to Dr. Murray's ears, had called forth his censure upon those who held such opinions. This again had caused a reaction which was unfavorable to the Rector's cause, and led to many an unkind speech and irreverent suggestion.

But all these, trying as they were, and inimical to the true prosperity of the church, were unworthy of the importance the present proceeding would give them; common sense favored the supposition that the meeting had reference to something more serious.

He had little difficulty in finding Mr. Nelson, and none at all in getting him into conversation on the subject.

"I assure you," said that gentleman, "I am one of Dr. Murray's warmest friends; and as such, desire him to let us investigate the numerous charges, or rather vague reports, that are in circulation respecting his character."

"But what are the charges or accusations against him?" asked Mr. Malcolm.

"Ah, my dear sir, far be it from me to accuse him of anything improper; it is to prove his innocence that I am so anxious to lend my aid."

"But how do you mean to proceed to the business?"

"Ah, that can all be arranged when the proper time arrives; it is the preliminary arrangements we are at present engaged in," was the prudent reply.

"But cannot you give me some idea of the nature of these injurious reports?"

"As I said before, Mr. Malcolm, I am actuated by no unkind feeling in taking part in this movement; the good of the Church is my only motive in undertaking what is, at best, but a disagreeable task; but if you wish to ascertain the kind of rumors that are afloat, I refer you to any one in the parish. I am conscientiously bound to say nothing myself."

"You mistake my character, sir, if you imagine me capable of a proceeding so ungentlemanly. I am ignorant of anything in the character or conduct of our Rector which could have given rise to scandal, and asked you for information because your name was signed to the paper I hold in my hand, and which calls for a meeting of investigation. I supposed you were acting in a manner you were not ashamed of. I should certainly merit the contempt of every right-minded person did I resort to the means you suggest for information."

"Oh, sir, you mistake my meaning," and the dignified manner changed to one of winning sweetness; "you see we have the plans all arranged, but for the present, prudence must be observed; we have plenty of witnesses to bring forward who will prove the matter, and substantiate every statement that is made against him. Some of the evidence will be found pretty conclusive, and I think he will have enough to do to get out of it."

"Ah, I think I understand the thing now; you

are trying to prove his guilt, instead of his innocence."

"Oh, no!" said the other, rubbing his hands uneasily together, and considerably nonplussed for an answer; "it will give him an opportunity to clear up the matter and shake off the calumny, if it is such."

"Well, it is a strange kind of friendship that would arraign a man before the bar of public opinion upon mere rumor, and that a nameless one, too, just for the sake of letting him have the opportunity to clear himself; well may he exclaim, 'Save me from my friends!'"

"We should avoid even the appearance of evil," said Nelson, with a religious whine, which he always used when quoting Scripture; "and if it should prove that there has been no more than the '*appearance*,' he will be a fortunate person; certainly '*appearances*' are much against him now. Good-morning, sir."

"Good-morning, Mr. Nelson. I am a wiser man for this interview." But the conclusion of the remark was lost upon him, for the busy man was hurrying down the street, as was common with him; a pressing engagement claimed his immediate attention.

"Well, Nelson, what luck so far? You look flustered; I hope all's right."

"Oh, yes; I've heard nothing to the contrary; but I'm afraid it was ill-judged to send a notice to that Malcolm; he's too confoundedly cross-grained to suit our purposes."

"Oh, perhaps we can manage him yet; his money may help us, you know; and if we can once bring him over to our side, it will pay for a little trouble. I hope you were cautious in your treatment of him."

"You may trust me for that; I did not even hint the nature of the charges to be preferred; and he, no doubt, supposes we have stronger testimony than we have. I hope Tom and Bill are all right; did you see to them?"

"I did; but between you and me they are mighty uncertain fellows; they are so drunk already, that we cannot depend upon their testimony for to-night."

"That's a pity; I trusted to them to fix the question of time and place. What shall we do without them?"

"Oh, I'll undertake to manage that; you know this is only a 'preliminary' meeting; the matter can't be settled in one evening—I wish it could."

"Give me your hand, Captain, you're a prize; keep your eyes open, and trump up all the news you can before night, and we'll see what we can do."

"I'll do that same, or my name's not John Stinger."

Another hearty shake-hands concluded the interview, and Mr. Nelson and Captain Stinger parted.

An hour later, and the smooth-tongued lawyer might have been seen sitting by the side of the fair Florence Barton, pouring into her ears the silly nothings she was accustomed to hear from him.

Mr. Barton was, as we have said before, a millionaire. He was one who had risen from small begin-

nings, having commenced business as a pedlar, and from this had become one of the wealthiest landholders in the country. He was now a white-headed old man, with one foot in the grave, but the same miserly spirit which had helped him to accumulate his wealth, enabled him to hoard it well, and every year that passed over his head saw the pile increased by thousands.

His wife, who had married him when he carried the pack on his back, and whose judicious economy had assisted in amassing the wealth that now formed her passport to genteel society, was uneducated, vulgar, and coarse; and in her desire to shine in the aristocratic circle, to which her money had gained her admission, often made herself the laughing-stock of those around her.

To make up for the deficiency in their own stock of information, the parents had been lavish in procuring for their children whatever accomplishments were within reach.

Miss Florence was the youngest child, and excelled in various ways; for what was lacking in the more substantial branches of knowledge was made up in the more showy ones.

She sang well, played scientifically, and danced with grace; but beyond this her acquirements were of the most superficial kind. Still she was amiable and well-bred, and as she was likely to be an heiress, was on the whole what is termed in vulgar parlance "a speck."

Mr. Nelson had some time since fixed upon a plan for improving his impaired fortunes by marrying an heiress. In looking around him, therefore, he could see no better chance for a profitable matrimonial speculation than Miss Barton, and he flattered himself that he was likely to succeed in carrying away captive her heart.

On the morning after the interview to which we have alluded, it was announced in due form that the agreeable and gallant Mr. Daniel Nelson and the accomplished Miss Barton were engaged. Many were taken by surprise, some disapproved; but after a few days' gossip the subject ceased to agitate the little community.

But of the meeting. In a back room of one of the public-houses of Clairsville were gathered a dozen or more of Mr. Nelson's friends; some as bitter as himself, others curious to hear, though as yet unprejudiced; but all came prepared to drink in whatever scandal was to be offered—a committee of self-appointed judges, accustomed to magnify the mores in other people's eyes.

When all were assembled, Mr. Nelson took the chair and announced the object of the meeting, hoping that in view of the important business they were to consider, all present would give their close attention, and thus prepare themselves to judge impartially of the question. He then set forth in glowing language the evils which they had been forced to endure for many years. There was no hope that the Rector

would voluntarily resign the parish, so he thought that as there was surely enough to show against him, the best way for them to proceed was to collect together the various floating rumors, all of which he thought could be proved to be true, and thus armed for his destruction, they could magnanimously offer Dr. Murray his choice either to leave the parish or be at once presented for trial.

After this impressive speech there were open and earnest discussions as well as mysterious allusions. The accused was declared to be too fond of good living, extravagant in his household, heretical in doctrine, in fact a false light in the Church, tyrannical, unjust, and dishonest, and it was their plain duty as Christians to use all diligence to remove the candlestick from its present conspicuous place. Tom Dixon and Bill Simple, the two witnesses who had given Mr. Nelson such uneasiness in the morning, were able to be present, and managed with a little prompting to give in their evidence. They had met the Rector sometimes late at night in queer localities, and on one such occasion they had followed him to the house of a good-looking widow who was often heard to express her admiration and regard for him. Of course this was enough without anything more, for what right had a clergyman to visit ladies after ten o'clock at night? Need they go further?—surely not. So after a little further consultation the meeting adjourned.

While all these underhand and malicious plans

were in progress among a few, Dr. Murray was pursuing the even tenor of his course, unconscious that enemies were so near at hand, and ignorant of the conspiracy now ripening against him.

His sermons were the same eloquent, heart-stirring appeals, his daily walk the same self-denying course of usefulness. The three hundred children who looked up to him as a father, revered him with the highest sentiments of filial regard; and to them the brightest reward of merit was his approving smile.

Among those who now took him by the hand with apparent friendship, none made louder professions than Mr. Nelson and his clique; for the more base their designs, the more carefully they were concealed beneath the specious appearances of regard.

As they had said, the meeting to which we have alluded was merely a preliminary one, and its principal act was to draw up a paper in the form of a letter, and, under the cloak of friendship, to be despatched to Dr. Murray. In this letter the Rector was informed that the majority of the parishioners were dissatisfied with him, believing the truth of certain injurious reports, and advising him to submit to an investigation of the same, or at once resign his charge.

This insulting letter found Dr. Murray in his study, engaged in the customary preparation for the pulpit. It was not to be wondered at that the first feelings of surprise attending its perusal were succeeded by a righteous indignation as he saw clearly the trap spread

for him. For a few moments he stopped to consider the subject. The snare had been artfully laid; if he refused to notice the paper and its threats or proposals, it would be trumpeted abroad as an evidence of his guilt; they would say: "We have offered him an opportunity to meet his accusers and prove his innocence, but he is afraid to do so." On the other hand, *should* he acknowledge the right of a few disaffected individuals to sit in judgment upon his actions? Should he consent to come before them to be tried for an *imaginary* crime by a *prejudiced* jury, who had even now judged him, condemned him, and sentenced him to ecclesiastical degradation? Besides, he owed duties to others; he must avoid establishing a precedent which would be dangerous if followed by those who should come after him. To attend the meeting to which they summoned him would be giving them the advantage they sought; and he therefore unhesitatingly denied any knowledge of the rumors to which they referred, but pointed them to the proper tribunal where *charges*, not *rumors*, would be noticed and investigated.

This refusal to admit their right to catechize him produced the effect he had foreseen. They declared it to be a most positive proof of atrocious guilt, and it is true that through this unpropitious appearance of affairs many more who had before been neutral now openly declared themselves enemies of the Murray cause. Still the number of his enemies bore no comparison to that of his friends, and a feeling of

sympathy had drawn around him more than enough to make up the number lost.

We have hinted before that a sentiment of dissatisfaction was latent in the parish, which only waited an occasion for its appearance. The present, of course, furnished an excuse for all secret dislike and enmity to wreak itself; and with some it was of little consequence how the matter was brought about, provided the end was gained.

Time passed on, and for awhile nothing further was said on the subject. People came to church as usual, and peace and harmony seemed likely to be restored once more.

The Malcolms had adhered to their original resolution, and heard little or nothing of the matter; their confidence in the schools was unimpaired, and they had every reason to be satisfied with the progress of their children. Jessie was rapidly changing into the tall and graceful woman, not perfectly beautiful, but prepossessing, unaffected, and amiable.

Willie and Frank Marstone were inseparable friends. The former, whose exuberant spirits and love of fun were constantly tempting him to break the rules and get into scrapes, was kept in place and assisted by the prudent counsels of the latter.

Frank always thought twice before he spoke once, and thus avoided many a mistake; but Willie, from his credulity and ignorance of the world, was easily drawn into the schoolboy schemes of the day, and thus was frequently to be seen upon the stool of repentance.

Yet his faults were only the results of inexperience, and his teachers loved him for his tractability and good temper.

CHAPTER XI.

*"Is there a heart that delights not to cling
To the objects it loved in its life's early spring?
The glen or the mountain, the lake or the stream,
Remembered like phantoms that flit through a dream."*



"HATS the matter, Ada?" asked Lizzie Marstone, kindly, as she passed through the school-room and stopped before a little girl who was crying bitterly, with her head buried in her hands; "why, what has happened to distress you so? tell me, Ada dear."

The child continued to sob for some time, and Lizzie sat down beside her and laid the drooping head against her own bosom, while she spoke encouragingly to the little heart-broken thing.

"Tell me, my dear," she repeated, "has anything happened to make you feel badly?"

Won by the kindness and sympathy of her teacher, Ada threw herself passionately into the open arms and sobbed louder than ever; at last she found words, and with more calmness said:

"I was thinking of my home and papa, and wishing I could see it all again, that's all."

"And that is enough to make you feel badly, my little one. I know how it is to be homesick."

"Were *you* ever homesick, Miss Marstone?" inquired the child, brightening.

"Yes, indeed, Ada, I felt very much as you do once; only I have neither father nor mother to see, when I go home again, as you have."

"I have no mother either; my mother died when I was very little, before I could remember her; but I have a kind, good father that I love so much. Oh, if I could only see him again!" and here she burst forth into a fresh grief as she thought of her parent, from whom she had never before been so long separated.

"Come, cheer up, little one; who knows but he may come to see you some of these days. Only think what a pleasant surprise it would be to you to have him walk in upon you when you are not looking for him."

"Oh, no, he can't do that, he's so far away. He brought me here and left me while he went abroad, and he is to stay a year at least."

"Well, then, I would see how womanly I could be while he is away. You know a year will soon go round, and he will expect to see great improvement in you."

The child looked up in her face with a half-doubtful, half-inquiring glance, and finding encouragement there, said: "I love you very much, Miss Marstone; won't you help me to be good?"

Lizzie drew the little one closely towards her, and kissing her fair brow, said: "To be sure I will, Ada. You shall be my girl now."

Just then Jessie Malcolm came up, and each taking a hand of little Ada Fitzsimmons, the trio started on a walk which occupied the rest of the time before tea. Lizzie had won the little lonely child's heart, and from that time she was never happy unless with her favorite, Miss Marstone.

She came running towards her teacher one day a few months afterwards with a letter in her hand, and having smuggled her favorite into a corner, begged to be allowed to read her some parts of her father's letter that she had just received. Of course Lizzie could have no objection to indulge such a reasonable request, and Ada was soon in the midst of its perusal. It was written in an easy, agreeable style, and contained an account of all his movements likely to interest a child. He wrote affectionately, and expressed his desire to see her again, alluding to the kindness of Miss Marstone, and bidding her to be careful to deserve the notice of so valuable a friend.

"I told him about you," said Ada, by way of explanation, "how good you were, and how I loved you."

"Ah, Ada—!" exclaimed Lizzie, as she parted the clustering curls that almost covered her forehead, then stooped for a kiss.

Lizzie's next letter from home brought news. Her uncle was unanimously invited to the charge of a flourishing church in Virginia, and after due consideration of the subject, had determined to remove thither.

Of course Kate was busy enough, as she was anxious for him to avoid another northern winter, and therefore wished to hasten the removal.

It was a very great trial for Mr. Marstone to leave the little church in which he had ministered so many years. To him it was rich in tender memories and pleasant associations.

Here he had settled when his health was strong, and before a single hair had whitened; he had gone in and out among his humble flock for nearly twenty years; he had baptized most of them, trained them up in the way they should go, and counselled their maturer age; he had rejoiced with them in their prosperity, and wept with them in times of sorrow. No tinge of the false colors that paint the outer world had ever entered this peaceful valley to disturb the sacred relation between them.

But a wider sphere of usefulness now opened before him, and he believed it his duty to go, notwithstanding mere inclination would have led him to decline the call; and with him there was no question higher than that of duty.

It was now the end of September, and as we have said, the thoughtful Kate wished to complete the arrangements for removing before the cold weather set in; accordingly as soon as the question was fairly decided, she commenced preparations, and with the help of kind neighbors and willing friends, she was able to accomplish everything as she wished.

The people of Dunkeith were overcome with grief

at the prospect of parting with them, and many a pleasant token of their attachment was given by the kind and generous community. They were ready to provide everything that would conduce to the comfort of the journey; and upon their pastor's future course, the blessing of peace was asked with the full voice of the united church.

The last Sunday arrived. Mr. Marstone entered the sacred desk where he had for so many years ministered in holy things; and as he looked around him on the familiar faces which he might never see again, his feelings almost overcame him; the man became again the little child, and tears had free course adown his cheek. Emotion made his voice tremulous as he spoke:

"Beloved, it must needs be that there be partings; if it were not so, we might forget that this is not our home; it is right that trials should come, and farewells be spoken, else our affections might become too closely united to earthly objects. We have lived together these many happy years, and never has anything occurred to disturb the harmony of the sacred relations; our prayers and thanksgivings have risen together to the Throne; our tears have mingled as they fell into the graves of your beloved ones and mine; we have had no divided interests. I have endeavored to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified; and that this saving knowledge might be vouchsafed to you, has ever been the aim and prayer of my life. So run your

Christian race, my beloved, that in the end you may obtain the reward ; and in the last great day of the Lord, in that day when He maketh up his jewels, you shall be my crown of rejoicing, and together may we walk in white robes in a land where there is no more parting."

At length the preparations for their journey were finished, and the morrow was to witness their departure to a far distant home. Mr. Marstone and Kate left the little parsonage on that clear autumnal afternoon, and took the path that led to the churchyard. Arm-in-arm they wandered among the graves ; presently they stopped beside one, in a shady nook, retired and devoid of costly monument. A simple white stone of purest marble marked the spot where reposed the mortal part of her who was so dear to both. She needed no tablet to proclaim her virtues, her memorial was in the hearts of all who knew her ; while here, her conversation had been in heaven—now her life was there also.

No word was spoken as they lingered on the hallowed spot. A host of buried recollections seemed rushing to fill the vacuum of thought ; here was no room for speech ; silence was the best eloquence, for their thoughts were far too deep for utterance, and their souls were soaring upwards towards the unseen world, to the green pastures and still waters where the weary are at rest.

As they left the sacred inclosure, Kate stooped to

pluck a blossom from a lonely grave ; it was that of the poor blind woman, Margaret, so long her constant care. A year before, she had been gathered to her rest, in the full hope of a glorious immortality ; He who is the Light and the Light-giver, had opened her eyes in the Paradise of God.

The clergyman who was to succeed to the charge of the parish was a young man, energetic and zealous, whose devotion to his holy calling gave good promise of future usefulness. He was to enter upon the duties of his cure without delay, so that no break took place in the services.

The travellers paused on their way to spend a few days in Clairsville ; and Lizzie, who had always longed for a southern home, was glad to see them thus far on the road.

It was a coincidence worth noting, that the city of Lanesburg, in which their future residence was to be, was also the home of Ada Fitzsimmons and her father ; and the little girl, who was daily becoming more fond of Lizzie Marstone, was overjoyed at the discovery.

Mr. Marstone exacted from Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm the promise of an early visit—in the spring at furthest—and Kate urged it with all her powers of eloquence. Two or three days was the utmost length of time they could tarry now, and they pushed onward to Lanesburg, where a truly Southern hospitality awaited them.

They were exceedingly gratified with their kind reception ; everything that could be done to inspire a

home-feeling was thought of by these kind people. Their goods, which had preceded them, were all arranged in the pleasant little rectory, and thus Kate was saved much trouble and exertion.

The church had been without a minister for some time, and was suffering from the effects of an administration which had existed for several years, and had left it in a state of lukewarmness that was unfavorable for any deep interest in religious matters.

The clergyman who had resigned the charge of the parish a few months before, belonged to that class of persons who disapprove of everything which has a tendency to elevate the standard of the Church, and advance her distinctive doctrines. He was especially opposed to a multiplication of services; disregarded the observance of all days and seasons of the Christian year, and many of the time-honored customs of the same, because he chose to consider them Romish in their tendencies; at best, but useless remnants of a false system. Thus, in his desire to avoid the semblance of popery, this would-be reformer had reduced the number of them to the minimum of a Sunday morning and evening service, with sermons on abstract subjects of morality (or religion, provided all doctrine be left out of the question); the remainder of his efforts being enlisted in other schemes of reform or politics.

Mr. Marstone soon discovered the nature of the field upon which he was to operate, and commenced at once judiciously to restore the discarded obser-

vances to which he was accustomed himself, and desired his people to be also. Of course some were at first displeased; but this feeling soon passed away, and as they became familiar with his earnest manner and upright conversation, their violent prejudices against what they called the "High-Church views" of their rector subsided, and their interest was shown by the increased attendance on the services.

Mr. Marstone's sermons were not of the flowery, figurative style which please the fancy or tickle the ear without reaching the heart; they were practical discourses, whose aim was to make men better, first causing them to feel that they are sinners, and then showing them where and how the cure is to be found. In doing this he spoke plainly to his hearers; too plainly, perhaps, to suit their consciences; but he felt all the awfulness of the responsibility resting upon him as an ambassador of Christ, and he dared not shrink from his duty.

The God who gives the heavenly reward measures not according to His servants' *successes*, but by their *endeavors*. The rain falls as gently on Arabia Petrea as on Arabia Felix, though the stony soil shows not so plainly the fruits of the shower as the happy land whose rich furrows drink in the refreshing-draught with gladness, and then yield a thankful increase.

Thus, it may not be permitted that even the most earnest and heavenly-minded pastor shall be able to count the largest number of converts to the faith; and yet the time will come when the Lord of the harvest,

who knoweth that he hath been faithful over a few things, shall "make him ruler over many things."

The Rev. Thomas Wilson, to whom allusion has been made, was one of a still different class—the ultra-school; and although educated in one of the most approved seminaries of the Church, he had, notwithstanding, adopted a course which was entirely foreign to the teachings there received, and which could not fail to offend those who disliked novelties of a certain kind.

He was the son of an estimable citizen of Clairsville, long since dead, and his orphaned state had recommended him particularly to the notice of Dr. Murray. Pleased with his promising talents and desire for learning, the Rector had taken him under his especial protection, and, since his elevation to Deacon's orders, had permitted him occasionally to assist in parish duties and services. Young as he was, he had so thoroughly ingratiated himself into the favor of his benefactor, or, to use a vulgar phrase, "got upon his blind side," that the peculiar practices introduced into the Church by the young minister, and so unpopular with the members, passed unnoticed by him who possessed the authority for their suppression.

Another circumstance operated against him; he was in his native parish, and, for this reason, the innovations he seemed to love so much, were less tolerable than if coming from another source. It was not so easy for the older members to forget his childish pranks; and the younger ones, who had joined with

him in many a scrape, recurred to them occasionally in terms not at all flattering to himself, as they observed his uncommonly sanctified demeanor. It has been said that a prophet seldom has much honor in his own country; and although these unfortunate reminiscences undoubtedly impaired his usefulness with some, still the greatest bane to his success was found in his own mistaken method of proceeding. Whatever was new or strange possessed immense advantage in his eyes, and he enjoyed the curious stare that was likely to attend any fresh introduction of mediæval customs.

The choral service, as performed in the cathedrals of England, he professed to admire in the highest degree as the perfect realization of his ideas of church music; and thereupon the choir was filled with surpliced singing-boys, trained by himself in this new style of psalmody, while he, as leader of the whole, intoned the prayers and chanted the litany and creeds. At every repetition of the Gloria Patri he would suddenly turn his back to the people, and cross his hands with an expression of religious rapture that was either disgusting or ridiculous, according to the mood of the observer.

As may be supposed, his preaching was in keeping with his practice; his mind constantly yearning after a higher standard of holiness, and longing for the forbidden customs of a corrupt Church, he strove to approach its dangerous dogmas; and, fascinated by the outside trappings of the monstrous system, it ap-

peared to his perverted sight all beautiful and glorious, the *beau-ideal* of his ecclesiastical dreams.

Now it may well be supposed from all this that the Rector was of the same mind, or he would not have permitted such things to be done before his eyes; but Dr. Murray was like others of his fellow-sinners, and had weak points as others also have. One of these was his overweening love for the young man, whose zeal and devotion to the duties of his calling blinded him completely to more venial faults. That he should allow these absurd practices was unaccountable to those who knew his own clearness from anything of the sort, for clerical foppery was the object of his special dislike; and though he may have prevented more egregious deviations from Protestant propriety, he bore with silent acquiescence the kind of minor offences to which we have alluded.

But in thus displaying the foibles of this young man, we would not have the reader imagine him altogether given to trifles; he was actively engaged in various good works, whose entire success was mainly attributable to his self-denying zeal. Under his direction the parish schools were full and flourishing, and the poor were systematically visited; thus insuring a more just distribution of the parish alms than could be effected through any other means.

Night and day his time and attention were given to works of mercy and visits among the poorest of the population; and even those who mourned his deviations from orthodoxy, were willing to admit his excel-

lence in all other things which pertain to the duties of a conscientious minister of the gospel.

And yet perhaps this very earnestness in fulfilling his mission increased his influence and strengthened the public confidence in his avowed principles; disposing them to overlook, as unimportant trifles, his frivolous fancies and practices.

The difference between Dr. Murray's views and his own was this:—the former preached Christ, crucified for the *whole world*, as above all other themes worthy the sinner's regard; the latter dwelt almost exclusively on the Church, and her rubrics and ritual seemed to him sufficient both for salvation and sanctification. But whilst extolling the precious privileges of the Body of Christ, he forgot to declare that this same Divine Jesus must ever be "head over all things to the Church." Dr. Murray's heart was warm enough to admit some feeling of toleration towards the whole body of those who "profess and call themselves Christians;" his assistant divided the religious world into two grand companies—Churchmen, or as he always expressed it, "Catholics;" and heathen: the one class sure of salvation, the other excluded from even the "uncovenanted" mercy of God.

Kate's description of the parsonage and the city made Lizzie long for the vacation to arrive, when she was to make her first visit to her Southern home. She was of such a different disposition from her sister, that she had not felt a tenth part of the regret

that Kate had done at parting with her old associations at Dunkeith. She loved gaiety and life; the dulness and monotony of their distant mountain retreat was not as agreeable to her tastes as the society of a city would be. Not that she cared for dissipation and folly, but she had seen just enough of the advantages of an extended circle, to create in her a desire for company, while her beauty and affable manners attracted the admiration and love of those with whom she associated.

"I only wish I could go home with you," said Ada, one day just after they had been talking on the subject; "it would be so nice for me to show you all the pretty places, and we could have such lovely walks together. I do wish papa would come home before vacation, but that he will not, as he is going further before he thinks of returning."

"It would be very pleasant, to be sure," returned Lizzie, "but you know, Ada, there will be more vacations if we live to see them, and there will be plenty left, for you to show me next time. I'll take care not to see everything this visit, so that you may be able to escort me."

Ada tried to smile in spite of herself, though she felt more like crying. "Indeed, you don't know how dismal I shall feel here when you are gone, and all but two or three of the girls, and that cross Miss Porter who always stays to take charge of those who remain; it will be the longest month I ever passed."

"It is two months yet before the time you dread

so much; you would have time to write to your father and ask his leave to go home with me; perhaps he would be willing."

"Oh, but that would be nice, indeed; and do you really want me to do so?" asked the child, her face lighting up with pleasure.

"Of course I do, my dear, and you may ask it as a favor to me, if you think it will help the cause any."

"Well, I'll write at once, and tell him how miserable I shall be away from you for a whole month; he'll certainly be willing for me to enjoy myself in such a proper manner, and in such good company."

Lizzie kissed her, and stood looking after her as she scampered off to her desk, and commenced the important letter. It was as usual full of school-girl incidents, containing the highest praises of her "dearest Miss Marstone," and begging very hard for the desired permission. The next mail carried it away towards its trans-Atlantic destination.

Weeks passed on, and the welcome answer came. She might go to Lanesburg with her friend. There was likewise a kind message of regard and gratitude to Lizzie for her attention to his little daughter; he hoped soon to thank her in person, as his travels were drawing to a close, and he anticipated a speedy return.

Of course Ada was overjoyed at these tidings; and the contemplation of the promised visit, as well as her father's coming home so soon, occupied her mind so entirely that study was quite a secondary consideration.

"Ah, Ada," said Lizzie, reprovingly, "you must not think too much about it; study comes first, and pleasure afterwards."

"Oh, I know it ought to; but I can't keep my mind on this dry grammar, when I'm all the time thinking about other things. I shall be too glad when the term is over."

The remaining weeks of study were wearing away, and the examinations, which always ended the term, were at hand. Lizzie Marstone, who had only two years before passed through the ordeal, knew how to sympathize with the pupils, and did all she could to assist them in their preparations; and this, in addition to her regular duties, rendered the last week one of pretty close confinement for her.

The final exercises consisted of a musical *soirée*, in which all the young ladies qualified to take part were expected to do so; and no little pains were taken in preparing for the occasion, since nearly all the girls expected friends to be present, whom they desired to please and astonish by their performances.

The last day had come, and throughout the establishment everything was hurry and bustle; some were packing their trunks, others receiving their parents and friends. Groups of intimates were standing or walking together, talking over their school days, and now that the time of parting was so near at hand, almost regretting that the morrow was to separate them so widely, perhaps for life.

The performance was to commence at early candle-

light, and the room was already filling with visitors, when Lizzie Marstone went in search of Ada. After looking in vain through the labyrinth of avenues and apartments, she found her at last fretting in the dressing-room over her unmanageable hair, which she was utterly unable to coax into anything like its proper place. When Lizzie entered, she was upon the point of giving up in despair, finding it an impossibility to arrange it herself.

"Come, Ada, you are late," she said, "what is keeping you so long up here?"—then taking in all at a glance, she made her sit down at once, while she smoothed the rebellious locks, and taking a white rose out of her own head, it was fastened in one side of the child's beautiful ringlets: "There, now you are ready; make haste, darling, for it is time you were in your place."

"Thank you, dear Miss Marstone; you are always so kind to me; but there will be no one here to-night that will know me, or that I care to please."

"Do not say so, Ada; you want to please me surely, and Dr. Murray, and your other teachers; you must do your best."

The saloon was completely filled when the two entered, and it was with difficulty they forced their way through the crowd.

Lizzie felt proud of her favorite, as Ada performed her piece with credit to herself and her instructors; and when she returned to the seat beside her, a warm approval was given, and the young teacher leaned

over to kiss the child with all the affection of an older sister.

Lizzie cast her eyes towards the door in hopes of discovering the countenance of her cousin Frank, whom she was anxious to see, as he was to be their travelling companion on the following day, and she wished to say something to him on the subject. The object of her search was not in sight, but as she looked intently on the crowd, her eye fell upon the face of a gentleman whose gaze was fixed steadily on herself. As their eyes met, a strange feeling of wonder passed through her frame, and the glances of both were instantly averted.

In a few moments curiosity led her eyes in the same direction again, and once more they encountered the same earnest gaze. The gentleman was middle-aged, tall and commanding in appearance, with dark hair and whiskers, and handsome, regular features.

There was a familiar expression about his countenance which Lizzie could not understand. She was sure she had never seen him before, and yet the face was not that of a stranger; so she puzzled her brain during the remainder of the evening in useless endeavors to settle the question.

The exercises at length concluded, and the assemblage dispersed. Lizzie, with Ada as usual by the hand, left the saloon and hastened to the large hall to take leave of those who were going by the night train. They had just entered the hall when Ada uttered a cry, and sprang from her side.

"Papa, papa!" was all her companion heard, and looking round, she beheld her clasped in the arms of the mysterious gentleman of the saloon.

The child forgot everything around her in the excess of joy at her father's unexpected appearance, and Lizzie left her in his care while she went to see the girls who were leaving, and to try and find Frank.

Mr. Fitzsimmons was delighted with the improvement in his daughter. She had grown taller, and had lost much of her childishness and fretfulness. Her performance during the evening had gratified him also, as he was exceedingly fond of music himself, and desirous that Ada should excel in this branch of her education. Business had called him home sooner than he had anticipated, and he hurried immediately to Clairsville in order to surprise his daughter and escort her home. He arrived in time for the evening's entertainment, and from the distant corner of the saloon had watched the two girls as we have seen.

He had written to Lanesburg immediately on his arrival in New York, requesting that the house might be in readiness for their reception; and as there was nothing to detain him here, the plan which Lizzie Marstone had proposed, to take the first line in the morning, was adhered to by him.

"And now, papa," said Ada, after she had eulogized her friend to her satisfaction, "I want you to see Miss Marstone for yourself, and tell me what you think of her."

Lizzie, who had at last succeeded in her search for

Frank, was sitting talking to him in the drawing-room when Ada approached, leading her father by the hand. The child introduced him to her favorite teacher in her own peculiar way, and with a cordial grasp of the hand Mr. Fitzsimmons expressed his pleasure at the meeting.

"We cannot be called strangers exactly, Miss Marstone," he observed, "though our acquaintance heretofore has been by proxy; this little correspondent of mine has introduced me to your name and character some time ago."

"Ada and I, have been very good friends for a long time," returned Lizzie; "I am glad to see her so happy to-night," and the speaker looked down into the child's face, which beamed with delight, her eyes dancing with childish joy as she seemed to have attained the very climax of human happiness.

"I dare say you have found her a rare plague; she used to be as wild as a deer when I had her; perhaps she has become more tame under your judicious management."

"Ada is entitled to the chief part of the credit. She has studied hard that she might show you some improvement, and unless I am mistaken, she has succeeded."

"She has, certainly, and I feel very proud of my little girl; but still you will permit me to say, that much is due to the interest you have taken in her; what say you, Ada?"

"Oh, papa, you know I told you in every letter

that I could not live in this dull place, with so many cross teachers around me, if it had not been for Miss Marstone; she helped me out of many a scrape."

"I am afraid she is a partial judge, Mr. Fitzsimmons," said Lizzie, blushing; "if I have made the monotony of school-life less irksome to her, she has done the same for me; the obligation is mutual, I assure you."

"But not equally balanced, notwithstanding. I shall drive you to acknowledge that we are your debtors; pray do not deny it, since you cannot by so doing change our opinion."

Lizzie's half-confused manner lent an additional charm to her sweet face, and Mr. Fitzsimmons thought that his daughter had not exaggerated her beauty in the least, although Ada had been lavish in her praise. He was really glad that she was to be their travelling companion on the following day, and that their destination was the same city.

And Lizzie, unsophisticated, and ignorant of the world and its ways, and even of her own untried heart, could not account to herself for the interest she felt in this stranger, the acquaintance of an evening, whose civilities to herself were only the result of gratitude for kindness shown to his child.

Yet strange as it seemed to her, and altogether unaccountable, still she thought over the occurrences of the evening, and it was long after her head was laid upon the pillow before "tired nature's sweet restorer" visited her weary eyelids, and wafted her to the land of dreams.

CHAPTER XII.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



E are almost there; look, Miss Marstone, there are the steeples, and yonder is the Lanesburg court-house; presently you will see our old house."

Ada could scarcely contain herself, as the various familiar objects came in view; she had for so many months been shut up within the walls of a boarding-school, with nothing to look forward to but the pleasure of going home once more, and above all showing the beauties of her native place to Lizzie, that it need not be wondered at if her childish imagination fancied the present the happiest moment of her life.

"See, there it is," she cried, clapping her hands, as the halting train passed slowly by a fine old mansion, surrounded with trees that were covered with their new spring dress, and almost concealed the house with their rich masses of foliage. Some six or eight tidy-looking servants were standing near the entrance way, all dressed in holiday attire, in honor of their

master's return, and grinning with intense satisfaction as they caught sight of him waving his hat to them.

Lizzie felt almost sorry that the journey was at an end. It had proved very different from the tedious one she anticipated, for Mr. Fitzsimmons had entertained her so agreeably with interesting accounts of his foreign tour, that she cared not to notice the barren and level country through which she was passing; indeed, had the most beautiful scenery surrounded the road, it would have been lost upon her, so occupied was she in attending to her companions.

Her uncle and Kate were both at the station when the cars arrived, waiting to receive them, and she had the pleasure of introducing them to her travelling companions. Mr. Fitzsimmons and Mr. Marstone exchanged cordial salutations, and the large family carriage containing the whole party drove off towards the parsonage.

Kate's usual thoughtfulness had provided everything that she knew would please Lizzie; her room was fitted up with various little fancies, with a view to both comfort and effect. The neat white drapery around the bed, and window curtains to correspond, gave the whole an air of cheerfulness that exactly suited the views of its intended occupant. Always full of spirits, she seemed happier than ever before, although to her sister's observing eyes a grain more serious and thoughtful; and her uncle remarked with pleasure the ruddy glow of health upon her cheek.

"What a charming little place it is," exclaimed

Lizzie, as she entered her room. "I see it is the same kind sister still I have, watching over my wants, and providing for my comfort. What a fine prospect from this window! I shall enjoy looking down on those beautiful grounds as much as if they belonged to us."

"They are a part of the Fitzsimmons property," said Kate; "and yonder, behind that clump of trees, is the house."

Lizzie thought so, but something kept her from saying it, and she turned her head away, that her sister should not see the conscious expression of her face; for although she could not account for the feeling, even to herself, she was becoming gradually aware that she had a heart, and that its interests were in some way connected with the locality under consideration.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Marstone, as his niece entered the little drawing-room, "and how do you like us in our new quarters?"

"If I am to answer your question just as you put it, dear uncle, I can say at once that you seem to me the same as ever," and she finished the sentence with an affectionate embrace.

"Ah, I forgot I was talking to a school-mistress, or I should have been more literal in expressing myself. I was not fishing for a compliment, I assure you; but I see you are as mischievous as ever."

"Then I mistook your question," said Lizzie, with mock gravity; "it must have referred to the quar-

ters themselves. I like *them* amazingly; it will be very hard, when the time comes, to leave them."


"You have not seen it all yet," said Kate; "the flower-garden is still in reserve for your inspection—that is *my* especial care."

"So it is," quietly remarked her uncle; "and the household in-door affairs also, with no inconsiderable share of parish visiting; she's just as useful as ever, Lizzie."

There was nothing selfish in Lizzie's disposition, or she might have felt that in the present instance comparisons would be odious, since she herself was ignorant of the first lessons in domestic affairs; but she knew that her sister deserved all the praise she received, and gladly joined in the merited commendation, as free from envy as if she shared it. The summons to tea, however, put an end to the conversation; and the appetites of the travellers, sharpened by their journey, did ample justice to the repast.

The parsonage was built in much the same style as their New-England home; and, being furnished with familiar objects, Lizzie and Frank could almost fancy themselves in Dunkeith still. The study was larger, and the liberality of some of the parishioners had added some valuable works to the Rector's library that he had long wanted, but was unable sooner to obtain with his limited means.

There were still other tokens of kindness and regard. Kate's old piano had given place to a finer one, the gift of an individual who had listened with



admiration to her sweet voice, and decided it to be worthy of a better instrument to accompany it.

The first evening was spent by the two sisters in singing over the old pieces they had formerly practised together. Some of them had not been sung by either for years, and were associated with other scenes and loved ones far away.

All have felt the magic power of music to recall the recollections of the past. How vividly it brings before us the memory of the dear ones with whom we once listened to the long forgotten strains. Not a note but speaks to us, nor a chord that does not soften as it thrills our hearts, and

"Opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept. Wherever we have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it, all its pleasures and its pains."

Ada would give her father no peace until he had taken her over to see Lizzie; so the next morning, after attending to some necessary business, he took her with him to the parsonage. Lizzie met them at the door and showed them into the drawing-room, where Mr. Marstone and Kate soon joined them.

"Have you entirely recovered from your fatigue, Miss Lizzie?" was Mr. Fitzsimmons's first inquiry.

"Entirely, sir," she answered; "indeed I was not at all tired, although the ride was rather a long one."

"It is quite a desirable thing to be a good traveller ;

I have frequently wished I had more of the qualification myself."

"I should think the tour you have just made would call for a considerable share of it," remarked Mr. Marstone; "there is certainly nothing so tiresome as sight-seeing, when one is travelling with no other object in view; no doubt you found it so."

"You are right; sight-seeing does very well for a short time; but when we come to spend a year or more in the employment it is rather distracting, I must confess."

"And home seems more pleasant than ever—the quiet is so grateful."

"Yes, 'there's no place like home'—a sentiment none the less true, because so common; my little girl here thinks she never can endure to leave it again."

"Oh, Ada!" said Lizzie, in a tone of reproach, "you would not want me to go back to Clairville without you; only think how I should miss you."

The child looked from the speaker to her father, as if at a loss what to say; then, looking up at Lizzie, said, in her most beseeching manner:

"You need not go either. I want you to stay here with us; won't you, dear Miss Marstone?"

"We cannot always do as we would like, Ada," she replied, "or I would like to stay longer than a month here; but duty comes before pleasure, you know."

"Yes; but I cannot see why you must go back there to be mewed up with a parcel of cross teachers;

I'm sure you never were made to be one yourself—you are not cross enough."

A general smile followed this sage observation, and Ada began to describe to Lizzie and Kate the various presents her father had brought her.

"I was going to bring some of them with me to show you, but papa said you must come over to the Hall and see them all together—they look so much prettier there. Won't you come to-morrow?—papa wants you to come."

"Some time we will," said Kate; "they must be very nice presents, and you should value them highly as coming from such a distance."

The latter part of Ada's speech, which Kate had not noticed, was that which made most impression upon Lizzie. "Papa wants you to come"—the child had perhaps said it thoughtlessly, but it was remembered by her long afterwards.

Mr. Fitzsimmons interrupted her reflections.

"Miss Lizzie, I believe you have seen nothing of Lanesburg yet; this fine day ought not to pass without your becoming better acquainted with it. Perhaps your sister and yourself would like a drive; I am at your service."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Lizzie, "I should like it exceedingly;" and Kate likewise assented to the proposal.

"The sooner, then, the better, if agreeable to yourselves," said he; "this morning air is so refreshing, and there will be time enough before dinner."

Kate was the housekeeper, and she therefore settled this question in the affirmative; Ada concluding to remain with them until the carriage came, which her father immediately went to order.

"Kate, Kate!" just then called a voice from the kitchen, "do come as quick as possible;" and the unusual tone of her uncle's voice caused her to run in the direction indicated, while groans and screams proceeded from the same place. When she reached the scene of the disaster a terrible sight presented itself; Dinah, the cook, had upset a large kettle of scalding water on both her feet, and Mr. Marstone, who was passing through the room at the instant it occurred, had witnessed the transaction, and given the alarm. There she sat, wringing her hands and groaning with the pain, unable to do anything towards its alleviation.

"Poor thing," said Kate, "it is a bad burn, but we will try and do something to relieve it."

"Cold water, missus; please put some on it—that's all it wants; it burns so bad—oh! oh, dear!" and the sufferer moaned and cried with agony.

"That's not the best thing, Dinah;" and producing a roll of linen kept for such occasions, Kate dipped up a spoonful of rye-meal and spread it on the rags, applying them at once to the feet. Just as she was in the act, Lizzie came in search of her—Mr. Fitzsimmons had returned with the carriage. When she saw how Kate was employed, she was full of pity for poor Dinah, and begged to assist her sister; but this was impossible, as only one was required for the pur-

pose ; Kate insisted, however, on the rest of the party going without her, since her services would now be needed at home for the rest of the morning.

Lizzie reluctantly consented to the arrangement, and the three started on their drive. Mr. Fitzsimmons expressed great regret that they were thus deprived of Kate's society ; he had been exceedingly pleased with her quiet dignity of manner, and hardly knew which of the two sisters to admire most. Lizzie's beauty had attracted him before he knew her name, and her artless and agreeable way of conversing, with her kindness to his motherless child, had completed the charm ; while Kate had appeared to him as a pleasing example of "a perfect woman, nobly plann'd," her beauty of a more intellectual stamp, perhaps, than her sister's, though not equally dazzling.

The drive was delightful to Lizzie and Ada ; the latter pointing out to her friend every object that she imagined would interest her. There were many things to see in a place as large as Lanesburg, and the dinner hour had fully arrived when they returned to the parsonage.

Kate had taken Dinah's place in cooking dinner, so that the poor thing might rest her feet ; and all was as well prepared as if the regular cook had presided over the kitchen department ; for Kate's accomplishments were of two kinds, and the showy ones did not exclude those of the more useful order.

The poor negro woman sat in one corner of the

kitchen, with her scalded feet on a cushion before her, that her kind "missus" had provided, her hands being occupied with such employment as called for no change of position, while she was constantly giving utterance to her gratitude.

It was only one instance of Kate Marstone's noble heart; she could feel for the sufferings of a servant, and was ready to do as much for their alleviation as if the one who needed her services were her equal in station and circumstance. Her religion taught her to disregard the distinctions the world would interpose, of grade or color; to be poor and in want was a sufficient passport to her sympathy.

The month of Lizzie's vacation was passing very rapidly, and two-thirds of it had already gone. She thought time had never flown so fast, and as the last week approached, it seemed harder than ever to think of leaving this pleasant home. Kate would have gladly urged her remaining, but she thought it most proper that her sister should retain the situation she had been so fortunate in obtaining, and which enabled her to be somewhat independent of their uncle, to whose limited means we have before alluded.

By considerations of this nature Lizzie was herself actuated; for she was far from being insensible of the kindness and care which had watched over them with all a parent's fondness; and now, when the time and opportunity had come for her to relieve him of some of the burden, she felt that she had no right to hesitate in her decision.

Mr. Fitzsimmons, who was well satisfied with his daughter's improvement, had persuaded her to return with Lizzie to Clairsville; and Ada, who with the fickleness of childhood had outlived her first sentiments of dislike, now actually looked forward to it with pleasure, particularly when she thought of the number of new things she would have to show the girls, and the budget of news to communicate.

The last few days were busily occupied with the necessary preparations, and Kate's assistance was as usual required to complete them. Mr. Fitzsimmons proposed escorting them to the end of the journey; and to this arrangement no one could reasonably object; certain we are that Lizzie Marstone did not, either in thought or word.

Scarcely a day had passed during the month without some intercourse between the inmates of the hall and the parsonage, and the mutual regard had grown with what it fed upon, until in certain individual cases it had begun to assume a more decided character. It seemed almost incredible to Mr. Fitzsimmons when he recalled the fact that a few weeks ago he was a stranger to the lovely girl beside him; but the iron steed bore them onward too fast for thought, and the present was far the most agreeable theme to him. The frequent changes from cars to steamboat prevented monotony, if it did not lessen the fatigue of the journey, and the evening saw them safely at its end.

Mr. Fitzsimmons remained a day in Clairsville,

and when the hour of his departure did arrive, he could fain have lingered several more.

Ada bore the parting better than he had expected would be the case; and Lizzie's feelings, however deep they may have been, were concealed beneath a respectful adieu. As he took her hand for the final grasp, a small packet was adroitly slipped into it, unnoticed by the child; a blush mantled her cheek; the upturned glance met his own; it was but a look, and yet it spoke volumes.

She was alone in her little apartment when she unsealed the parcel. It was a box containing a set of pearls of rare beauty and value, and a letter, to her of greater value than the jewels, as much greater as the heart is, compared with a trinket. She could not tell how long she sat there pondering its contents, or how much longer she might have remained buried in thought. Ada's knock aroused her from the reverie, and she prepared to descend.

Mr. Fitzsimmons was no trifler; he had seen enough of the world to despise its empty professions and false estimates, and was not therefore to be carried away with any of its superficial preferences. His wealth and personal appearance made him an object of regard whenever he went into ladies' society, and he might have commanded the hearts of any of the marriageable belles around Lanesburg; but the fashionable beauties of the gay world were not the ones to please such a man; his ideal was of a higher order; he sought not merely a wife, but a companion—a

partner who could share with him not only the joys of life, but, if need be, its sorrows also; beautiful without vanity; cultivated, yet without affectation; and for such a one he had looked in vain until his meeting with Lizzie Marstone. The time which had elapsed since they first met he had spent in a close study of her character, and the daily intercourse of the past month had confirmed him in his first opinion of her, and had now resulted in the offer of his heart and hand.

It were too hackneyed a theme to need that we should here describe the young girl's sensations as she read and re-read the little billet; sufficient for us to say that no very long time was necessary for her to decide the momentous question, for it had already come to be the most sacred secret of her soul—one that she had never dared to breathe to any, and known only to the Omniscient.

The next day's mail carried her answer; it was brief, but omitted nothing that the occasion called for her to say. She acknowledged the high compliment of his preference; her heart he already possessed, and her hand, since he had asked it, should be his also.

Ada was a little surprised when her father reappeared in a few days, and the gossips of the institution, notwithstanding all their efforts at conjecture, could not satisfactorily explain Miss Marstone's interest in his arrival. Why he should select her as the object of his attentions, was an enigma that none were

able to solve, and her natural diffidence made her shrink from their jealous scrutiny. She was fortunate on this account in having made Mrs. Malcolm her confidante; and the cottage in Elm street was a pleasant place of meeting with her lover, free from remark or inspection.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm fully approved of Lizzie's choice, for they saw that her heart was really interested where they had good reason to think her hand would be worthily bestowed. The former had known Mr. Fitzsimmons by character for some time, and his personal acquaintance did not contradict the good impression formed of his principles.

And her uncle and Kate: Lizzie could not feel that her happiness was complete until she had received their approval. She had written to them, as had also her lover, as soon as her own decision had been given; and the answer returned added the one drop that made her cup to overflow. Kate's generous heart rejoiced that her sister's future pathway seemed so bright, while the prospect of having her settled so near them was no small part of her joy.

And Lizzie, how was it with her? To other eyes she was, perhaps, the same: the daily routine of teaching found her in her place; her face beamed with the same lovely smile; but her inward life was brightened with a new presence; it was "Love's young dream."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense;
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to."

HUDIBRAS.



COME now, Miss Dawson, do tell me all the particulars of this wedding; how did the bride look, and what was her dress made of? I declare I am quite lucky to have met with you to-day."

"Well, in the first place, Mrs. St. George, the bride would not have been Miss Florence Barton not to be handsomely dressed. She never was one of my beauties, but you know the old saying, 'fine feathers make fine birds,' and, with all the plumage on, she looked quite passable."

"And the bridegroom?"

"Oh, he looked about as usual; he always looks so sleek and precise that one might suppose he had been kept in a bandbox all his life; I think the white kids rather increased this idea, and he appeared to advantage, particularly after the ceremony was over."

"Of course—that was natural enough; he then

felt certain of the prize. She's worth catching—such an heiress is not to be met with often.”

“No, and the gentleman did not require to be informed of that fact. The greatest marvel to me is that he should have got her with so little trouble; they say her parents did not make much objection.”


“Ah, he knows how to manage affairs of that kind; he has been busy in worming himself into the good graces of the old folks for some time past, and as they suppose him to be wealthy in addition to his profession, there was no fault to be found in him.”

“Well, unless I'm mistaken, he's got some one now that can spend money for him. I don't believe he has counted the cost of flounces and finery; but he'll find out yet, I guess.”

“They have a pleasant looking house; but how stupid not to take a trip somewhere; nobody thinks of staying at home after they're married nowadays. I'd go on a bridal tour, if it was but ten miles.”

“Yes, but Mrs. Barton says that Mr. Nelson's business is so confining and extensive that it was impossible for him to be absent at this time; of course *she* must know;” and the meaning of the remark was most clearly expressed in the look that accompanied it.

“Well, the Bartons are a low, purse-proud set any how, and I am not sorry they have cut my acquaintance; no doubt they thought it would be a terrible slight not to receive cards to this wedding;



but I don't care a snap for all of them—my family is equal to theirs any day."

The conversation, of which we have given but a small part, took place on the steamboat the morning after the marriage. The saloon of the "Water Nymph" was generally well filled with passengers, bound either on business or pleasure, and Clairville was always largely represented; the ladies did their shopping chiefly in the city, and the hour's ride seldom seemed tedious, for it afforded a rare opportunity for gossip and exchange of information.

Mrs. St. George was a handsome, fascinating widow, of about middle age, respectably connected, but of moderate means. Miss Dawson was the daughter of a retired tailor, generally considered wealthy; her sister having married well, the family had been gradually admitted into genteel society, and, except in a few instances of aristocratic exclusiveness, the daughters were well received.

Mrs. Barton thought the present a good occasion for dropping the acquaintance of their poorer, or, as she expressed it, their "ungenteel" neighbors; so they resolved not to send cards to any of this description, and hence the slight to Mrs. St. George; besides, as the latter had once offended Mr. Nelson, she was not entitled to his favorable regard; and this had assisted to produce the effect we have mentioned.

The newly married pair went to housekeeping at once. The happy husband having rented a pretty

house near the centre of the town, old Mr. Barton had been persuaded into furnishing it in fashionable style. The wedding, the house, and the bride were discussed pretty generally for a week or two, and then, like all nine days' wonders, ceased to be thought of by the busybodies of the place. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson appeared to be a very happy couple—he all attention to her wishes; she all smiles and caresses; and from these the world formed its opinion.

It was towards evening on the day of the wedding spoken of, that the Rev. Dr. Murray was sitting in his library, pen in hand, and evidently engaged in some important piece of writing. He wrote rapidly, and often laid it down, while he seemed for some moments buried in thought. A large Bible lay open beside him, and he turned its leaves and studied the passages selected carefully. It was only the middle of the week, but his preparation for the next Lord's Day was nearly accomplished; he never left it to be crowded into the last day of the six, as many do; and now, as the first beams of the pale moon stole across the apartments, he laid aside the complete manuscript.

As he sat still in his easy chair, his thoughts still lingered on the theme of his discourse: "Charity thinketh no evil." It was a fruitful subject, and might have afforded matter for many more; his own life furnished bitter proof of the shadow cast over

bright hopes when its light had been eclipsed by malice and envy, and he raised a silent prayer that this most rare attribute of true charity might ever be granted to himself.

He rose from his reverie to open the door. The servant was waiting with a letter, which he delivered, and then retired, after stating that it had been left at the door a few moments previously. A glance enabled him to recognise the handwriting of his diocesan, and something much like indignation was perceptible in his face as he read the contents of the Bishop's communication. First came the usual preamble, when one is about saying something which needs an apology; he regretted the necessity which had compelled him to take the measures herein conveyed; his respect for the person he addressed was undiminished, etc., etc. It had been represented to him that the Rev. Dr. Murray was in the practice of immoralities of such a nature that certain members of his congregation had thought proper that he should be tried for the same by an ecclesiastical court. The Bishop, therefore, in accordance with their request, though totally ignorant of the merits of the case, had unwillingly consented to call the court and fix the day for the trial.

The letter concluded with warm assurances of friendship, and of firm confidence in his ability to clear himself of the various charges made against him.

It was not to be wondered at if the indignant

feelings increased rather than diminished as this venerable old man read the long array of specific charges. He was accused of breaking almost every commandment of the Decalogue, besides drunkenness, arrogance, tyranny, misrepresentation, and falsehood.

At length he looked at his watch, after standing he knew not how long buried in thought; it was eight o'clock, and the marriage at which he was to officiate was to take place in a half-hour more.

When he arrived at the house of Mr. Barton, punctual to his appointment, no trace of what he had just endured was perceptible in his quiet demeanor; not even the smooth-tongued bridegroom, who met him with the blandest welcome, could discover any evidence of emotion. He had suffered too much in his lifetime to be overcome now—the furrows on his cheek were too many for another to be observed; care and trouble, not age, had whitened his hair, and caused his step to totter; but the true record of his deeds, the one which cannot err, is written in heaven.

The weeks and months rolled on; the plans of the conspirators were maturing, the evidence was arranged, and the time of trial at hand. Unlike a guilty culprit, Dr. Murray had awaited patiently the day and the hour, pursuing his daily avocations without change or interruption, making but one request in regard to it; and that was, that he might

be tried in his own parish, in the midst of the community best qualified to know of his deeds.

This most reasonable request being granted, the Court assembled, heard the evidence, and his own noble defence, in which he stated fairly and honestly, without the slightest reservation, the causes which led to his pecuniary embarrassments; how he had begun his schools without endowments; how he had toiled for their success, and struggled to sustain them; how he had hoped, and prayed, and waited for such material aid as would have enabled him to rise with the burden.

But large means and large hearts are rarely found together; and there were constant knockings at his own heart—knockings which he could not disregard. Perhaps he lacked courage to refuse the sons and daughters of poor clergymen who begged admission to his schools. Prudence required that he should do so, yet many such were receiving his bounty. It was but justice to himself that he should explain this, for only in that way could the mystery be unravelled in regard to his present bankrupt condition.

Then he told how he had been compelled to borrow money at ruinous rates of interest, still daily looking for assistance from friends. Thus his perplexities increased, his debts became unmanageable, yet he was not discouraged. Anything rather than close the institutions, which, if once set free, must so soon become self-sustaining.

All this was most reasonable ; and when he appealed to those present in such words of burning eloquence as few beside could utter, acknowledging his mistakes, and asking for their fair and candid judgment of the case, a murmur of applause was heard throughout the building, and a unanimous verdict of acquittal was the result.

Then came congratulations and expressions of confidence from quarters whence only blame had issued before. If he had had many bitter enemies, he had now a host of warm friends—friends who had ignorantly or carelessly stood aloof, but who now came nobly to the rescue, and at once made such arrangements for paying off the heavy mortgages that the splendid property, grounds, and equipments came to be the possession of the church for ever ; while he whose abilities and great-hearted zeal had reared the fabric, continued as before to guide and sustain it.

Going in and out perhaps a dozen times a day, he was always welcome to the children of his love. Their little griefs were poured into his ear ; their daily pleasures would have been incomplete without him to share them. And so the time moved on until the "Hall" had passed its twentieth year of usefulness, and then came a change—a sad change. But we anticipate.

It was on a bright Sunday morning in the month of June, and the church was as usual full to over-

flowing; for those who made Clairsville their summer residence were now added to the permanent congregation.

The organ sent forth its solemn strains in a well-executed voluntary; the last bell had rung, and the services were about to commence. But the assistant minister entered the choir alone, and went through the service for the day, announcing that the Rector's absence was caused by sudden and severe illness.

Immediately after the conclusion of the service all crowded to the vestry door to inquire the full particulars; they learned that he had risen in his usual health, and was in the act of preparing for church, when he was seized with sudden faintness, and obliged to send for a physician; on the arrival of Dr. Parker he had pronounced it a case of danger, and prescribed perfect quietness, with powerful remedies and constant watching. The consciousness of the patient was unimpaired, but the tendency of blood to the brain rendered its continuance uncertain.

From the first moment of his attack, he had expressed his doubts as to his recovery; but declared his ready acquiescence in the result, whether it be life or death. The former had long ago lost much of its attraction for him; its pains far overbalanced its enjoyments; and death to one who lies down in weariness, is but the door of rest and peace, the prelude to a longer life beyond the reach of cares

and perplexities, where no slander or uncharitableness can ever enter.

The sick man lay in this critical state many days; other physicians had been called in, and everything that skill or kindness could suggest was applied for his relief, but all seemed in vain. Still there was no change for the better.

The daily reports of his continued illness were published in the leading papers, and the interest manifested in his behalf showed that the public judgment, however tardy, was willing now to admit that he was a great man. Many of those who had long stood aloof when trouble encompassed him, or at best appeared indifferent to his prosperity, now eulogized his merits, and came to offer their personal services when he least needed earthly aid.

The crisis of the disease was looked for anxiously, but brought no favorable change; the patient, who knew too well that there was no longer any hope, evinced no anxiety as to the issue. With perfect calmness he took leave of his weeping family, and left messages of love for the absent. When something further was proposed to be applied as a last resort, he said to the physician in attendance:

"How kind you are to want me to stay a little longer; but I know the time has come, and I am ready."

In his words of farewell love, none were forgotten of all those who had been associated with him by social or academic ties. There was forgiveness for all

who had wronged him, and blessings upon all about him. His clear and sonorous voice could be heard in the adjoining apartments, sometimes in delirium, when the mind wandered, and he seemed to fancy himself once more surrounded by enemies, and his eloquent defence was repeated to the imaginary court. Then he was himself again, in all the consciousness of the near approach of death. To one who sat by his bedside he said with deep solemnity :

“ I am a miserable sinner ; I have no merits of my own, neither has any man ; but my trust is in the mercy of my Redeemer.”

And then succeeded a solemn, holy calm ; no voice nor motion, as the breathing grew shorter and shorter, and loving hands moistened the parched lips, while the weeping circle watched around the bed.

The long summer day drew near its close ; a gentle breeze came in through the open window, and fanned the fevered brow of the dying man. The setting sun threw its parting beam across the apartment, and lighted up the place with an almost unearthly radiance ; and as his eyes opened once more and looked upon the glory of the scene, they bent forward to catch his last words : “ The peace of God which passeth all understanding—— ” the benediction he had so often pronounced remained unfinished, and his eyes were turned upwards, while the lips continued moving in inarticulate devotion. The little group knelt around the bed, and a touching voice offered the commendatory prayer ; and while its incense rose

upwards to the Throne, those weary eyes closed for ever to earthly sights, to open in the full sunshine of everlasting joy.

All present felt the truth of the sentiment—

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life;”

for the little room in which they were, had now become the vestibule of paradise. Like a gorgeous sunset after a day of storm and cloud, the close of that life was serene and happy, and gave promise of a bright to-morrow.

And then came those sad days before they laid him to rest; when every house was a house of mourning, and there was but one thought in every heart. Even those who had wished him evil, now added remorse to regret; and everywhere throughout the land, wherever he was known as scholar, divine, and poet, were heard voices of sorrow in accents of praise. Now that he was gone from earth, men could give him the name he had done so much to deserve.

At length the day appointed for the funeral arrived, and along the green river-bank solemn groups were seen wending their way towards the house of mourning to take a last look at those cold remains. Slowly the procession passed around the bier, with sobs and sighs; from great distances, by car and steamboat, came clergy and laity, old pupils and friends, until the long train reached up to the very door of the distant church. And thither, to the

mournful sound of tolling bells, they bore him along the green lanes, and the coffined dead was set down before the black-robed altar. For the last time the pastor was in the midst of his flock; it might be that the lesson his presence taught to-day would prove more lasting than those his living labors had enforced; it might be that the bitterness of envy and malice would be buried to-day in his open grave; if it should indeed be so, he had not died in vain.

A tomb in a shady nook of the quiet churchyard, with the graves of many of his flock around him, where his own voice had so often breathed the sublime words, was prepared to receive his mortal part. It was a spot he had loved to visit, and in which he had spent many an hour consecrated to the sacred memories of buried affection. And there they gathered—that weeping crowd—and realized the words they chanted over his grave: “I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.”

There *are* martyrs of whom the world dreams not, though its unfeeling jeers and foul aspersions are the swords by which they suffered;—a life of martyrdom slow and wearing is theirs, and death comes as a long desired evangel, to bear them gently to their heavenly rest. Mourn not for such. The thorns that formed the Saviour’s crown had pierced them, too;

the blessed cross to which the Immaculate Lamb was nailed must wear its impress into the soul that is saved by its all-atoning sacrifice. It is in the footsteps of Jesus that His disciples are to follow; and that lowly pathway shall be lighted with the pure light of His approving smile, and leadeth upward to where "He sitteth on the right hand of God."

"Children, that lay their pretty garlands by
Most lingeringly, yet with a patient will;
Sailors, that, when the o'erladen ship lies still,
Cast out her precious freight with veiled eye,
Riches for life, exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never reach the wished-for shore:
Thus we, O Infinite! stand thee before,
And lay down at thy feet, without one sigh,
Each after each, our lovely things and rare—
Our close heart-jewels, and our garlands fair.
Perhaps thou knewest that the flowers would die,
And the long-voyaged hoards be found all dust;
So take them, while unchanged. To thee we trust
For incorruptible treasure;—Thou art just."

CHAPTER XIV.

"One master passion in the breast
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."



It was about a month after Dr. Murray's death; the evening dark and stormy without; but the weather had not prevented the assembling of a gay party at Mr. Nelson's. The parlor was brilliantly lighted, and the belles and beaux of Clairsville were gathered for an evening's entertainment; it was the first company they had invited since their marriage, and the happy couple dispensed the hospitalities of the occasion to the satisfaction of their guests.

Mrs. Barton had undertaken to direct the supper arrangements, and took her place accordingly in the kitchen, where she found ample employment in mixing, tasting, and seasoning the various dishes, directing the servants, and setting the table; her theory was that the best mode of entertaining visitors was to feed them well; and this, indeed, was about the only way she understood. Mrs. Nelson was therefore much relieved that her mother preferred taking charge of this part of the arrangements, as well for her own sake as that of the "King's English," which generally

suffered considerable butchery from Mrs. Barton's handling.

The evening passed "charmingly," as Miss Dawson expressed it; the dancing was excellent; while Mrs. Nelson and her dashing sister, Mrs. Crabbe, sang duets to the delight of all who heard them; then young Mr. Barton, who was one of the chief gallants of the city, was there, and captivated the young ladies with his splendid moustache, which curled gracefully around the corners of his mouth, thus rendering it necessary that this organ should be kept slightly open all the time in order to avoid the danger of shutting in the ends.

The office bell rang, and the host was called out of the merry group by which he was surrounded to meet quite a disagreeable customer. A gruff-looking, red-faced individual stepped forward towards him as he entered the office, where the gas was burning low, and shed an uncertain light over the room.

"Good-evening, Mr. Nelson; I'm lucky in catching you at home at last—I've been here often enough, in all conscience, when you were out; but there's nothing like perseverance, you see."

The embarrassed lawyer made no answer to the familiar address of his visitor, but stood rubbing his hands and biting his lips, as if he discovered himself to be in an uncomfortable fix, and was calculating his chances of escape.

"You know my business, sir; and likely you're prepared to settle that little matter with me. You

see I stand in need of the money, or I would not press you for it at present; besides, I told you that as the work was only half done, or at least everything didn't go right with the business, I would be contented with half pay—that's fair, I'm sure—eh, Nelson?"

"Really," answered he, "I am unprepared to pay the sum you demand; my family expenses render it impossible; besides, as the plans were abandoned, the bargain should be cancelled also, since I was not benefited by your evidence at all."

"Humph!—that's none of my fault, you know; haven't I been busy for a year or more about your dirty work, and now just because death stopped the business, you want to creep out of your share. Oh, no, Mr. Nelson; you're a cunning man; but remember you're in my power, and it'll perhaps be a trifle the cheapest to settle this matter pleasantly."

"Never fear me," returned the other, in a more conciliating tone. "I intend you shall lose nothing by this transaction, only I am rather short at present, and could not possibly raise the amount required. Call again another time, and we'll make things right;" and he rose from his seat, and moved uneasily towards the door, but the unwelcome guest still lingered and pursued his object further.

"Well now, there's no use in talking this way any longer; you know you can raise a few hundreds if you want to; and there's that rich father-in-law of yours, why don't you pump him? he wouldn't feel a hundred times the amount I want."

"Ah, you don't understand the old gentleman quite as well as I do; he holds on to his money, and will, I suppose, till grim death relieves him of the burden; when, of course, I shall expect to come in for a respectable slice, provided I keep in his good graces in the meantime."

"And you think borrowing a trifle would have a bad effect on the old rascal, do you?"

"Undoubtedly it would; he would probably cut me off without a penny, should he discover that I am poor; he now supposes me wealthy, and I do not mean that he shall find out his mistake just now, particularly as time is probably short with him."

"Eh! you think so?—nothing black in prospect for *him*, I hope."

"Oh dear, no," replied the other, with a shudder; "but I have studied his constitution thoroughly, and consulted doctors on the subject, who consider his health very precarious, or rather I may say his death certain, and sudden, at no remote period; apoplexy will make short work of him."

"Well, I wish you joy when he's safe under the sod; you'll have a fine haul when you get into his coffers. But about my five hundred; maybe we could compromise; I'll take four hundred now, or a thousand and take the chance of waiting his motions; what say you to the proposition?"

Any alternative was to be preferred to immediate payment, and therefore the last-named plan was agreed to; and the closest secrecy having been enjoined

upon the dark-browed visitor, he took leave, and Nelson, with his most complacent smile, reëntered the parlor.

A figure that had been reclining on a couch in the darkest corner of the office, stole stealthily across the room, passed out by the private entrance, and left the garden gate ajar.

Mrs. Barton felt no little pride when she looked at the table as the guests were ushered into the supper-room. She felt quite certain that none of them had ever tasted better cooked viands, and she could not resist making her appearance on purpose that she might enjoy the approbation of the company.

"Do let me help you to some chicken salad, Mrs. Brown; it is dressed with the best French spices, and the *salary* was brought from New York; of course you know it cannot be *precured* here.

"Mrs. Williams, these are genuine Chesapeake oysters; have you ever tasted any of that sort? Let me put some on your plate.

"My dear Miss Dawson, do take a cheer; you look tired; likes enough you have been dancing more'n you had ought to; a little of this cream will revive you; you are faint,—the close air don't suit delicate folks; come and I will take you out here on the piazza and get a breath of fresh air; there now, that 'ill inwigo-rate you directly.

"La' me," she continued, "where has the old gentleman gone? Florence said she knew her pa would

git tired; he ain't used to parties; ten to one he's asleep on the sophy in the office; he went in there to lay down an hour ago; I'll jist go see to him—I want him to have something good.” So the garrulous old lady travelled off in search of her larger half;—the search, however, was unavailing, and as no one had seen anything of him for some time, and his chapeau was also missing, it was quietly settled that he had gone home tired, and his worthy helpmate consoled herself with the conclusion that his loss was greater than hers, and therefore proceeded to stow away a double portion of good things.

The old lady was in fine conversational order that evening, and she considered it an excellent opportunity for displaying some of her daughter's outfit, on which she prided herself not a little.

“Ain't this a purty wase, Miss Brown?—it's the real *severe* China, no sham; we never have imitation things; I can't abide 'em; everything Florence has got in her house is the best quality; there's her pianny, it's what they call the Looy Cat-horse style—you know what kind that is, I s'pose?”

Miss Brown confessed her lamentable ignorance of the novelty alluded to.

“Ah, I ask your pardon my dear, I forgot you do not speak French; well, it is a bran new kind of pianny named after a French king,—you know they always set the fashions there, and I wanted my Florence to have a first-rate kind; as I said before, I don't

believe in half-cut things, nohow; what do you think of her carpets?"

"They are very rich,—Brussels, I believe."

"Yes, Brussel; she wanted the Turkey kind, and I was quite sanguinary of getting them, but we could not see any in the city; bunches of flowers are the last fashion, so of course birds are entirely out of date; hows'ever, she'd set her heart on havin' that kind, and could hardly bear to give 'em up, but we found the tapster brussel sort was the latest style, and so I just says, Florence, says I, you'd better take 'em as long as they're the fashion—and so she give in."

Mrs. Nelson had been regarding her parent with an uneasy feeling for some time, and as she watched the fluent style of her conversation, she grew still more uncomfortable, and came over to the group that stood around her, intending to interrupt the thread of it. She had seen the smiles on the faces of her auditors, and felt certain that her mother was making herself ridiculous;—just as she came up Mrs. Barton was describing her daughter's bridal dress, telling the cost of its material and trimmings, and expatiating on the beauty of "*morey-anteke*," as she termed it. Florence appeared not to notice the amusement of the party, or if she did, at least to be ignorant of its occasion, and put an end to it by moving an adjournment to the parlor, her mother remaining behind to superintend the "clearing up."

"How provoking in ma to mortify us with her silly nonsense," said Mrs. Nelson to her sister. "What

will the Browns think of us—they are so refined and high-flown? I never thought of her coming into the supper-room, and did not see her for some time.”

“It is strange she cannot be prudent; fools never keep their mouths shut. You’ll have to manage it better next time, and get up some hoax to keep her at home. You know how I did last winter—pretended it was a gentlemen’s party until it was all over, and then, no matter how she raves about it——”

“Shall I have the honor of your hand for the quadrille just forming?” said a dashing New York beau to Mrs. Crabbe; then came a condescending bow to the whiskered essence, and with a nod to her sister, the elegant-looking woman was led to her place.

“And we will be wall-flowers, I suppose,” said Mrs. Nelson in a patronizing tone to a quiet-looking little girl, with whom she had not found time to speak before. “Are you fond of looking over pictures? Here are some prints that will please you.” The polite hostess opened a portfolio of loose engravings and placed them before her guest, while she herself joined another group.

Her husband had been talking for some time to a handsome young man, with whom he seemed particularly occupied, the stranger appearing deeply interested in every word that passed. It was Dr. King, a new-comer in the place, in whose well-doing Mr. Nelson had professed himself to be interested, having made him warm offers of friendship.

"As you are a stranger here," said Nelson, "it would be well for you to be considerably on your guard, as you are not aware of the peculiarities of the people, and therefore might commit some errors which would be inimical to your success."

"True, I am a stranger here," replied the young man; "and, as the youngest physician in the place, shall of course expect to begin at the lowest round of the ladder. As regards the *peculiarities* of the place, I do not precisely understand your meaning."

"Well," said the other, with a significant shrug of the shoulders, "a few years' residence will show you a few of them. There are some strange people here, with respect to whom you had better be on your guard, or you may regret that you ever came to Clairsville."

"You speak enigmas, my dear friend. Be good enough to explain. Whatever you may say shall be considered entirely confidential."

"It could only be under promise of close secrecy that I would think of mentioning names, and even then would be actuated only by an interest in your professional success. I take pleasure in aiding a young man when he is starting in the world; a lift then is more important than much larger helps afterwards."

"Thank you, sir. I appreciate your kind interest, and shall hope to merit your approbation. I shall preserve the most inviolable secrecy with regard to any hints you may give me. To whom do you allude?"

"One or two persons and families are sufficient to mention at present. There is Mrs. Boyd, in Bank street; she is very agreeable and fascinating, but is, I believe, no better than she should be. Very strange things are said of her. You will do well to be careful how you are seen in her company. Strangers cannot be too particular with whom they associate on their first appearance in a place—in Clairsville especially."

"I am very glad you cautioned me against her, as she has been very polite to me already, and I have an invitation there to tea to-morrow; I shall send an excuse, of course."

"I would, by all means; you will not regret prudence of this kind. Then, there is Mrs. St. George—she is coarse and unladylike; I advise you to have nothing to do with her——"

"I have some acquaintance with her already; I was sent for suddenly to attend her child with an attack of epilepsy; her appearance is pleasing."

"Unfortunate," muttered the mischief-maker to himself; "I will be more cautious;" then turning to his companion, in a different tone: "Yes, she is quite pretty-looking; you may like her better than I did—only, my advice to you is, to be watchful how you visit her; you know she is a widow!" and the facetious gentleman laughed at his own witticism.

"That reminds me," said Dr. King, "to ask you about the Malcolms. Dr. Parker has invited me to call with him; and he seems to think highly of them."

Are you not acquainted with them?—I do not see them here to-night.”

“No, they are not here; although they were invited, I believe. Mrs. Nelson insisted upon asking them, contrary to my judgment; they are strange people, and I think there seems to be some mystery about them. I never place much confidence in foreigners—they may be all that they should be; but when people keep to themselves, and refuse to take part in the popular movements of the day, I always regard them with suspicion.”

“Dr. Parker considers them very fine people.”

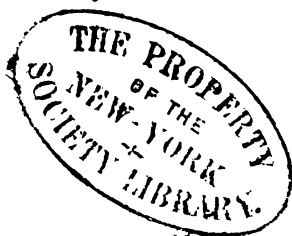
“That may be, too; they are his patients, and pay well, I’ve no doubt, as they are wealthy.”

The departure of the guests called the host away; but the conversation we have just related was one which was not soon to be forgotten by the young physician. As he walked homewards, therefore, he pondered the subject uppermost in his mind; and was at length driven irresistibly to the conclusion, that if to be Dr. Parker’s patient was a sufficient passport to *his* favor, perhaps not to be Mr. Nelson’s patron might entitle the unfortunate to his evil opinion. It was a strange idea, but it grew stronger as he thought about it.

When Mrs. Barton retired to her chamber, she found her lord snoring soundly. The servants said he had been at home since the middle of the evening, and she saw by the position of his chair, and the ink-stand still standing out of its place, that he had been

writing; so she quietly concluded that he knew his own business best, and lay down beside him for her night's repose.

Nor did she, until that old man's form had stiffened in death, ever learn what occupied those few hours on that eventful evening. The sealed instrument, with its well attested signature, was safe in its secret hiding-place, while the hoarded millions which its parchment folds conveyed were beyond the reach of the grasping schemer; a strange accident had revealed the plot while there was yet time for its designs to be thwarted.



CHAPTER XV.

Only kneel on, nor turn away
From the pure shrine, where Christ to-day,
Shall twine each flower, ye duteous lay,
For an eternal wreath.

KNEEL.



THE loveliest day of the sweetest month in the year was drawing to its close. October, with its many tinted forests, its gentle breezes, and poetical associations, was almost gone. The neighborhood around Lanesburg presented a charming alternation of hill and dale, and the landscape, seen in the bewitching haze of the Indian Summer, with the background of blue mountains and the delicate mingling of light and shade, might easily have deceived an experienced eye into the belief that he looked upon an Italian scene. The river dashed wildly along, and the old bridge, half made by its natural abutments of primeval rocks, seemed tumbling to decay; the very absence of a studied order, or a perfect cultivation, added to the artistic effect of the prospect, and continued the illusion.

All day the blue zenith had been unclouded, no showers or mists had for a moment obscured the sunlight; the time seemed propitious for the event it was to witness.

It was Lizzie Marstone's twentieth birthday, and she stood before the altar in her bridal robes, with the noble-looking bridegroom at her side. Kate and Jessie Malcolm attended her, while Frank and a friend of Mr. Fitzsimmons acted as groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm took the part of parents, the former giving away the bride. Kate thought she had never witnessed a more solemn or beautiful service ; and her uncle's voice, as he pronounced the closing benediction, became tremulous with emotion, while warm tears fell upon the kneeling pair before him.

They were tears of joy, not sorrow ; for although the words he uttered separated her farther from himself, it consigned her to the keeping of one in whose integrity he had full confidence, and to whom she had, he knew, given her entire affection.

Lizzie's beauty was almost dazzling, as she stood there in those simple garments, without any ornament save the white wreath of natural flowers that encircled her head and fastened the veil which fell in graceful folds about her. A slight blush mantled her cheek when she took her husband's arm and turned down the aisle, while a subdued murmur of admiration ran through the crowd as the procession left the church.

A right merry party, in true Southern style, were gathered that night in the spacious drawing-room of the Hall ; the joy extended to the servants, who were all dressed in their holiday suits, with double

rows of shining ivories, expressing their approbation of their master's choice. It was a general assemblage of the *élite* of the city, with whom merry-makings of this kind were generally popular; the more so, since they were comparatively rare.

Jessie Malcolm had grown to be a tall, graceful, and accomplished girl of winning and modest manner, fresh from school, and therefore a novice in society. Her manly partner, Frank Marstone, had just left college, with all his blushing honors thick upon him, yet felt, no doubt, that the honor this evening had given him outbalanced all the rest; if he did not at least, his gallantry was sadly at fault, which lookers-on did not judge to be the case.

But among all that were present during the festivities of the occasion, none seemed to be so perfectly transported with joy as was Ada. The prospect of having her long-loved friend to live with her altogether was too good to be realized at once, and although she had looked forward to, and talked of it for a long time, yet when the advent of her new mamma did actually occur, her delight knew no bounds.

The close proximity of the two places enabled the inmates of the Hall and parsonage to keep up a constant intercourse. This removed very much of the trial of parting that the sisters would have felt had the case been different. The ample grounds, extending on three sides of the house, and shaded with all the variety of our glorious forest trees, gave

to Mr. Fitzsimmons's residence the advantage of a country seat, at the same time that its central position, near the principal thoroughfare of the city, made it otherwise convenient.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm had consented to make a visit to the newly-married pair before their return to Clairsville; and Lizzie, notwithstanding her ignorance of the details of housekeeping, astonished even herself by the proficiency she was able to display. Her husband was prouder than ever of his young wife; and although the good taste of both prevented any nauseating display of conjugal affection, there was nothing wanting in their mutual intercourse which the highest esteem would dictate.

Lizzie's light-hearted vivacity was just the quality to suit Ada; notwithstanding she was such a little madcap, her new mother could romp with her to her satisfaction, and join with hearty good-will in any of her games; this was not done entirely for the sake of gratifying her father, but as much on account of the child, who thought no one could play like "mamma."

How strangely that word fell upon the young bride's ears when the child first spoke it. A thrill ran through her as she realized the responsibility of its meaning, and with the fullest unreserve of her generous nature, she took the little one to her loving heart. Even in after years, when another, and another had come to share her maternal smile, she

knew no difference in the feeling ; her mother's love was meted with the same measure—to all alike.

It is sweet to linger before a bright picture ; but as we pass through the gallery of life, we find wintry landscapes, with their snowy avalanches and threatening storm-clouds, perhaps beside the summer scene that had entranced us with its warm beauty. Even in the same painting, a deep shadow serves to bring out with clearer force the sublime effect of the artist's touch ; a sombre streak must come to our relief, or the view would not be life-like.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm had intended to return by an indirect route, in order to see something of this section of country ; the day was fixed for leaving Lanesburg, and their plans for the proposed tour finally settled, when a letter from home changed their intentions, and induced them to hasten their departure.

Helen, who had been their faithful correspondent, and had kept them informed of all that was occurring during their absence, wrote to say that Willie had gone away from home, she could not tell where, as he would not tell her anything about it ; all she knew for certain was, that he had taken all his clothes and gone away, without even telling the direction he had taken ; she thought he had gone to visit some of his friends, as she had overheard him talking to a tall boy that he seemed to be intimate with, about ships and other things that she did not

understand. Bridget was very desirous that they should come home, as she thought there was something wrong about it, and Helen herself was growing weary of her loneliness, and wanted to see them sadly.

It required no urging to decide their movements. The surprise and distress the intelligence occasioned them, only hastened their preparations for a speedy departure. Though told in a childish way, they had learned enough to make them fear the worst; and the tall boy to whom the child alluded, was well known to the anxious parents as a dangerous companion, against whom they had repeatedly cautioned their son.

And so, with hearts far sadder than when they came, the guests took leave of the happy place where they had passed three pleasant weeks; the friends with whom they parted joining in their saddened feelings, and truly partaking in their anxiety as to the result.

The distance between the places was quickly passed over, and the travellers reached their home in safety. The investigation that followed confirmed their worst fears; the son in whom they had reposed the fullest confidence, and who had never shown the slightest proof of unfilial feelings, had left their roof in company with a fellow of bad character and vicious principles, with whom he had lately become acquainted. The parents had observed the fascinating influence exerted over Willie by this

youth, and, fearing his morals were not what they should be, they had prohibited all intercourse between them.

No sooner had his parents left home, than the forbidden interviews were resumed, and a scheme proposed by the elder villain to run away together, and go to sea, which he described to his dupe as the climax of freedom and manly enjoyment. At first, the child of love and careful training turned away from the tempter's voice; his mother's warning was sounding in his ears, and he shrank from such a step; but as he listened longer the next time they met, the promised pleasure seemed more attractive, the voice of conscience fainter, and his mother's entreaties less urgent. The evil One appeared to him in pleasing forms, and at the mention of his parents' commands he was laughed at as a coward; and so the "still, small voice" that would have kept him in virtue's pleasant paths was silenced, and he yielded to the betrayer.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not," had been the constant theme of these Christian parents' instruction, accompanied with fervent prayers that its lessons might be regarded by their children; and never had they supposed that misfortune of this kind could be in store for them. They knew not that, after they had sown the good seed, their adversary had scattered tares among the wheat, which, from their rank and poisonous nature, were able to choke the pure grain; yet it was so, and

once planted, they must grow together until the harvest, for no man can attempt their separation.

When Willie Malcolm had finally agreed to leave his father's house, he hastily collected his clothing and whatever else he supposed might be of use to them, and meeting his companion at the appointed place, the two left Clairsville under cover of the night, proceeding by railroad to the metropolis. In the morning they bent their steps to the crowded wharves, and ventured on board of one just weighing anchor for a three years' voyage.

The captain saw the two youths, and as he had found a difficulty in procuring the required number of sailors to man the ship, gladly pounced upon them, and with little trouble induced them to ship as ordinary seamen. An hour more, and the noble vessel was sailing out of the harbor, bearing its living cargo farther and farther beyond the reach of friends or home.

Mr. Malcolm, notwithstanding his most vigilant search, could discover no trace of his son; no one had seen him go, and he had told none of his intentions. His occupations had appeared to be the same up to the last day of his being seen at home, and he had left no clue by which his present whereabouts might be discovered. Day after day the search was continued by means of advertisements and personal efforts, but all in vain. Nothing but the fact of his wearing apparel being gone, and the significant one of his having been seen in company

with another who was likewise missing, prevented the conclusion that he had met his death by some unknown casualty.

And thus the weary days and nights of suspense and uncertainty passed on. Not a foot-fall, but caused a start; nor a knock, but brought the hope that it might be the tidings they sought, until "hope deferred had made the heart sick," and they would have welcomed any news of him, almost preferring the certainty of his death to the state of mind they now experienced.

In the meantime the repentance which generally comes to the offender who is not too hardened, had found its way into the heart of the erring child. The first novelty of sea-life was scarcely over before the voice of conscience, which had not been effectually silenced, began again to upbraid him; gladly, then, would he have retraced those downward steps, *how* gladly would he have been once more the happy, well-beloved son he once was; even this short trial had shown him that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and he shrank in horror from the contemplation of that weary voyage, with its round of monotonous duty; and more than all else, he suffered the agony of remorse, as he reviewed his sinful steps, and imagined what must be the misery of the loved ones at home.

The captain and crew were a rough set of men, so long accustomed to the coarse life of seafarers as to have lost the finer feelings that home-influence

throws around the heart. Rude jeers and profane jests passed currently among them, and homesickness was a disease they did not understand; so the unhappiness of the miserable lad was either unnoticed by the unfeeling band, or else furnished subject for their merriment.

Tom Handy, the youth who had been the means of leading him astray, although but little older than Willie, was an adept in the various petty crimes and vices that generally ensnare the young. This was the second time he had run away; and as it was this kind of life and society that best suited his depraved tastes, he did not sympathize with his friend in his longings for home, but rather joined in the laugh that was raised at his expense. As for Tom's own home-education, he could hardly be said to have had any, as his parents had both died while he was young, and the relative to whose care he had been committed was not one to be much troubled by his bad behavior; indeed, the uncle felt relieved when he was out of sight, and would not have grieved had Tom never shown himself again; as, in that case, the estate which belonged to the scapegrace must revert to himself as next of kin.

He pitied the bereaved parents who had lost their son in this mysterious manner, but assured them, by way of consolation, that "he'll turn up again, never fear, if he's with my Tom; Tom's like a bad penny, sure to come back straight;" but this was no comfort to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm, who

shuddered at the thought of such company for their son.

Dr. Parker had assisted in the kindest manner in prosecuting inquiries in various quarters, and had thus given proof of his real friendship. Others had volunteered their sympathy, and a few had indelicately alluded to the painful subject in hopes of obtaining a topic for gossip; but soon the theme became stale, and, except in the broken family circle, it almost ceased to be remembered.

But *there*, the memory of the absent one could never perish; a father's love, a mother's prayers, and a sister's tears, kept bright the chain, of which no link was wanting.

CHAPTER XVI.



MORE than a twelvemonth had elapsed since the wedding. A pleasant family party was gathered around the fireside at the Lanesburg parsonage. The night was a bright clear October one, and the dying embers of the old-fashioned hickory fire cast a cheerful glow over the scene.

Kate and Lizzie had been singing some of their favorite duets, while the three gentlemen of the party performed the part of listeners. Mr. Marstone, weary with the labors of the day, sank back in his easy-chair, enjoying the music fully, and Mr. Fitzsimmons filled another opposite the piano, while Frank sat bending beneath the astral lamp, intent upon his study. The evening was half spent, when the bell rang at its accustomed time, the signal for the approaching train.

The rumbling noise of the distant cars could be heard in the still night long before their arrival at the stopping-place, and as the music ceased, they paused to listen to the sound.

"One might well imagine it thundered," said Mr. Fitzsimmons; "no wonder the Indians that saw a locomotive for the first time believed it to be the evil One himself, snorting and puffing forth his fiery breath."

"Now hear it," said Kate, "how near it seems to come, and then dies away again for a moment; they are almost here."

A sudden crashing noise, preceded by a shrill whistle—a fearful mingling of shrieks and groans—a moment that seemed an hour of consternation and horror; then all rushed wildly forth to the scene of the dreadful catastrophe; but oh, the heart-sickening sight that met their gaze!

The bridge over which the track passed had given way while the train was crossing, and precipitated it with all its living freight into the chasm below! The starlight revealed but partially the terrible destruction, but the groans and agonizing shrieks of the sufferers told a fearful tale of death and misery. A few moments sufficed to bring a crowd to the spot, and the work of removing the mingled mass of human beings and splintered fragments was vigorously commenced.

Kate and Lizzie, as soon as the nature of the accident was discovered, returned to make preparations for receiving the wounded, and the gentlemen remained to render personal aid in extricating them from their perilous positions.

The cars were piled one on another in utter destruction, crushing in the most shocking manner

the bodies of those inside, and causing the most frightful wounds, killing many outright, while others were suffering the greater agony of a more protracted death.

The citizens, without hesitation, opened their houses to the injured; and everything which could be rendered available in the emergency was placed in immediate requisition, to be used as litters for conveying the mangled bodies from the spot. In less than an hour from the time the accident occurred, the last person had been taken out, and all were provided for in the various houses about the vicinity.

Kate had prepared two beds, and upon them were now stretched the mutilated forms of a man and woman; they were husband and wife, and when taken from the ruins were found clasped in each other's arms, entreating that they might not be separated. The surgeons of the city were all employed in rendering assistance to the sufferers scattered throughout its length and breadth, and the good Samaritans were also active in pouring in the oil and wine; men and women alike became nurses to the strangers thus providentially thrown among them, all ready to render whatever service was in their power.

Kate knelt beside the female sufferer, and wiped the blood from her face while a surgeon examined the crushed extremities; her wounds were frightful, yet she bore it with scarcely a murmur.

"My husband—where is he?" she faintly asked.

"In the next room," was the reply.

"Is he much hurt?"

"Somewhat; but they are taking care of him."

A look of calmness succeeded, as if her whole thought was for him, and she only wished to know of his welfare.

The physicians held a consultation after they had examined the wounds; they were of the opinion that immediate amputation was necessary, though even this might not save her life. The preparations were accordingly made, and Kate was to remain with the patient during the operation. During their absence she had removed the bloody garments, and replaced them with clean linen of her own wardrobe; the grateful acknowledgments of the patient sufferer showing how truly the attention was appreciated.

The surgeon who was to perform the dreadful task of removing the lower limbs, called Kate aside.

"This is a serious job we are undertaking," he said; "she may die before it is over; would it not be proper that she should know how slender the thread is that holds her life? It could do no harm, and would be a kindness to herself."

Of course Kate needed no argument to convince her that this should be done, and she understood the doctor's implied request that she should assume the painful duty. It was a new position for her to be placed in, and she would gladly have taken time to consider the importance of the mission, but this

could not be, for the moments were precious; what she did, must be done quickly.

Perhaps her countenance became an index of what was in her thoughts, for the poor woman seemed to read as she looked upon it.

"I know what you would say," she said; "my chances are small; tell me, is there no hope?"

"There is a hope," was the reply, "but the operation will be a severe one, and we cannot tell how it may result; I trust you may be prepared in any event; you still have time to make your eternal peace, and this is all the longest life can do."

The sufferer appeared for a moment buried in thought, and then murmured some indistinct sentences, of which her attendant could catch only the closing words:—

"To die without a prayer, or the consolations of our holy religion, with all my sins upon my soul—oh, it is dreadful, dreadful."

"There is a clergyman in the house; shall I call him?" asked Kate, partly comprehending the meaning of her words.

"Oh do," she said with earnestness; "but stay—perhaps he is not a Catholic, and another would not serve me now."

At a less urgent moment words might have been appropriately spoken in reply to this; but Kate's better judgment no sooner understood the true state of the case, than she proceeded to carry out the wishes of the dying woman.

•

"I know what you want," she answered ; "the priest lives near by, and I will send for him at once."

A short time only elapsed before the Romish priest answered the summons and entered the chamber of suffering. The eyes of the penitent lighted up with hope as she recognised the authorized representative of the Church to which she belonged, and the attendants withdrew while the last sacraments were administered.

In the adjoining apartment, reclining on the little couch so hastily prepared, lay the other sufferer, covered with wounds, whose real extent it was impossible at first to determine. His arm was found to be dislocated, and this had been promptly attended to ; the other injuries being principally flesh wounds, occasioning intense pain, though threatening no immediate danger. His face, which had escaped with scarcely a scratch, was handsome, and would indicate his age to be about thirty-five, while his manner and address showed him to belong to the higher order of society.

As Kate entered the room in which he was, he met her with earnest inquiries of his wife's state, and although she endeavored to avoid giving any discouraging answers, still his searching questions could not fail to draw such information as left him little hope of her surviving. The tender-hearted girl was moved to pity as she saw the tears upon his cheek ; and as she turned to leave the room he called her once more to his side, and

whispered another question cautiously: "Are you a Catholic?"

"I trust so," was the answer.

"Then you know what my wishes would be."

"I do; the priest is here in attendance at the present time."

"I thank you for your goodness to us; may I one day be able to repay some of it!"

"Is there anything further I can do for you before I return to my post?" she asked. A message of love to his wife for her to deliver was all he had to request, and with repeated blessings he saw her depart.

The head of the patient leaned upon the breast of her faithful nurse while the dreadful removal took place. By the use of chloroform it was rendered painless, and the skill of the operators enabled them to accomplish the task in a comparatively short space of time; but the chief danger was to be apprehended from the weak constitution of the patient, which afforded little chance for the proper reaction to take place. Stimulants, however, were administered, and her strength seemed to revive for a time, giving great encouragement to the watchers, and the sleep that succeeded gave further promise that all might yet go well.

And so the long hours of the night wore slowly away until the day dawned again upon the multiplied scenes of agony and death. Several of those who had been taken from the ruins alive died during

the night, while others lay writhing in hopeless anguish, longing for the termination of their sufferings; the whole number of the dead and wounded, as reported in the morning papers, being about forty. As an investigation into the cause and nature of the accident brought out additional particulars, many interesting and affecting cases appeared. There were instances of whole families crushed in the wholesale destruction; others of children left orphans by this fearful casualty. Men mourned for their dead wives, and loving wives were changed to weeping widows; there was no true way to measure the calamity, for each case had its own deep tale of desolation, each individual heart knew the bitterness of its bereavement.

A public saloon had been appropriated as a receptacle for the dead, and as soon as coffins could be procured they were removed thither to await the arrival of claimants.

Lizzie Fitzsimmons had spent the night in watching over one of the victims who had been carried to the Hall. She was an interesting young woman, who gave her name as Mrs. Lawrence, and was travelling alone with her infant child. When the first intimation of danger was given, she seized the babe and held it firmly to her breast, and when her body was dragged from beneath the wrecked cars, she still retained her hold of the little one, although a frightful contusion on the head had caused its death. It was a merciful Providence that took the

Alas! for the sinner that trusts in another than Jesus for his Saviour, or dares to "lay any other foundation than that is laid;" even the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." To deny ourselves, and take up the daily cross in His service, is our bounden duty; yet though our good deeds be piled mountains high, they would be a feather in the scale of our unworthiness; after all that we can do we are still "unprofitable servants."

The trial of parting with his wife had been almost insupportable to the wounded man, and the excitement occasioned by intense grief threatened to retard his recovery. He had been carried into the room to take leave of her on the day of her death, and had ever since been laboring under deep depression of spirits. His case, though still critical, gave promise of eventual recovery; but months of care and close confinement must probably intervene before his health could be perfectly reëstablished.

If Kate Marstone's words had misled him for a while with respect to the religion she professed, the illusion was speedily dispelled. His quick eye discovered immediately that he was in a Protestant household, and he could not have imagined anything more distasteful than to be indebted to the hospitality of a "heretic" family. These prejudices had been instilled with his earliest infancy, growing and strengthening with his ripening years, until the feeling had become hatred, intense and bitter, against all who bore the name.

So entirely had this enmity incorporated itself with his nature that he had learned to shun instinctively all Protestants, believing them to be devoid of real religion and principle, unworthy of confidence, and consequently marks for avoidance. To find himself thus made the recipient of their kindness and hospitality was galling to his feelings beyond expression, and yet his critical condition would render it eminently dangerous to attempt any change at present.

Never had sick man a more attentive nurse than Kate was; and her uncle too was unremitting in his kindness. Every delicacy for a fevered appetite was prepared by her hands, while her little greenhouse supplied a never-failing bouquet to refresh his weary eye; but with true Christian courtesy, all allusion to their differing creeds was studiously avoided. Not that any change was made in their customary devotions or long-established usages, for these were sacred things, and might not be yielded lightly; morning and evening the family gathered around the domestic altar, and the incense of prayer and thanksgiving was offered from full hearts to Him "who giveth us all things richly to enjoy," and in those humble prayers the stranger was remembered, and a blessing asked in his behalf.

It was a sad Christmas in Lanesburg that year. The memory of the tragic scene was so fresh, and so many of the victims were still present in the place, that few had the heart for any merriment.

The Christmas dinners and family gatherings took place as usual, and the wreaths of winter-green and box-tree decked the houses as they were wont to do; only here and there the cypress entwined its funereal branches to chasten the joy of the sacred season, and mingle its dark leaves in the wintry garland.

Mr. Fitzsimmons's Christmas gift to Kate was a fine parlor organ in a beautiful rosewood case. It was just the thing of all others that she had so often wished for, and her surprise at its unexpected arrival afforded the highest gratification to the donor. She was already a proficient on the instrument; but her practising had always taken place in the church, where she spent considerable time in this enjoyment. It was their custom to occupy Sunday evening in the practice of sacred music; the piano, however, was not well adapted to the usual *andante* measure of the compositions, although in default of a better accompaniment it had always served the purpose; but now, with the rich diapason of the organ, there was nothing wanting to render the family choir complete.

Kate's passion for music seemed to be a part of her nature; her taste had been highly cultivated, although her opportunities for hearing the celebrated performers had been extremely limited; in sacred music particularly her attention had been devoted to the compositions of the best authors, and accuracy in the study of her favorites rendered her execution

equal to many who rank high in the array of musical talent.

"And now," said Kate, "we must have a grand festival in honor of the distinguished stranger's arrival; what say you to a Twelfth-night celebration?"

"Admirable," cried all in a breath; "let us make the arrangements at once; Kate, you shall draw up the programme; you are the leader of the orchestra."

"I acknowledge the honor;—pray hold yourselves in readiness when I shall have decided upon a bill."

The performance was to be entirely private, being intended only for their own entertainment; one or two of the immediate neighbors having been invited as the most intimate friends of the family. Kate's voice was a powerful soprano, Lizzie's a rich contralto, Frank's a tenor, and Mr. Fitzsimmons's a deep bass; thus the quartette was complete, and as the compositions chosen were those with which all were familiar, it promised to succeed to admiration.

The evening of the festival arrived, and the musicians were in fine order for the occasion. The programme, consisting of selections from the standard composers Handel, Haydn, Rossini, and Mendelssohn, with other favorites, contributed to form a rich treat for the lovers of sacred melody.

The door of the sick man's chamber was left open,

as well as the other intervening ones, in order that he might be gratified by listening to the music; for Kate had discovered his musical tastes, and she had meditated his gratification even in the selection of a programme. The sweet sounds fell gratefully upon his ear as he lay in breathless attention; the strains were all familiar and recalled distant scenes, for he had heard them in far-off lands surrounded with all the magnificence of art and talent.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," rose sweetly in Kate's solo performance, followed by the "Prayer" from "Moses," in which the whole chorus joined.

Then came a selection from the "Stabat Mater," sublime and soul-stirring, that seemed to carry back the listener to the pleasant places where he had once heard it with *her* who loved the sound so well. The blue skies of sunny Italy were over them when last these strains were heard, and the memory of the beloved one whose feeble health had led him to seek its improvement in that genial clime, was linked with every note of the melody.

Not a word was lost of the familiar verses:

"Stabat mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat filius.
Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi Matrem si videret,
In tanto supplicio?
Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia."

True, the solemn words were with him associated with a different season, and brought up thoughts of Lenten days; but this was an unusual Christmas-tide, and sad and solemn strains seemed most in keeping with his thoughts.

The last cadence died away, and the performance closed with the "Te Deum Laudamus" of our own inimitable service, sung by the whole choir, and joined in by all present.

The melancholy pleasure the stranger had experienced remained fresh in his mind long after the sounds had ceased, and wrought a decided change in his feelings towards those around him; he was convinced that they were at least a step further removed from heathendom than he had before supposed; and a gleam of hope perhaps may have shot across his mind of the possibility of their final return to the fold of the holy Roman Church, with whose proselytizing spirit he was fully imbued.

Mr. Somers, as we shall hereafter call him, was an Englishman of wealth and family, as was apparent from his conversation and habits. At his request an attendant had been procured to wait upon him, his own servant being among the number of those killed on the night of the catastrophe; a little anteroom was at once prepared for this person,

where he might be near his master at night, ready to attend him at a moment's notice.

"Massa gets a power of letters," said black Cato to Dinah, as he came through the kitchen one day with a handful that he had just brought from the post-office. "*I tink he am a great man somehow, or he wouldn't be a gettin' all dese yere docaments.*"

"Oh, like enuff you tink so, Cate, but what o' dat? it'll do him no good to be great unless he's good too, and lebes off some ob his heden ways."

"Who says he's a heden?"

"Well now, Cate, you know as much as dis chile, for it was you dat showed me dem picturs and crosses dat he prays to; an if he does pray to images, and sich like, den he's a heden, dat's all dis chile knows 'bout it;" so the speaker, convinced of the correctness of her conclusions, returned to her cooking, while Cato went to carry the letters to his master.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Not always actions show the man; we find
Who speaks a kindness, is not therefore kind."
POPE.



O drop in sociably any time; we are always glad to give you a seat at our table, there's a knife and fork always ready for you."

This had been the oft-repeated invitation from Mr. Nelson and his wife to young Dr. King, whom they had undertaken to patronize; but diffidence had always prevented his acceptance of the kindness. One day, however, being in unusually good spirits, he concluded to make use of this *carte-blanche* by calling in about tea-time.

The servant ushered him into the parlor, where Mrs. Nelson was sitting with a friend. She half rose as he entered, and saluted him with a distant "good-evening," and then resumed her conversation with the young lady, merely motioning him to a seat in another part of the room. His embarrassment at this formal reception may be imagined by those who have chanced to experience something of the same sort, and he took a seat by the window that he might seem intent upon what was passing. But to

seem, and to be, are often very different things, and so it was in the present case; for he *seemed* to be occupied with what he looked upon, while he was really wishing himself at home, or anywhere but where he then was.

Presently the gentleman of the house came in, and the visitor rose to meet him with his usual cordiality—but here too he was met by a cold recognition, totally different from his friend's former manner; it was unaccountable: what could have produced the change?

Mrs. Nelson soon escorted her friend to the door, and no more was seen of her. Conversation turned upon common topics, but dragged rather heavily, so after a dull quarter of an hour the visitor was glad to make an escape, nothing being said about tea, much less staying to partake.

Dr. King wondered, as well he might; but though he tried his best to solve the mystery, it seemed more strange than ever, since nothing had occurred between them to occasion the great change of manner in Nelson and his wife, both of whom he had met so lately as warm friends. But it was not that gentleman's way to do things by halves, at least things of this kind; and early the next morning a letter was received, which, though intended to explain the matter, only made it still more inexplicable than before. It accused the doctor of ungrateful conduct—of having taken advantage of the writer's confidence to injure his business, betraying professional secrets, etc.

(all of which charges were enigmas to the victim), and concluded with an expression of surprise, that after all this outrageous treatment, he should have the audacity to intrude himself into the house of the injured parties.

The poor fellow, to whom the affair appeared quite serious, read and re-read the strange letter, but the oftener this was done, the more singular did it seem to be. The accusations were all false, as he had never spoken of Mr. Nelson to any one, except in terms of respect and kindness, nor repeated any of his counsels, however erroneous his own experience may have proved them to be; convinced, therefore, that some mistake had occurred, he started immediately to seek an interview and have things settled. But the gentleman was too much "*engaged*" to see him, and he was forced to resort to another plan.

To allow things to remain as they were, was an idea not to be entertained for a moment, and as the charges had been made in writing, it seemed proper that the refutation should be also. Dr. King, therefore, wrote a polite but severe reply, in which he denied all knowledge of the affair, and apologized for his intrusion on the previous evening, despatching the note immediately.

The real state of the case was this. Mr. Nelson's grasping spirit, jealous of every one who seemed to come in the way of his upward aims, was constantly fancying injuries and plotting revenge. From some imaginary cause, he had long considered Dr. Parker as his

enemy, and had in consequence inflicted upon him a regular succession of insulting attacks ; to these, after the first one or two had taught him the character of his adversary, the worthy Doctor turned a deaf ear, treating his notes and innuendoes alike with silent contempt, a course which seemed to increase the bitter hatred of the other.

After the death of Dr. Murray had put an end to the schemes in that quarter, the mischief-maker, whose real character was becoming more and more evident, and the number of his friends fewer, felt the need of a new subject upon whom he might exercise his powers.

It was just at this time that the young man in question came to Clairsville to reside, and Mr. Nelson had been graciously pleased to notice him as we have described. With his customary imprudence, however, he had carried his friendship so far as to express his opinions, in no very flattering terms, of persons against whom he himself cherished some private grudge, but who were, he afterwards learned, favorably disposed towards the young physician, having shown him many acts of kindness and attention.

No sooner had Nelson observed the notice the young man was receiving from these individuals, than he began to feel uneasy on account of what he had said, and forthwith appointed himself a spy upon his actions, which his suspicious imagination readily construed according to his own jealous prejudices. Under cover of friendship, he had thrust himself into the confidence of Dr. King, and was astonished to learn that he had

already got into a considerable practice, with a good prospect of rapid increase. This was unpalatable news, and as the list of patients contained several who had displeased him, he naturally judged his friend by himself, and accused him, on evidence purely imaginary, of mischief he was innocent of committing.

On the morning of the previous day he had learned of a new instance of valuable patronage, and his ire was kindled so effectually by this disagreeable information, that he told his wife to beware of the man who was thus returning their kind notice by base treachery, merely making use of their hospitality as a stepping-stone to public favor. Under these unlucky circumstances the unsuspecting youth had made his ill-timed visit.

The reader will of course infer from all this that these two individuals were from henceforth sworn enemies, but here he is mistaken ; for Mr. Nelson's mind, like a weathercock before a storm, was constantly varying in its direction, generally playing at the game of "all fours" for a considerable time before settling into an easterly rain. Dr. King's answer had scarcely had time to reach its destination before another note was received, but of a different nature from the first one. It contained a most humble apology for the mistake he had been guilty of, and begged that all might be forgotten, and so the apology was accepted, and to outward appearance the transaction was no longer remembered by either. Nor was it recalled in any spirit of vindictiveness by the *really* injured party ;

though it had taught him a lesson that he could hereafter profit by.

The new incumbent of St. George's, Clairsville, was very popular. He was a nice dapper-looking man of middle age, and pleasant address; preached flowery sermons adapted to the refined character of his auditory, in which he avoided all unnecessary severity of language, such as might have been proper in speaking to a congregation of miserable sinners, preferring to handle the more offensive truths with kid gloves on, for he believed this to be the proper way of treating subjects which he would gladly have avoided altogether.

Of course the majority were exactly suited; for their tender consciences had so long been kept sore by the old system of constant probing, that it felt exceedingly comfortable to find that salve was to be applied; the wounds bade fair to heal speedily, and the comfortable temperature of lukewarmness favored the operation of the medicine.

For decency's sake, merely to avoid an appearance of undue haste in the alteration of affairs, the former assistant minister was invited to retain his position, and for a short time he did so; but one bright sunshiny morning he was seen, carpet-bag in hand, stepping on board the steamboat, having started north in search of a more genial atmosphere.

But perhaps that colder climate was likewise too chilling for his over-heated zeal; however this was, the public press soon after made the following an-

nouncement, to the astonishment of many, though by no means *all* of his friends:—

“We learn that the Rev. Thomas Wilson, only son of the late lamented Judge Wilson, of Clairsville, has renounced the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and made his submission to the See of Rome. It is understood that he intends to leave the country shortly on a visit to his Holiness the Pope.”

Of course this furnished a new topic for comment among the gossips everywhere, and gave the enemies of the Church another subject of rejoicing at her expense; but her true children, while they mourned that such traitors should ever exist within her bounds, felt truly thankful that the number was growing smaller. After a short discussion of the subject, like other nine days' wonders, it was forgotten, and the deluded victim sank into insignificance.

The weary twelvemonth that had passed away since Willie Malcolm's departure had brought no tidings to his wretched parents; but still they hoped, and waited, and prayed for the wanderer, and they knew that the Lord, unto whom they had turned in their affliction, was able to grant them the desire of their hearts.

The bright New Year's morning dawned auspiciously upon their saddened hearth, and seemed a cheering harbinger. The morning mails were brought in, and there among the rest was a little soiled packet,

directed to both the parents, in the handwriting of the prodigal.

Their joy was beyond expression as they read the tear-marked pages, for they bore the welcome evidence of his deep penitence. It was written at sea, in detached parts, trusting to some passing vessel, homeward bound, to bear it to its destination; and after long months of waiting, and many disappointments, he had at last been able to accomplish its transmission.

The ship in which he was, was a merchant-vessel, bound for Canton and other places, and would probably be absent two or three years. He trusted, however, that an opportunity would occur by which he could return sooner than this, as he was most desirous of doing. His health was good, and he had met with kind treatment; but oh, how he longed for home! The sentences were blotted with tears of sorrow for his folly; he would give all he possessed for one line from them, but there was no way by which it could reach him.

The letter had been written several months before, and had probably come by a private hand, who had neglected to forward it to them until now. To feel that the son of their love was being tossed upon the rude sea, and constantly exposed to the dangers of the deep, would have been, under ordinary circumstances, a terrible thought; but in comparison with the agony of protracted suspense, even this cruel certainty was a vast relief; and they returned the most

unfeigned thanks to the Almighty Father, who had again shown them the light of His countenance.

Their residence in Clairsville was drawing to its termination, and they had decided to return to Dunketh as soon as the spring had fairly come.

Among the inhabitants of Clairsville they had found many worthy and excellent friends; but the knowledge that it was only a temporary place of residence had prevented the formation of the true home-feeling which twines itself so firmly around the heart, and makes it pain to tear one's self away; the pleasure of returning to their old home was greater than the sorrow of leaving the newer one, and they began already to count the remaining weeks of their stay.

Mr. Barton's death, as had been predicted, was fearfully sudden; not that death is ever otherwise than fearful, even in its least repulsive aspect; but when it comes to the unprepared sinner, and snatches him away in the midst of his fancied security, it is doubly terrible, because its summons is so unwelcome.

He had risen in his usual health, and had been occupied during the morning with some business transactions, by which he expected to realize a vast profit; the close pressure in the money-market making capital greatly in demand, and enabling the owners of it to obtain an enormous premium. Before night, however, his accumulated treasure could avail him nothing; the pauper's inheritance, a grave, was all he needed now of his great possessions.

A long funeral train, expensive mourning, and flattering panegyrics marked the exit of a rich man ; but the poor shed no tears upon his grave ; the fatherless and the widow offered no sigh for his loss.

Among all that stood beside his grave, none gave more extravagant tokens of grief than his son-in-law Nelson. His face was buried in the ample folds of his pocket-handkerchief, while his sobs were audible to those around. Poor man ! were there none to sympathize with him in his bereavement ? or was the public sympathy reserved for a future occasion when he would need it more ? We shall see.

Mr. Barton's estate was known to be large ; but when the final appraisement was made, its actual amount was found to be far beyond what had been supposed. Fortunate investments and sparing expenditures had been the means of adding to the pile, until it had become a princely sum. And how had he disposed of his property ?

The will was hastily examined by the eldest son ; but as all appeared as they expected, it was decently reserved for the usual time, to be read in due form to the assembled family. The time appointed for the formal reading of the document at last arrived, and all the heirs were present when the executor proceeded to the business.

The property was first directed to be justly appraised ; then the widow's dower to be paid, the sum of which was named ; the remaining portion was to be divided among the four children of the testator, all

of whom were mentioned separately by name. The instrument had been executed several years previously, and so far gave entire satisfaction to the heirs; but to the wonder of all, and the horror of some of them, a codicil was discovered attached, whereby one clause of the will was rendered null and void; it was dated much later than the original document, and directed that the equal fourth part of his property which he had devised to his youngest child, Florence, should be given instead to the city of Clairsville, for the purpose of founding a library, merely excepting a moderate sum which was to be placed at interest in the hands of competent trustees for her benefit in case of her ever becoming a widow.

The only explanation of this singular bequest was to be found in the date; it had been executed on the night of Mr. Nelson's party, and now that this coincidence was proved, one person at least could guess its probable cause, and deplore, when too late, his want of caution. To say that he was disappointed, would be to call the whirlwind a zephyr; to see the fortune just within his grasp dashed from him thus, was maddening; his brain reeled, his rage overpowered him; yet where should he go for vengeance?—not to the dead, for he had no longer a title but to the six feet by three, whose narrow space he shared with worms; the offending hand, which only could have reversed the decree itself had made, was still and powerless; and the levelling hand of death had made him as poor as the beggar who slept beside him.

And so the only way was to bear it as best he could, and see the marble monument of his departed hopes rise before his very door, while the literati of Clairsville praised the liberality of the generous donor who had thus made his name immortal.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!"

COWPER.



HE quiet atmosphere of the parsonage was well calculated to advance the recovery of the stranger, and the lapse of weeks brought evident marks of improvement. The dreadful strain upon every part of his frame rendered him as helpless as a child, while the sore bruises and deep wounds had occasioned him great suffering.

Mr. Somers's feeling of distrust had yielded to a far different sentiment, and he now even began to take pleasure in the society of the various members of the family around him. His reserve of manner had given way to a more cheerful spirit, and he seemed to enjoy the visits that were made to his room; an intelligent person himself, he was pleased with the companionship of such, and when they rose to leave him after a half hour's chat, he generally expressed regret at their departure, and begged for an early repetition of the favor.

He had always been a man of very domestic habits, and with the exception of the last year, which had been spent in foreign travel, had seldom ventured

far from his own quiet home. England was still to him the fairest spot beneath the sun, and he turned with longing remembrance to her island soil, sadly thinking how many a weary day must pass before his feet once more pressed the far-off land, whose very name was linked with all the sunny memories of his life.

It was natural, then, that he should love to dwell upon these pleasant things, and by degrees he came to speak of them to Kate, who listened with interest to his descriptions of English life; they reminded her of what Mary Malcolm had often said, and made her wish she might some day see it for herself.

Frank Marstone's studies were almost completed, and his ordination was expected to take place very soon. In making this choice of a profession, he had been unbiassed by parental advice, having acted entirely from a sense of duty. His father, it is true, was extremely gratified to discover his preference for the sacred calling, and welcomed him with an overflowing heart to the joys and cares of the Christian ministry. It was a life of toil, as he had proved it, and fearful responsibility, rewarded with little of the world's riches; but the shady walk was brightened with many a sunny gleam, and the "daily bread" was sweeter because 'twas Heavenly food.

Mr. Somers had become particularly interested in him, and secretly resolved to attempt his conversion; he was well versed in all the various dogmas of the

Church of Rome, and as an able champion in a noble cause, he burned for the victor's laurels.

Warily, as a man who ventured on uncertain ground, he broached the subject with mild expressions and studied words, the young man meeting him firmly, and with the tone of one who is perfectly at home with the theme he undertakes. He, too, was well instructed on all points of controversy, and understood clearly the ground occupied by his own Church as a double witness, equidistant between Rome and Geneva; thus the subtle arguments of his opponent, which to some might have been full of dangerous traps, found him prepared to give a sensible answer when questioned as to the reason for the hope that was in him. Sometimes, when the conversation touched on tender points, Mr. Somers evinced slight symptoms of displeasure at what he pronounced to be Protestant misrepresentations, but then Frank always put an end to the discussion by withdrawing; the next visit, however, found a new subject for argument, and good feeling was re-established.

"I've been thinking," said he one day as the visitor entered, "of what you said last evening with regard to the true succession; it seems to me you will have enough to do to prove your side of *that* question; let me ask you how the apostolic line could descend in two such different directions when authority was so plainly given to St. Peter alone? The words of the gospel are very plain: 'Thou art

Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church.' ”

“ I do not deny,” said Frank, “ that they are very plain ; the marvel to me is, that their meaning could ever be mistaken so ; the *Rock* upon which the Church is built is Christ himself ; had it rested on human foundations, how could it have resisted the storms with which it has ever been assailed ? ”

“ But there are other passages of equal force, which prove the supremacy of St. Peter ; for instance, in the gospel according to St. John, we find Christ addressing him in those solemn words : ‘ Lovest thou me *more than these ?* Feed my sheep.’ Find me, if you can, an argument against that ; to me it seems unanswerable.”

“ Perhaps not,” replied the young theologian ; “ the words of our Lord are of equal importance in all cases where He has given His divine commission ; and in the previous chapter we find recorded a similar and equal authority given to all the Apostles alike : ‘ Receive ye the Holy Ghost : whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained ;’ this, you must see, acknowledges no distinction.”

“ But to St. Peter alone did Christ say, ‘ To thee I will give the keys of the kingdom of Heaven ;’ therefore it is reasonable to suppose that *his* successors alone can have the power of ruling the Church that was founded upon him as the chief of the Apostles.”

Frank opened his pocket bible and turned over its leaves. "St. Paul says, in writing to the Ephesians, 2d chap. 19th and 20th verses; 'Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the *apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone.*' This acknowledges no superiority of one over another, since the Church stands upon the foundation of all the Apostles, these being firmly built upon the Rock which is Christ, the only immovable basis."

"If, then, all the Apostles were equal in power, how did it happen that the whole Church once acknowledged the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome?"

"It was not done, you know, until many centuries afterwards; for the sixth council of Carthage, A.D. 425, confirmed the decrees of former ones, which had determined that the Bishop of Rome could have no jurisdiction out of his own diocese; his subsequent authority over other churches was only a usurped power, tolerated for a time, but thrown off when its chain became unbearable, and the corruptions it sanctioned too glaring."

"But how *can* corruptions come into a Church whose commission is Divine, and whose judgment must therefore be infallible?"

"A Church cannot be *infallible* whose imperative articles of faith are so constantly varying; if the decrees of the early councils are liable to be reversed

at the pleasure of later ones, what becomes of the claim to this prerogative?"

"This has only been the case with the less important doctrines, and cannot change the belief of Catholics in the unerring truth of the Church's decrees."

"And yet, if you look back over the pages of history, and compare the first creeds with that of the present day, you will see that not only trifling additions have been made to it, but important and vital changes have taken place; while scarcely a Pope passes off the stage without immortalizing himself by proclaiming some startling dogma as necessary to salvation."

Mr. Somers bit his lip, and paused for a moment before replying. "These are only evidences," he said, "of increasing faith; the Church, though tardy perhaps in filling up the full measure of her Apostolic belief, shows herself ever watchful for the true interests of religion. The joy with which the last great truth was received, shows the feelings of her faithful children, as well as their sense of the justice of awarding to the Blessed Virgin the honor of a sinless birth."

"Perhaps you have forgotten that the attempt to promulgate that unscriptural dogma, once called down upon its movers the strongest anathemas of the same Church which has now made it heresy to deny it; let me ask you, is the Church the same? or were her rulers always infallible?"

"While the power of the keys still remains in

their keeping, it is profanity to question the Church's holiness; the Fathers and the accepted traditions all are witnesses to her truth."

"But if they scruple not to misinterpret Scripture, can we expect them to deal more fairly with the Fathers?"

"You have begged the question; I believe that our approved English version of the Scriptures does not differ materially from your own, though it is quite possible that Protestants have altered portions of the text to suit their doctrines; since the latter, whether you admit it or not, come far short of the mark."

"Of course we must agree to differ, for the present, on that point; perhaps, however, you would enjoy making a comparison yourself between the three versions. I can furnish you with a copy of Cardinal Mai's edition of the 'Codex Vaticanus' of the Greek Testament; also with a copy of the Vulgate, and of our own English Bible. You can judge better in this way than in any other."

"I would like to see them, if it is not giving you too much trouble; you see I am not to be convinced so easily," said he, smiling.

"I think none the less of you for that," returned Frank, as he rose to go. "In such matters let us endeavor to satisfy the judgment, rather than puzzle the understanding with arguments."

Mr. Somers waited impatiently for his companion's return. He had no doubt whatever of his ability to disprove all accusations by a comparison

of the three versions, for his classical attainments were quite respectable, and it would furnish a pleasant employment for the dreary hours of convalescence.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Frank as he reëntered the room, with the books in his hand; "a genuine copy of the Latin, at least—I mean such a one as you would call so—free from 'Protestant misrepresentations.'"

"How do you judge?" asked the other, smiling.

"Because it was given to my father by one who was once a strict member of your own Church, and who received it from a brother as devoted to its interests as she was herself at the time."

Mr. Somers started slightly as he read the name upon the title-page: "Mary Scott, the gift of her brother William." His agitation was noticed by Frank.

"It is quite possible you may have known the lady whose name is there; she is an Englishwoman."

"I did," replied he, recovering himself, "but it is many years since I saw her."

"She came to this country soon after her marriage, I think, and has never visited England since."

"Her name, if I remember rightly, is Malcolm, is it not?" he asked.

"It is, and one to which we are very much attached; we have known them for many years."

"I doubt much whether she would recognise me

that such a duty shall be put on it, and what we should do."

I think that the President's statement, now viewed in the light of what has happened, and especially in regard to the importance of the next Presidential election to the success of their Government, will probably not be altogether true in stating the House. At that time, while the matter might have been met with the Latin was still in the mind, though he had got no further than the first page, where disapprobation had resulted in many vigorous scenes with which the House was conversant. Before night, however, he had made sympathetic progress in the consideration of the war and the work became more and more interesting.

The points of difference in these transactions are in the matter primarily known, nothing, for the occasion from statements which occur in the majority Roman editions of the English Bible are such as have so nearly been forgotten in some that they still are not yet in accordance of what is their personal interest. Of course Mr. Sumner is connected with the whole Church, acknowledged the Latin translation of St. Jerome, as well as the majority copy version of the Vulgate, and even the majority are still persons how much nearer to those common standards was the authorized edition of the Church of England.

CHAPTER XIX.

The free old Church of England,
 That scorned the Papal sway,
 And cast off Rome's supremacy;
 In Rome's most haughty day;
 That firmly stood when error rolled
 Its myriad waves around,
 Where Christ had founded her at first—
 On truth's unchanging ground.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.



RANK'S ordination was a solemn event to all the family. It occurred in the church in Lanesburg, his father taking part in the services. Seldom does a young soldier enter

upon the duties of the gospel mission better prepared to enforce its everlasting truths than did this excellent young man.

Those who knew him best could testify to his blameless life and his earnest devotion to the cause in which his best powers were enlisted, while they whose privilege it was to listen to his eloquent appeals, saw before him a course of future usefulness which would, with God's blessing upon his labors, bring many to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

He was to remain for some time at home, having assumed the temporary charge of a missionary station near Lanesburg, in which he was interested. Kate could not bear to think of the time when he

would leave them for a more distant field, so she comforted herself in the hope of his settling finally in the neighborhood. She had depended upon his society very much of late, for her uncle was often an invalid, and Lizzie, since her marriage, was occupied with her own domestic affairs, so that Frank was often her only companion.

She and Mr. Somers were the best of friends, and many an hour's chat she had with him, particularly since she had discovered his knowledge of her friend Mary Malcolm. It was a subject they both loved to dwell upon, though his recollections dated much further back than hers, and he could recall her only as the young airy girl of nineteen summers, such as she was when she left England. Kate, however, could describe to him her riper loveliness, and her excellent religious character, while she alluded to the trials arising from the neglect of her English relations.

"Does she hear from them often?" he asked.

"They constantly hear from Mr. Malcolm's sister, Lady Helen Seymour, but I think they have few other correspondents."

"Then she knows nothing of her brother."

"I think not; she used to speak of him occasionally, but of late she has said nothing to me on the subject."

"I should like to see her again; perhaps I may be able to do so before I leave the country."

"They are in much affliction at present, on account

of the conduct of their eldest child, who has fallen into bad company and given them great anxiety by his protracted absence from home."

"Ah, that is a sad business; are they entirely in ignorance of his whereabouts?"

"They have been until quite lately, when they received some rather unsatisfactory intelligence from him."

Mr. Somers appeared to be greatly interested in everything relating to the friends he had known so many years before, and declared his intention of making them a visit before long.

"It seems odd that I should have been thrown among those who knew some of my old playmates; there are so few subjects held in common when one is entirely among strangers in a foreign land. I am very glad that I have been able to hear all you have told me of Mrs. Malcolm, for I can perhaps give her some information with regard to her English friends."

"Then I can promise you a warm reception at her hands," rejoined Kate, who knew well how gladly her friends would welcome any one that bore such tidings. "I should like to take you, that I might be a witness of her pleasure."

"That would be a good plan, certainly," he answered, brightening; "and I should be delighted to have such a chaperone as yourself."


Kate was growing exceedingly fond of the stranger's society. He was quite different from most

of the young men of the world, for there seemed to be an under-current of a more serious tone, that is far more agreeable to an intellectual person than the constant light conversation which wastes the time with insipid nothings and unmeaning compliments.

The winter, to which he had looked forward as a long and irksome period, was passing pleasantly, notwithstanding his crippled condition had confined him closely to his chamber; music, reading, and religious controversy made sufficient variety in the subjects, while occasional visitors enlivened the scene. His wounds were healing rapidly, and he was now able to sit up in his easy-chair, and could be wheeled into another room, a welcome improvement after this long imprisonment.

At the time of the railroad accident, Mr. Somers was on his way to Havana, where he had some valuable possessions in lands. This was part of an entailed estate left him by his father some ten years before, and which he well knew was increasing in value, and needed looking after; he had therefore started on the trip, partly for pleasure, but with that object also in view. The delicate state of his wife's health had induced him to make her his travelling companion, hoping that the sea-voyage and a West Indian winter might be the means of reëstablishing it.

She had looked forward with so much pleasure to this southern sojourn, and had talked



over with her husband the promised restoration to health they so earnestly craved, that now when she could no longer accompany him, he felt disposed to give up all idea of going thither himself ; but his interests strongly demanded that his personal oversight should be given to the long neglected property ; and after repeatedly altering his decision, he finally resolved to continue *en route* for Cuba, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey.

The greatest drawback to the pleasantness of the tour was the sad prospect of going alone, so, after considerable urging, he at last succeeded in persuading Frank Marstone to accompany him. Frank had hesitated, not from any want of inclination, but because he wished to become settled in a permanent position, and knew this would postpone the event still longer ; however, he had become so much interested in the religious welfare of his new friend, that he believed it quite possible for good results to grow out of a prolonged intimacy, and therefore decided to accept his generous invitation.

It was several weeks after the Latin Bible was borrowed before it was returned, and Frank could not avoid noticing the quiet manner in which it was done ; very little remark was made on the subject they had before discussed, but the very silence spoke as loudly as words could have done, though, perhaps, he cared not to appear in the attitude of a vanquished foe. He had studied it

carefully, and had been astonished at what his search revealed to him ; for he could not be blind to the fact that the discrepancies in the two versions, both of which he had been accustomed to accept as correct, told against the "infallible" Church. Nor were these the only things that caused surprise on his part. He had always been accustomed to regard the Church of England and her American daughter as schismatical bodies beyond the pale of Catholic religion ; and he had even yet to be convinced of the true meaning of that beautiful figure employed by one of the Christian fathers, in which the Catholic Church is compared to a sea covering the greater part of the world, and having one name, yet containing within it many smaller seas and bays, possessing different names and appearances—all arms of the same great ocean.

His mistake was that peculiar to his school, and he had never until now conscientiously or fairly considered the subject. The judicious Hooker, in speaking of the error of the Romish system, says : "They define not the Church by that which the Church *essentially is*, but by that wherein *they imagine their own more perfect than the rest are* ;" and by this false rule they are willing to judge and condemn all who may differ from them.

"We were speaking of schism," began Mr. Somers, as Frank entered his room one morning, "but did not finish the subject at our last discussion ; I have thought much about it since, and in reading those

books you sent me for my Sunday entertainment, I find your Church is as much opposed to divisions as our own has always been."

"Of course," was the answer, "she has always regarded schism as a sin."

"Then how does she reconcile her separation from the Roman Church, whose successions and orders at least are true?" He spoke with the earnestness of one who has but one remaining hope, but feels that this argument is irresistible.

"It would not be difficult to show you," said Frank quietly, "that so far from the Church of England being schismatic, it is the Roman Church as it exists in England which is the schismatical body; and wherever she intrudes within the jurisdiction of another bishop, she is only on a par with the other sects around her."

"How so?" asked Mr. Somers, with a slight shade of displeasure visible on his countenance; "I do not quite understand you."

"I mean that when the Church of England became Protestant, she merely refused to countenance the novelties that had been lately introduced into her creeds. She loved the old ways better than the new, and in refusing to acknowledge the new claim of supremacy which the Bishop of Rome had attempted to enforce, she parted not with her orders or succession, but still holds and possesses all those elements of unity that are essential to the existence of any real Church.

"Mark, however," he continued, "she was the *Church of England*, having jurisdiction in England, with Bishops to perpetuate the succession, and authority to decide in all matters pertaining to its welfare; therefore when the Bishop of Rome sent a delegation from his Church into England, after the Reformation was over, and the ground fully occupied by the lawful Church, that representation of the Church of Rome there was uncalled for and schismatical, just as a Bishop who went from there to Rome would be out of *his* place also."

"But stay, my friend, not so fast after all;—you surely have forgotten that England owes its Christianity to Rome—to the mission of St. Augustine, whom Pope Gregory sent to preach to the heathen Britons."

Frank smiled at the earnestness of his opponent's manner. "I am glad," he said, "that you have mentioned that; but alas, for your claim, there were Christian bishops and churches in Britain several centuries before Augustine landed there."

Mr. Somers was rather incredulous, and at a loss for an answer; so Frank continued: "History tells us, you know, of the ten great persecutions of the early Christians under as many Roman Emperors; and when the tenth and longest one took place under Diocletian, the same records tell us that it extended to Britain also, where many devoted martyrs suffered, among whom was St. Alban, who perished A. D. 305, according to Bede. Now

St. Augustine did not land in Britain until A. D. 597."

"You must certainly be mistaken," said Mr. Somers with warmth.

"I quote from Bede, one of your own orthodox historians," Frank answered.

Mr. Somers paused a moment, and Frank would have dropped the subject, but presently another point presented itself, which his persevering opponent thought would certainly prove more knotty than the last. "And yet after all," said the Romanist, "you cannot deny that the Protestant religion is a new one, which had no existence until Martin Luther laid its foundations 1500 years after Christ had commissioned his apostles."

"I see you misapprehend the true meaning of the word '*protestant*;' the Catholic Church has always been a protestant one."

"Absurd," muttered Mr. Somers.

"Not so, as I will prove to you. You have heard of the Arian heresy?"

"Certainly."

"Do you remember the course taken by the Church in reference to it?"

"Of course I do," said Mr. Somers with spirit; "when that damnable heresy invaded the Church she properly called a council to examine into those doctrines, and finding them contrary to the true belief, Arius was condemned and his teaching also."

"So then the Church *protested* against the heresy

of Arius and his followers, as you admit, and the Nicene Creed is itself the witness of its *protestantism*."

"Ah, that is quite a different thing from this."

"How so? the Church protested against the Arian heresy, yet it was afterwards no less a Church than before. Again, another council was called to consider another heresy and again it protested, and so on, six times within a few hundred years. Why may it not still discard error, and protest against it whenever it occurs, even if the number of those who adhere to the false way be greater than those who choose the truth?"

"What of Martin Luther, then? you have forgotten him."

"Not at all," said Frank earnestly, "but if Luther, or any other man, was chosen by God to be the instrument of drawing attention to these errors, it does not follow that he 'founded a Church' by so doing. 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid.'"

"There is something profane to Catholics in the idea of its being necessary to *reform* the Church," said Mr. Somers, "when Christ himself has said that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. By this we understand that it is never to be suffered to go astray."

"And I also believe that the powers of death and darkness will never be able to *prevail* against the Church, while firm and unflinching she protests

against every form of false doctrine that may from time to time assail her."

Here the conversation ended for that time, but not so its effects. Frank's definition of protestantism was still in his friend's mind, and furnished ample food for reflection; not only through the day was the subject uppermost in his thoughts, but long after the rest of the household was quiet at night, his solitary lamp burned on brightly, and shone down upon the pages of the venerable Bede, whose strange testimony he was reading for the first time, although from a child familiar with his name, as one prominent among the accepted authorities of the Church.

He might have doubted the truth of any other account of St. Augustine's mission to Britain, but could not this one; and although the candid writer did record the first act of union between the British King Lucius, and the Roman Church under Eleutherius, in the days of its primitive purity, still he was himself candid enough to see that the early bishops of that Church were not to be held accountable for the novelties that may have been subsequently introduced into their creeds, and he looked anxiously, as he proceeded, for some acknowledgment of these present dogmas in the history of the early British Christians.

But in vain. The Church undoubtedly was there, with its bishops, creeds, and liturgy, yet not a word was said about papal supremacy, or papal infalli-

bility ; and Bede, in recording the mission of St. Augustine, says that he and his companions were sent "to encourage and strengthen the faith of the Christians in Britain ;"—quite a different thing from teaching them a new religion. And when in due course of time the acceptable ministry of Augustine seemed to point him out as a suitable person to preside over the British Church, he was consecrated Bishop of Canterbury, not by the Bishop of Rome, but by certain French bishops.

He read on and on, so absorbed in the subject that he took no note of time, until, long after midnight, his bodily weakness compelled him to lay aside his book and seek repose.

The reader will not suppose that with such a subject thus fully opened before his inquiring mind, Mr. Somers was in the least disposed to drop it. Scarcely a day passed now, without some renewal or continuation of the controversy, but always with the courtesy and candor, on both sides, becoming to such discussions, and without which they are seldom serviceable to the cause of real religion. It extended through many months, and embraced in regular course the various points of doctrine which the disciples of the Romish Church are taught to believe as necessary to eternal salvation. But when gradually shaken in his hold on the Papal supremacy, it was comparatively an easy thing to see the falsity of other dependent dogmas. The veil that had been upon his understanding when the Scriptures or the

Fathers were read, was lifted by degrees, until another meaning was plain upon their pages.

Then history with its faithful pen showed the past career of this "Mother and mistress of Churches," and exhibited her as cruel and inexorable, cold, relentless, and hard-hearted, whenever she has had the political power to enforce her authority.

The oft-quoted passages from the early Fathers, in which are expressed their *regard* and *reverence* for the Bishop of Rome, are mistakenly interpreted to advocate his *supremacy of power* by Divine right, over the whole Catholic Church, when it may be, and has been successfully proved that even Ireland, whose ancient loyalty to the faith has been most confidently asserted by Romanists, was for at least seven centuries independent of the authority of the Pope.*

The Church of Rome loves to boast of her greater antiquity as one proof of her superior catholicity, and condemns the Church of England as untrue, because of more modern origin. But she forgets to compare data and consult history on the subject, or she would discover how egregiously she is mistaken in this particular; for the convocation in England which composed and adopted the XXXIX Articles

* See an admirable little work entitled "The Church of St. Patrick; an historical enquiry into the independence of the Ancient Church of Ireland." By the Rev. William G. Todd, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin.

of Religion, was held in London in the year 1562, while the Council of Trent, whose decrees constitute the bulk of the additions made to the ancient creeds, although it commenced in 1545, was not ended and confirmed until 1564, as may be proved from the bull of Pope Pius IV., issued for that purpose.

What then becomes of the cry against us, when it can thus be shown that England was concluding her testimony to the truth, at the very same time that Trent was framing a new tissue of lying novelties, contrary both to reason and the old Catholic religion?

Having thus briefly, and therefore imperfectly glanced at this portion of a large subject, we leave it for the present, referring the reader for a much more comprehensive treatise on the same points, to the writings of Bishop Beveridge, and especially to his discourse upon the XXXIX Articles.

But in investigating the intricate points in this controversy, let it be done with discernment; for Rome, with all her fabric of false doctrine and corruption, has much that we also hold. She acknowledges all those Christian verities which are the basis of our common religion—the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement; but alas! she has so buried them beneath the rubbish of saint worship, veneration of relics, adoration of images, masses for the dead, and all her multitude of blasphemous heresies, that the main things seem to be lost sight of, and the deluded believer, trained to the

exercise of implicit faith, is led into a labyrinth of superstition, from which it were indeed difficult to escape. The words of St. Paul apply to them with peculiar fitness: "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, &c., speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats," &c. Also the words of our Lord, "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

Is it any wonder that they have found it necessary to withdraw and prohibit the use of the Scriptures to the people, except by special license, and then only according to the interpretations of tradition, and by the authority of the priesthood? Or is it surprising that they oppose from principle, all those national movements which aim at general education and the dissemination of useful knowledge among the lower classes? Not at all; their only refuge is in darkness, and the system cannot bear the light either of reason or revelation.

Those shining characters which have, from age to age, graced her ranks, the spiritual à Kempis, the pious Pascal, and saint-like Nicole, like the earlier Fathers of the Church, knew nothing of her true principles, and were spared a foreknowledge of her modern idolatries.

Shall we not wait and pray for the dawning of a purer light upon this apostate Church, once the favored witness to the primitive truth, and still pos-

sessing a valid ministry? But, oh! shall we not guard with jealous care against any connivance at her errors, lest we also become partakers of her sin; for within our own pure Apostolic Church is to be found a safer rule of life, a more simple and beautiful, though less gorgeous ceremonial?

“Founded in truth; by blood of martyrdom
Cemented; by the hands of wisdom reared.”

CHAPTER XX.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.—TUPPER.]



HEN the early Spring came again, a new sound was heard within the old walls of the Fitzsimmons mansion. A new being had opened its blue eyes upon the world, the messenger of love, the pledge of happy union; a son, too, to be a father's pride and comfort, a mother's loving care.

The little one was welcomed by all the household, and Ada was wild with joy;—a baby brother seemed to her to be the most desirable of all earthly possessions, and she was unwilling to resign her post as nurse to any whose right she considered less than her own. She voted it to be the prettiest, and altogether the most proper child in the country, and thought herself highly favored to be so nearly related to it.

The name that was to be conferred upon the little stranger was one that appeared to give very general satisfaction; it was to be Clarence Marstone, in honor of him who had ever performed a parent's part towards Lizzie—her beloved uncle; and that

excellent man was highly gratified by this substantial token of respect.

The young mother, though perhaps a shade paler, looked more lovely than ever, at least in her husband's eyes, as she bent over her infant charge. The care of a child was something so new to her that its very novelty increased the charm, and the delicious feeling of maternal love rose high and pure, until it filled the deepest, furthest corner of her breast, and beamed in loving light upon the little being nestling there.

Mr. Somers had so far recovered as to fix the day for starting on the proposed journey; and Kate, with her accustomed usefulness, was busy in making the preparations necessary for their comfort. They proposed to go entirely by sea, remaining until the heat of the weather made it uncomfortable, when they would return by another route, in order to see something of other interesting sections of country.

It was really astonishing to an outside observer that these two persons, so different in all their pursuits and circumstances, should have become assimilated so entirely in the short space of a few months; yet so it was, and the congeniality increased as the acquaintance continued.

Mr. Somers, of late, had almost dropped controversy, admitting that Frank's superior knowledge of theology always enabled him to get the better of his ignorant adversary; but the truth was that the young clergyman had a way of quoting Scripture

to prove his arguments which was decidedly injurious to the opposite party's cause, and generally induced him to change the topic for one in which he had a better chance of succeeding.

The day at last arrived that had been fixed upon for the start; and the travellers, fully equipped with needful comforts, left Lanesburg for Norfolk, where they were to take ship for Havana. Kate had thought of everything which might be useful to them, and their trunks were nicely packed by her own hand, in order that nothing should be omitted.

They all felt the parting, and Mr. Somers fairly shuddered as he stepped into the car, the recollections of his last ride came so vividly before him; but the train came, the final adieus were spoken, the shrill whistle sounded, and they were gone, while Mr. Marstone and Kate stood looking after them until they were no longer in sight.

"How much we shall miss them," said Kate sadly, as she placed her arm within her uncle's to retrace their homeward steps.

"We shall, indeed," was his emphatic reply; then, after a pause, he continued: "there was something very prepossessing about that stranger; he has proved an agreeable acquisition to our little circle."

Kate expressed her assent, and then went on to form conjectures as to how soon they could hear from them. "Let's see; ten days will bring us news of their arrival out, or two weeks at furthest; those steamers usually make quick work of it."

"Yes, it is but a short voyage, just long enough to give Frank a taste of sea-sickness; I wonder if he'll fancy it altogether;" the speaker smiled as he recalled his own experience, years before.

They walked on until they arrived at the Hall gate. "Come," said Mr. Marstone, "I have not seen my namesake to-day, nor you either, Aunt Kate, you must not grow negligent already;" so they walked up the path that led to the house.

As soon as they entered, the screams of the child were heard resounding through the house, and Kate lost no time in gaining the nursery, where she found Lizzie and the nurse both trying to quiet the little creature, who was evidently suffering from acute pain.

"Give him to me," exclaimed she, at the same time suiting the action to the words, and taking the child in her arms; "there, now, you will soon see what a capital nurse I am;" and she hugged the little one to her breast, and soothed him with a gentle motion. The screaming gradually became fainter, until it entirely ceased, and the little head fell sleepily upon the arm that inclosed it, while its gentle breathing showed it had forgotten its troubles.

"Kate," said her sister, "pray what is there that you don't understand? I never knew you were skilled in this branch of science."

Kate smiled, and her uncle undertook to answer the question.

"There's something about her touch, Lizzie, that

makes everything go right; you see, even this child seems to know by intuition, that when Aunt Kate takes him in hand, he'd better give up at once."

All indulged in a hearty laugh, though at the imminent risk of disturbing the child sleeping in her arms, but it was too soundly wrapped in slumber to hear what was passing, and his aunt still held him in the position he seemed to approve so well.

Ada and her father now came into the room, the former scarcely taking time to speak to the company before she bounded into her mother's arms, full of some exciting narrative concerning their walk, which she supposed must interest others as much as it had herself.

"Wait a little while," said Lizzie, "I will listen to you presently, my dear;" and she put her arms around the child and kissed her affectionately, while Ada seated herself immediately, to wait her mother's leisure to finish her story.

"Don't you think he has grown?" asked the proud father, as he turned down the flannel covering concealing the sleeping infant.

"Amazingly," answered Mr. Marstone, "he will soon bear some proportion to his name; only think of such a handful having such a long name to carry."

"No matter for the length of it, since it is such a good one. I hope he may never disgrace it;" the speaker certainly looked at his child as if he had no immediate fears on that subject.

Kate rose softly and deposited her charge in the

little crib, for she had some other engagement more pressing, at home; her uncle was ready to accompany her, both of them insisting upon seeing their neighbors soon at the parsonage. A visit was promised for the next pleasant day, when Master Clarence was to make his first appearance in outdoor society.

The evening's mail brought a short note from the travellers, announcing their safe arrival at Norfolk, and their intention of sailing on the morrow. Kate praised their thoughtfulness in sending this intelligence, and her uncle felt it to be another proof of the excellence of his son, for which he offered hearty thanks to the Almighty Giver, beseeching him to preserve them from all the perils and dangers of the sea.

As they had supposed would be the case, ten days more brought a letter from Cuba; the ship had arrived safely, after a delightful voyage, which they had enjoyed in spite of the accompaniments, and were both charmed with the lovely place they were in. The early Spring they had left was suddenly changed to the warmth of midsummer, with all its floral beauties and luscious fruit; Frank's passion for flowers was gratified with the sight of specimens he had never known, all growing here in the profusion of their native air. Everything they saw possessed the charm of novelty, and the letter, though written a day after their arrival, and therefore dealing only in general and first impressions, showed

plainly that they were pleased with what they had seen ; the next should be longer, they promised, and fuller of particulars.

The Malcolms were now busy in their preparations for moving, and the old house at Dunkeith had been put in order for their reception. Mr. Malcolm had been there to oversee the preparations, and had meditated a pleasant surprise for his wife in having some important improvements made in the house and grounds.

Mary had not visited the place since their removal to Clairsville, and she was prepared to find some change in its appearance ; for the shrubbery, she knew, must have grown considerably, and the careful family who had occupied it in the meantime had kept it in good order, without removing too much of the superfluous growth.

It was now the first of May ; but May is not the same flowery month among the mountains that it is a little further south ; it was therefore thought to be a suitable time for paying a short visit to Lanesburg, before they started north ; Mary Malcolm was romantic enough to wait and see the old home covered with its new dress of green, rather than behold it first in its wintry garb, and a few weeks' delay would bring them there in time for this.

A visit was accordingly made, which Kate considered a double favor at this time, since it broke in

upon the loneliness of the quiet parsonage, whose two solitary inhabitants welcomed their friends warmly. Mary felt sadly as she recollected the closing circumstances of her last visit, but the letters they had recently received from Willie were extremely satisfactory, and informed them that he was already on his homeward voyage.

Kate's loneliness was sensibly increased by Lizzie's engrossing cares, which kept her most of the time at home; her uncle was occupied with writing or study, so that she was really much of the time left to the sole companionship of her work or book; even her music reminded her of the absent, who were wont to join their voices in the chorus.

But the two weeks that had been allotted for the Malcolms' visit were soon over, and she saw her friends depart with a sad heart, especially as she knew how much further they were now going from her, thus lessening the chances for frequent intercourse. Mary Malcolm felt this as much as Kate did, for she knew how greatly she would miss them when she returned to Dunkeith, where everything pleasant was associated with them, and must continually remind her of the hours they had spent together there. However, she had learned from experience, that in life the bitter is constantly mingled with the sweet, and her portion, she acknowledged with gratitude, had much in it that was sweet; the rose need be no less lovely because the thorn grows upon its stem.

And now came a week of bustle and confusion ; packing-boxes filled the cottage ; furniture cars stood before the door ; load after load was removed, until at last not a chair was left to sit upon, and all experienced that indescribable sensation of homelessness peculiar to such a time. It was well the farewell calls had not been left until now, for they were too tired to think of anything of the kind, and without further delay the family bade adieu to Clairsville—not altogether without regret, although they shed few tears on the occasion.

Dunkeith had changed little during their absence ; a few new houses were to be seen, and other trifling improvements had been made, but the place was too remote to encourage the rapid growth witnessed in other neighborhoods where business is the leading feature. The little church had been enlarged and remodelled in a manner that showed great taste in those who had the planning of the improvements, which had long been called for.

Mr. Malcolm and some of the wealthier parishioners had willingly contributed towards defraying the expenses of the same, and the minister had furnished the designs for the interior decorations. A rich window of stained glass formed the back of the chancel, which had been added to the length of the building, thus giving a number of additional pews ; the brilliant colors shed a softened radiance over the scene ; a better organ occupied the place of the

old one, and the whole interior, repainted and beautified, looked like another place.

A few years often make more difference in the society of a place than in its appearance, and so it was with Dunkeith. Edward and Mary Malcolm missed many of the old faces they used to see, for some of the principal families had left the neighborhood, and their places were filled with strangers; others were sleeping in the quiet churchyard—the places that once knew them could know them no more for ever. Then the children of the village had grown up to be men and women, and it seemed impossible to realize that they were indeed the same who once played with their own; but when they looked at Jessie, now nearly nineteen, and remembered that Willie was still older, they began to see that time had left its mark on others too, though in their own family the gradual change was less perceptible.

The old homestead had, as we have said, been beautified in numerous particulars by the thoughtfulness of the kind husband. A beautiful piazza adorned its front and sides, with graceful supports of ornamental iron, around which were already trained the climbing roses and honeysuckles that formerly covered the under trellises of its original design. In-doors, also, there were evidences of the same kind spirit, for numberless little additions had been made both for convenience and comfort, which almost any one else would have overlooked entirely;

but Mrs. Malcolm could appreciate and admire them all, and her approval was a sufficient return for the trouble they had cost.

How nice and cosy it seemed when they were at last fixed; how they did enjoy the scenery around, and the pure mountain air that invigorated the system, and seemed to send new life into them. Jessie thought she could never get too much of it, and the garden, which became now her peculiar charge, flourished finely under her supervision. Some choice spots were reserved for the West Indian flowers which Frank Marstone had promised to bring, and one little bed was already planted with some rare seeds that he had sent her by mail, but which her father declared could never come up while they were watched so closely; however, in this she took the liberty of differing, and after weeks of daily care, the little green germs shot upwards, and gladdened the eyes of the patient gardener with their expanding leaves.

Kate Marstone was a very good correspondent, in every sense of the word, for she wrote often, and her letters were always full of life and humor, even if news was scarce; and as she knew that they were interested in everything relating to the family, she generally mentioned even the less important items. Every letter that came from her now contained a synopsis of Frank's to them, and always had some interesting descriptions of what the travellers were seeing and doing in their West Indian quarters; they

were evidently enjoying the sights, although they began to suffer from the heat of the weather, now becoming intense, and this would soon, he thought, determine them to return.

Not a letter came but contained some messages for Jessie, which were scrupulously conveyed to her as soon as received, as were her answers to him; these messages were to be sure simple and unlover-like, yet Kate had for some time had a suspicion that there was a lurking partiality for each other's society, and she saw no reason in all this for changing her mind. One thing more she knew: Frank did not start on his journey without first travelling north as far as Clairsville, to bid adieu to his friends there, a mark of esteem rather unusual in an indifferent person; but Kate kept her own counsel, and what had the world at large to do with such a matter?

CHAPTER XXI.

* * * Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face,
But addeth fresh colors to a fast friend,
Which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery,
Nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish.

LILLY.



AMONG the many beautiful rural districts of England, few can be compared with the tract of country lying adjacent to the valley of the Cheviot Hills in Northumberland.

The scenery is wild and picturesque, abounding in abrupt crags and rapid waterfalls; for the little river Coquette, so properly named, comes dancing down the mountain-side, receiving to its embrace the many brooklets which find their rise among those beautiful hills, occasionally leaping from some lofty height, while its broad sheet glistens and sparkles in the sunlight. The peasantry of the region think their native hills and valleys the most charming in the world, and few of them have ever ventured beyond the Scottish border to make acquaintance with their neighbors, however their peculiar dialect may betray their near vicinity.


It was in the most romantic part of Cheviotdale that Mrs. Raymond's brother lived; the adjoining hamlet of Harwood being completely embosomed in

hills. Harwood Manor-house was an old moss-covered mansion, rich in legendary lore, and dating back to feudal times, having been built by the early ancestors of the family in the reign of Stephen, and used not only as a residence, but also as a fortress of defence against the turbulent inhabitants of the surrounding districts.

When Henry II. came to the throne, he ordered the destruction of most of these fortified places, and few escaped serious alterations, if not doomed to utter demolition. This castle shared the fate of others, and lost much of its original strength, although it had been subsequently restored to nearly its former plan, and had always been the seat of the Harwood family.

On the death of her husband, Mrs. Raymond had taken up her residence with her brother in this old baronial mansion, preferring the society of his family to living alone in a distant part of England. Her time was usually divided between this place and Lady Helen Seymour's Yorkshire home, where her presence was always agreeable and welcome. Lady Helen, also, was an occasional visitor at Harwood Manor—generally passing a few weeks of summer with her friends there, who esteemed her society highly.

Seven years had gone since we last spoke of her as a new-made widow and a young mother. The child that then brightened her darkened home had grown to be a fine, frolicksome boy, a comfort to



her still, obedient and affectionate; his features and complexion were like his father's, while he had all the gentle manner of his mother; almost girlish in his love for her society—a constant source of pleasure and occasion for gratitude to the God who lent him to her keeping.

During this beautiful summer weather she had come again to make her accustomed visit, and was warmly welcomed by every member of the household—especially by her long-tried friend, Marion Raymond.

Colonel Harwood's children were always glad when company of their own age was to be had, and little Edward Seymour was a favorite with them, since he was generally ready for play, let the game be what it would. All day they were busy with out-door sports; and the mild mountain breezes made even the most sultry day of the season cool enough for a romp—their merry laugh and noisy shouts causing the air to ring with the joyous sound.

When the acquaintance between the two friends first commenced there was little real congeniality between them; for Marion Raymond was a woman of the world, fond of the extremes of gaiety, and ignorant of the peculiar charm of home associations. She had married rather beneath her in point of family, and her proud spirit prompted her to keep aloof from those who had frowned upon her choice. Still there had never been any wide breach between herself and brother, the only relative she had; and,

when trouble came upon her, he did not hesitate to welcome her with all the warmth of an uninterrupted affection. Her husband's property, which was considerable, was entailed, and as he left no child to inherit it, the principal part went to a distant relation, thus leaving his widow in possession of but moderate means.

But the circumstances of bereavement attending the first formation of this friendship had called forth some noble qualities of her character, heretofore latent and undiscovered, but which afterwards became its leading traits, when fully developed by long intercourse with one who had in the beginning proved herself to be no merely summer friend. The early predilection for gay society had given place to a more serious taste, and, although cheerful and full of animation, she found pleasure in more satisfying things; religion had shed its influence around her life, and she felt that her affliction had been greatly blest to her soul. When, therefore, an all-wise Providence had made this kind friend to pass under the rod, and permitted her to minister to the comfort of the afflicted one, the feeling of friendship ripened into sisterly affection, and grew stronger with every year that passed over their heads.

Every day the pair wandered together through the various romantic nooks and glens, enjoying the prospect from the hill, and then sitting down in some shady valley to talk over the past, until the present was forgotten in the melancholy pleasures of the retrospect.

One day, when they had wandered further than usual, they returned to the grotto beside the clear brook, and sank down upon the mossy bank fatigued with the exertion they had made.

"You are not quite used to our hilly regions," said Marion. "I have taken you too far."

"Not at all, I assure you," said her companion. "I can now appreciate the softness of this green cushion; a few moments will rest me, and then I shall be ready for another ramble."

"Just look, Helen, at those hills; how clearly their blue outline can be traced on the clear sky beyond—it is a fine subject for a painter," and Marion paused to gaze upon the charming view.

"It is indeed; and if I possessed a grain of artistic talent I should take the entire scene for a study. Do look, here comes a peasant with a knapsack; how well the whole picture agrees."

The traveller seemed bending his steps towards the place where they were, and evidently intended stopping to speak to them; they watched him as he approached, and found they were not mistaken.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "if I am near Harwood Manor? I fear I have missed my way."

"Yonder," replied Marion, pointing in the direction of the house, "behind that clump of trees."

"Thank you," replied the young man, with a courteous bow, "and if you will pardon my liberty, can you also tell me if Lady Helen Seymour is there at present?"

The friends looked at each other in astonishment, and the sunburnt face of the youth became suffused with a deep glow of modesty, while he seemed anxious to apologize for his inquisitiveness. Lady Helen was pleased with his unaffected manner, and asked if he wished to see the person he had named.

"I do," he answered, without hesitation. "I have just come from her home, and they told me there that I should find her at Harwood."

"And what might be your business with her ladyship?" inquired Marion.

"I have no *business* with her; I have been but a few days in England, and shall remain but a few days more, and as she is a near relation of mine, I wished to see her before I go"—and the handsome youth moved to leave the place.

"Stay!" cried Lady Helen, who had watched him all the time with intense interest, and now suspected who the stranger might be; "I am the person you are seeking; tell me, are you my brother's son? Are you Willie Malcolm?"

"I am," said the young man, and he seized the outstretched hand of his aunt, and raised it to his lips with deep emotion; "can you—will you receive me after all that has taken place?"

"I both can and will," was the answer; "for I know you are sorry for the folly you have committed, and for your parents' sake I would gladly give you a welcome to my home and heart."

Willie's tearful eyes, and hearty grasp of his aunt's hand, spoke the thanks his tongue could not utter, and the three rose to return to the house. Lady Helen saw plainly the mingled likeness to both his parents, and when she thought of all the burning words she had received from those grief-stricken ones on his account, and knew how anxiously they were longing for his return, her heart warmed towards him, and she resolved to encourage his confidence by marks of kindness and sympathy.

It was but a few days before this that she had received a long letter from Dunkeith, and she could therefore tell him everything he wanted to know about them. He had been many months without hearing from home, and the least item of intelligence was acceptable to the erring child, who had reaped such bitter fruits from his indiscretion. The earnest manner in which he inquired respecting them, showed plainly that his heart was still uncontaminated, and that the lesson he had learned would prove a lasting one.

When they arrived at the Manor-house, Lady Helen presented her nephew to the family, who assured him of a hearty welcome for her sake, and the poor wayworn traveller was glad to find shelter beneath the hospitable roof which also covered his nearest relation in England, the sister his father so dearly loved, and of whom his mother had so often told him.

That night the loving sister penned a letter to those distant parents, the contents of which would,

she knew, send gladness to their hearts, because it told of the safety of their absent one.

Willie's long exposure on ship-board had embrowned his once fair complexion, but this had not lessened his comely appearance; for his regular features and soft brown hair were just the same as when his mother last gazed upon them in pride, while his large, full eyes had the same speaking expression of her own, and their deep, penetrating glance brought that mother vividly before Lady Helen, as she last looked upon her more than twenty years before.

How impossible to realize that this tall manly youth was the son of her old friend Mary Scott: she knew that the mother must be greatly changed, with all her many trials and experiences, though her letters showed her to be the same in heart—loving, faithful, and true.

And now that Lady Helen had apprised them of his welfare, and Willie had himself written to them, she was resolved to keep him with her awhile before permitting him to return to America. She wished to become better acquainted with her nephew, and also desired him to see something of England while he had the opportunity.

The children never wearied of listening to the stories of sea-life, and generally besieged him while he related the wonderful occurrences of the long voyage, or gave descriptions of the strange people he had seen in China, and other parts of the world. He

never lacked an audience when he felt disposed to give an entertainment of this kind.

A week now remained of the time allotted for Lady Helen's visit at Harwood Manor; and when that was past, she left with Willie and her child to return to her own home, where she could more freely converse with her nephew on topics of interest to both. A further acquaintance with him showed him to be possessed of a superior mind, well stored with valuable information, of polished manners, as well as pleasing address. She was agreeably disappointed in him, for she saw, from his candid confession of the indiscretion he had committed, that it was entirely the result of bad company, and had not originated in the depravity of his own heart. She was well convinced that his sufferings had worked in him the most sincere contrition.

They had many pleasant trips together, visiting most of the noteworthy places, not forgetting Lord Malcolm's seat at Radcliffe, where Willie was received in the kindest manner by his uncle and aunt. His mother's birthplace was within a short distance of Radcliffe, and he was able to see that also. It was in the charge of servants, the proprietor being at present absent from England, of which the party were quite glad, as they had a much more agreeable opportunity of seeing the place than if the stern Sir William Scott had been at home.

Good care was taken of the place by the old servants, who were well pleased to show strangers over

the house and grounds ; and Lady Helen enjoyed the visit as much as Willie, pointing out to him continually the objects of interest that were so intimately connected with his mother, and reminded her so forcibly of the pleasant days of early intercourse. Here were her apartments, apparently unchanged since the time when they were together in this very place. Against the wainscoted wall stood the escritoire filled with her books ; and there hung the portrait, taken in the full bloom of youth and health, in her eighteenth year. Oh, how vividly did the sight recall all those bygone scenes ! The intervening years were as nothing, for the mirror of memory gave back a true picture, and its broken surface showed but a multiplied reflection.

Willie stood before the picture like one nailed to the spot, trying to fix firmly in his mind the image of that beautiful face as contrasted with the care-worn visage with which he was more familiar, and to which his unwise conduct had added some deeper lines. He could almost imagine it was Jessie. The expression of the face before him was exceedingly like his sister, for it was painted when his mother was about her age.

There were many other objects of interest in this ancient baronial mansion. The picture-gallery contained some of the rarest studies of the great masters, and the family portraits covered a large portion of the wall. The library, and the oratory with its costly decorations ; the state bedchamber, in which the

bloody Mary had once rested; all these were objects of especial interest to the young American, who knew nothing of such things, save from the pages of history.

The impression his visit had made upon those with whom he was staying was very favorable, and they would gladly have urged his remaining longer; but his aunt knew that his desire to return was natural and commendable, and therefore, with the instinct of true politeness, assisted him in his preparations.

His luggage was increased by numerous valuable gifts for each member of her brother's family, and his own wardrobe delicately replenished by her thoughtful kindness. She felt sad to see him leave her; but knowing how his presence was longed for by those whose claim was stronger, she took her final leave of him, in hope of one day seeing him again, with other members of the family—if not indeed in this world, at least in that which is to come.

CHAPTER XXII.

Still in my mind
Is fix'd, and now beats full upon my heart,
Thy mild paternal image, as on earth,
Precept on precept, line on line, it taught
The way for man to win eternity.

DANTE.



R. SOMERS and Frank Marstone did not return from their travels until the summer was once more changing into autumn, for they had extended their tour so as to include the western portion of the country, and the vast chain of lakes on the northern boundary had led them homeward by an ever-varying route.

They had written constantly from the various points along the way, and both Mr. Marstone and Kate had replied, directing the letters to stopping-places in advance of their arrival; thus they were often gratified with receiving communications when not looking for them; all the more acceptable on that account.

The last one that came to the parsonage named the day on which they might be expected home, and Kate had determined to kill the fatted calf in honor of the occasion;—two days more, and they would be at home again. But all her good intentions were use-

less, for they walked in upon her unexpectedly, as she sat quietly at her work, so softly, that when the door opened she scarcely raised her head, thinking it was her uncle. When she did look up, she could scarcely believe what she saw until Frank rushed to her sisterly embrace, and his companion grasped her hand with the warmth of long friendship.

It was a happy night at the parsonage, and Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimmons came over to join in the general rejoicing.

It was very perceptible that the journey had not affected them injuriously, for Frank's paleness had given place to a healthy color, and his increased size quite altered his formerly delicate appearance. Mr. Somers, too, had added several pounds to his weight, and he was once more a strong man the same as before his illness. Time had blunted the edge of his keen sorrow, and he was much more cheerful than when he left them six months before. They had many amusing incidents to relate of what they had seen, and the evening seemed too short for all they wished to crowd into it.

At its close, before they separated for the night, Frank suggested the duty and propriety of returning their united thanks to the Heavenly Protector who had thus brought them safely home, and had guarded them from all the dangers to which their daily footsteps had been liable. No dissenting voice was heard, and the little group, with one heart and united voice, offered up a pure oblation of thanksgiving and praise;

the stranger knelt, for the first time, amongst those whom he once considered heretics, without the pale of salvation.

But the sun does not shine brightly every day ; once more the darker lines that form the shading of Life's picture must come in to heighten its effect, or we should lose its chief beauties. The pleasant days did not long continue, for a cloud that had long been gathering in the horizon rose suddenly, until the fair cerulean zenith became darkened with its gloomy pall.

Mr. Marstone, of whose declining health we have before spoken, was taken suddenly ill with one of the autumnal fevers common to that section of country. His symptoms from the first were violent, and his frail constitution readily succumbed beneath the fatal grasp ; yet the physicians gave hope that through good nursing and care he might still recover.

Kate, who would not admit the possibility of such a calamity, was incessant in her watchfulness, never resigning her post by the bedside except to Frank, when rest was absolutely necessary to herself ; and even these stolen slumbers were deprived of half their efficacy by her constant anxiety.

Mr. Somers remembered too well the attention he had himself received from this estimable family to think of leaving them in their time of trouble ; he, too, was unremitting in his attentions, and passed most of the time in the sick man's room, while his ample purse provided many of the delicacies of fruit and

cordials so refreshing to a fevered taste. In this he experienced a melancholy satisfaction, for he had learned to love the humble Christian, whose bright example had been blest to him, and whose earnest prayers, he could not doubt, had found acceptance before God, though offered only through the *one* Mediator.

And if he had learned only lessons of charity or brotherly kindness in his living example, how much more was he permitted to gather from that death-bed experience; Divine Grace opened these long-closed channels to his heart, and with one mighty effort he was able to put behind him the prejudices of education, and forget the difference that *had* existed in their faith.

Beside that dying bed was spread in all its holy simplicity the commemorative feast; for the sick man had desired once more to partake of the emblems of a Saviour's love with those he loved best on earth, "to show forth once more the Lord's death," before he went to taste the fruit of the tree of life, whose deep roots are planted in the soil of Calvary.

"Chalice and plate, and snowy vest,
They ate and drank, then calmly blest."

And oh, what fitter occasion than this to bury all differences, and mingle in the one "Communion of saints;" what reason could be found for refusing that solemn invitation to all who "truly repent, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of

God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways ? ” If anything could have added to the awful solemnity of the occasion it was found in the sight so unexpected to all, for the stranger knelt reverently, and joined in partaking of the sacred feast.

Perhaps some will say that no true Romanist, as bigoted yet intelligent as the one before us, would have yielded his principles so easily ; but we beg them to remember that if we only open the avenues to our reason, and are indeed willing to believe the evidences of truth when they are revealed to us, time becomes of no account in the measurement of that truth. God, who directs all our thoughts, can, if He chooses, remove the veil of error, without reference to any space of time, or peculiarity of circumstance.

The doubting Apostle, when permitted to touch the Sacred wounds, was immediately made to cry out—“ My Lord and My God ! ”—nor was the suddenness of his conviction regarded as a proof of its being apocryphal.

“ Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me,” exclaimed the fervent voice of the departing saint, and a heartfelt “ Amen ” from all present ascended with it to the Throne of Grace.

Several days of unconsciousness succeeded, which continued until the moment of his release. Calmly and without suffering, he passed away to Abraham’s bosom, as a weary child takes refuge in its mother’s arms, and finds the surest pleasure in her sheltering embrace.

To sum up briefly his character as a faithful minister, we cannot do better than quote the poet's words :

——“Simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine incorrupt ; in language plain,
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture ; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.”

How shall words convey the true idea of grief, or measure the desolation that is brought upon survivors by such a death as this. The silent, darkened dwelling, the still death-chamber, the fast-flowing tears, express but faintly what the stricken heart is to realize of loneliness and orphanage. The son, just starting on his career of usefulness, mourned his counsellor and sympathizing friend, as well as the affectionate parent, to whom he owed the inestimable benefits of a thorough and religious training, and whose declining years he had hoped to cheer and comfort, until old age had whitened still more that venerable brow. But God, in His wonderful wisdom, had taught him the sinfulness of clinging to earthly arms for support, and was drawing him with still stronger cords to place his affections and trust in Heaven alone.

And Kate, poor, heart-broken Kate, could words

Describe her loss! Ask the orphan who has lost his only protector and is left to buffet the waves of a tempestuous sea, and he will tell you how poor is the power of eloquence to increase that grief. She felt how truly she was now an orphan, in every earthly sense of the term: but the God of the fishermen, whom she had not left in vain now to serve, had given a sure promise, and she knew that He who once wept beside the grave of Lazarus could consecrate her tears, and temper the wind to the storm-lark.

Lizzie's affliction was great, too: but her own independent situation modified the intensity of grief that the immediate members of the family experienced on this mournful occasion. She still might live in the same luxurious home, and draw comfort from the same conjugal and domestic sources that yet brightened her life.

Three days passed sadly in that gloomy house, and then the last offices were performed, and the mortal part of the lamented dead committed to the ground. The large concourse of people who assembled to pay this tribute of respect showed how deeply he was mourned by all classes of the community.

It has been wisely said that the burial service, as it stands in the book of Common Prayer, taken as a whole, has no equal in our language for sublimity of style; but never did the familiar words seem so solemn as when said amidst the mourning flock, to whom the few years of his faithful ministry had justly endeared him.

And there he sleeps, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection; and the soft south wind that he once loved so well, fans into life the earliest flowers of spring—anemones and violets—to blossom on his quiet grave.

“’Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.”

Mr. Somers still remained at the parsonage, for he could not leave them in their loneliness and sorrow; he knew too well the feeling of desolation when the heart loses its dearest and its all, and the growing sentiment of esteem, of which he had never until now become fully sensible, was warmed into a vigorous life by a kindred sorrow.

He had seen the gentle creature, upon whom this trouble fell heaviest, under different circumstances, both of joy and sadness, and yet her true beauty of character had never been fully revealed to him until now. The sympathizing friend, the faithful nurse, the cheerful companion—all these she had been to *him*; and now when her lot was cheerless, and her prospects darkened—why should she not in time be something more to him than these? But these were secret, sacred thoughts.

Alas! she knew not yet how remorse was preying upon his vitals, or the extent of sin to which his misdirected zeal had driven him; she did not think that the stranger beneath this hospitable roof was a self-

convicted villain and a robber; and the apostate Church he once so blindly served held safe within her coffers the possessions he had for her sake filched from the orphan and the fatherless. Oh no, she dreamed it not; and how should he tell her such a thing as this, when he knew her pure spirit was ignorant of such depraved deeds as are continually done under the cloak of religion. Yet he would not deceive her; she should hear it all before she knew his sentiments towards herself; and only by an unreserved confession to the injured ones could he hope to still the agony of his remorse, and though it cost him bitter mortification to accomplish it, still justice demanded it, and he resolved it should be done.

He was a man of strong purpose, and had borne the stings of an outraged conscience long enough to desire rest from its upbraidings. A year before, he believed the Church had power to sanction any means for her own aggrandizement; but now he felt that it was not so, and hastened to repair the error by restitution and acknowledgment. A letter was dispatched that night to a distant place, which, while it surprised its recipient, gave peace to the writer, for it removed a weighty load, and opened the door of reconciliation with one who needed but this to make life an unbroken joy.

Frank had determined to remain for a while in charge of the church in Lanesburg, and the congregation would gladly have made his connection a permanent one; but he preferred a less enervating

climate, and looked for some rural parish in the Middle or New-England States, in which he might settle for a life of usefulness. Kate had promised to stay with and take care of him wherever he might be, notwithstanding the urgent solicitations of Mr. Fitzsimmons and Lizzie to make her home with them, and another, no less so, from her beloved friends in Dunkeith; she felt it her duty, however, to fill a sister's place in the home of her orphan brother.

The letter that the penitent stranger dispatched to a long-neglected but well-remembered sister brought an answer that his most sanguine hopes could not have looked for, and induced him to leave Lanesburg for a short time to seek an interview with those he had long dreaded to meet. But before leaving, he penned a short note to Kate, the contents of which filled her with astonishment, and revealed facts that she had not suspected. The stranger they had received into their house, and in whom she felt such a peculiar interest, was no other than the brother of her friend, Mary Malcolm—Sir William Scott, whose character she had always regarded with dislike and contempt. And he had gone to Dunkeith to express his feelings to that sister, who, as Kate well knew, had already forgiven him, and waited his own pleasure to welcome him to her heart and home.

It was a happy day in that pleasant household when the brother and sister, so long separated, were united in a long embrace, which no conflicting in-

terests or reproachful feelings were allowed to interrupt. Mary knew it all, and would not listen to his full apologies, or earnest confessions of his own agency in the fraudulent acts which had so long deprived her of her father's blessing and her rightful inheritance.

If she had suffered trials and sorrows, and shed bitter tears over the sad memories of their early days of estrangement, she had also offered fervent prayers that all might yet be well; and though the answer had been long coming, still it *had* come, and her past trouble was all forgotten in the joy of the present. Her son was once more before her eyes, accepted and forgiven—wiser in experience and fonder of his home; her brother, so many years a stranger, again united—not only in presence, but in the holier name of religion. It was more than her fondest hopes had dreamed of, or her highest prayers had asked; she felt that truly God, in His immeasurable mercy, had given her more than she had either desired or deserved.

The return of Willie was not unexpected, for his letters from England announced the day on which he was to sail; but his mother could hardly realize that the tall, sun-burnt youth who fell on her neck and sobbed aloud, as did the returning prodigal of old, was indeed her child-son of little more than two years ago. And had they followed literally the example of the good father in the text, and killed the fatted calf, there could not have been greater rejoicing over the wanderer's home-coming.

There was his room in readiness for him, with many a little comfort added to make it more attractive than ever before; and, as they were no longer subject to the scrutiny of Clairville remarks, their behavior and feelings were untrammelled and genuine. Reproach was not needed, for sincere penitence and earnest entreaties for forgiveness had done the work, and the past was now to be forgotten; the one disobedience of his life had been sorely punished already, and he was resolved that the years to come should prove his sincerity.

And now came another change which had not entered into the philosophy of their plans. Frank was called to the parish of Dunkeith, for the minister who had filled the place since his father's resignation was about to leave for a distant field, and no one could so well supply the vacancy as the son of their well-remembered Mr. Marstone.

Frank did not hesitate long in his decision, and Kate gladly agreed in his choice; the call was accepted, and another month was to see them again in the old parsonage, where the pleasantest period of their lives had been spent. Lizzie and her husband were the only voices heard in opposition to the movement, and interested motives were all that influenced them; still they were not so selfish as really to wish the plans changed, when it was so evidently proper for them to go.

CHAPTER XXII.

*With caution judge of probabilities,
Things deemed unlikely—e'en impossible—
Experience often shows us to be true.*

SHAKESPEARE.



AND once more they sat in their accustomed places—that orphan pair—before the fire in the little parlor of Dunkeith parsonage, and talked of all that had befallen them of late ; of the dear ones who sat here with them once, but whose places were now vacant.

Few changes had been made in the house during their absence, save what was called for in the way of necessary repairs, or long planned improvements. The little study looked just as it did when they recited their earnest lessons in the rudiments of education ; the parlor was altered only in the few articles of furniture they had bought which did not formerly belong there. The garden was far more beautiful than when they left it, for much care had evidently been bestowed upon it, and they waited anxiously for spring to show the full extent of its improvement.

Sir William Scott, as we must now call the stranger ; was still at the Lodge, and very often came over to see

them. Kate could not help noticing his increased cheerfulness; he seemed relieved of an immense load of anxiety since he had thrown aside his incognito, though for some unaccountable reason she did not feel as much at home with him now as when she supposed him only an untitled person. Perhaps this arose from her humility; for she did not suppose the proprietor of those lordly estates, accustomed to the society of the brilliant and aristocratic, could feel more than a passing interest in herself, and she cared not to inquire into the nature of the latent sentiments of her own heart.

But Sir William had seen no reason to change his opinion of her, and her shrinking modesty only made her more lovely in his enamored eyes. His sister soon suspected the state of the case, and if anything had been wanting to confirm him in his intention of asking for her hand, Mrs. Malcolm's testimony more than balanced the scale already heavy in her favor.

The "happy valley," as Kate had named it, in which the village of Dunkeith was situated, had its share of life and gaiety, although independent of the outer world. In winter the ground was spread with a thick covering of snow, that remained there until spring came, constantly replenished with new additions; so that the sleighing was charming, and afforded a rare treat to the lovers of this kind of amusement. The cold winds that would have made it uncomfortable, were kept off by the high range of mountains sur-

rounding them; and with plenty of warm wrappings and furs, the cold was not thought of as they flew along. Winter was never gloomy here.

Sir William had not had an opportunity of enjoying this kind of pastime before, and was delighted with it; only wishing that such snows fell in England, that he might often have the pleasure. The families were never at a loss for a chaperone, as he was always on hand and ready to go in any direction desired; they had had several parties which were merry enough, and several more select ones, when only two were seated in the little sleigh, wrapped in the huge buffalo robe, and altogether so warm and cosy that the outside chilliness was not perceived by them.

Thus two months of the winter wore away.

"A *tête-à-tête* sleigh-ride, Kate, what do you say to it?" said Sir William, as he entered the little sitting-room where she was sewing one bright morning in February.

Kate raised her eyes and smiled, while she accepted the invitation. "How soon?" she asked, as she folded her work.

"As soon as will be agreeable to yourself," was the answer. "My horses are at the gate."

"Oh, then, they shall not be kept waiting long for me," she said, and bounding across the room, made her exit at the door. In two or three minutes she was back again equipped for the start.

"You deserve a medal, Kate, for never keeping people waiting long. Why, some girls would have

been an hour getting ready, and you are about five minutes."

"Well, I always find it easier to move fast than slow; so there's no merit in the case, I fancy."

They had hardly got seated in the sleigh when Sir William discovered another evidence of her thoughtfulness. The five minutes had been long enough to warm bricks for their feet; and they proved no small addition to the comfort.

"Were you always so thoughtful?" inquired he, as they drove off.

"I don't know—I believe so," she answered, embarrassed by the peculiar gaze that accompanied the question.

"It is rare to meet with one who manages to have her wits always about her, as you seem to have."

Kate blushed unconsciously at the compliment. He had paid her many such before; but she was aware of some peculiarity in the speaker's manner to-day that she had never noticed before.

He seemed to understand her feelings, and began to speak on other topics. "How beautifully," he said, "the trees are covered with those icy crystals. We might suppose ourselves in one of the fairy gardens of the Arabian nights, as they sparkle in the sunlight."

"It is truly a magnificent spectacle; and if you will observe, there is not one spray omitted in the decoration. Every blade of grass is covered with these natural diamonds. How far does the work-

manship of the Creator excel man's most successful attempts!"

"Yes; I never felt this as I did last summer while we were travelling. The book of Nature speaks of His power on every page."

"Frank's last discourse was an excellent treatise on this subject," remarked Kate. "He was always very fond of studying Nature, particularly the stars."

"I know. We have spent many pleasant and profitable hours together in this way, sitting on deck half the night often, to watch the southern constellations as they rose from the sea. It is a beautiful sight, and I shall never forget the hours passed in this way. I trust they have been blest to me."

"Frank has a very happy faculty of applying the lessons of every-day life to the illustration of the higher aims of existence; even a child could not misunderstand his meaning."

"I agree with you entirely; but the chief point of excellence is his perfect knowledge of the Scriptures, and his peculiar power of bringing them forward to meet the case. His abilities are far beyond the common order."

"It is seldom that a young clergyman succeeds well in his native place. There are so many to remember his childhood and despise his youth; but I do not find that this is the case with him."

"By the way, Kate, I have a slight suspicion that my tall niece, Jessie, is uncommonly fond of his society—do you know anything about it?"

"I have no authority on the subject, but we may all use our eyes, I suppose; Jessie is a fine girl, and Frank is fully worthy of her, which I know you will not think is saying too much."

"She would make an excellent minister's wife, and her mother would be willing to have her settled so near them, I fancy."

"Yes, I doubt not it would be agreeable on all sides," said Kate, musingly; "and then the old maid sister would be a supernumerary."

She said it thoughtlessly, but it was, nevertheless, what she felt to be true; she could not bear to be the "one too many" in the house, and she well understood the maxim that "three spoils company."

"Kate," said her companion earnestly, "there is a home in which you would *not* be a supernumerary."

Her eyes fell as they met his penetrating gaze. He went on:

"I have heard you say you hoped to see England some time or other; would you not like to live there too? Shall not my lonely home be yours also?"

He paused for an answer, but none came; yet the hand he had grasped was still passive in his own, and he saw the brilliant color that overspread her brow; he was not discouraged by her silence.

"Speak, dearest Kate," he exclaimed passionately; "may I call you mine for ever? Will you be my wife?"

And still she spoke not, but her upward glance met his own in an unmistakable expression, and he

read her answer in their speaking power, while his first kiss of affection was imprinted upon her red lips.

And the last half of that eventful sleigh-ride was the pleasantest by far, notwithstanding the warm bricks had become attempered to the surrounding atmosphere, for the warmth within was sufficient to exclude the outer blast; and when they at last alighted at the parsonage door, they could hardly realize that they had been absent several hours.

Kate wondered if Mary Malcolm had suspected her brother's intentions or would approve his choice; but she did not wonder long, for her friend lost no time in coming to offer her congratulations, and assure her of her joy at the event. "We have long been sisters," she said, "in everything but name; and now we shall have this bond also."

"But I have many misgivings myself as to the propriety of his choice; I fear the plain country girl will shine but dimly in his aristocratic home."

"You need have no fears on that account, my dear, for true nobility is bound by no conventional rules of title or society; I can assure you my brother has no doubts about your capability to fill the place to which your marriage with him will entitle you."

Kate was neither vain nor conceited, or she would have been affected by the evident marks of satisfaction shown at the proposed alliance; the esteem she felt for Sir William had not arisen from any aspiring or ambitious views, for it had commenced before she

knew his rank, and the discovery had no power to increase it.

"So," said Frank, jocosely, one morning soon after the occurrences we have just related, "this is great news I hear about your doings; pray why was not my consent asked?"

"All in good time, brother Frank," she said, laughing outright as she observed his serio-comic expression; "but why should you be consulted about things that do not concern you in the least?"

"Kate! Kate! how can you say such a thing when you know how much I have depended on you for everything, and how much I shall miss your society."

Kate tried to look serious as she saw his reproachful look, but found it impossible, though she knew her cousin meant every word he uttered, and their mutual attachment was strong.

"Frank," she asked, with mock gravity, "who will you have for housekeeper when I am gone? Is there no one in the neighborhood that will take pity on you?"

He looked at her earnestly, as if he wished to read her mind, but could not discover anything.

"And who do you think would be the most suitable for such a situation?" he inquired.

"If I give my opinion I do not expect you to follow the advice merely because I give it to you, but if it should agree with your own ideas on the same

subject, I shall of course be glad; the person I should imagine the most proper for your purpose lives not more than a stone's throw from here—perhaps you can guess her name;" and the speaker looked at him steadily.

"You are quizzing me now, and that I never permit as a general rule; *your* impertinence I'm used to, however;" and he pretended to feel highly insulted by her liberties.

"I ask your pardon," rejoined Kate, with equal dignity. "I only meant to answer *your* question. You wished to know who I thought the most suitable person to be your housekeeper—and who could be so proper as an amiable wife?"

"But, Kate, I want to talk seriously with you; if I should tell you that Jessie Malcolm was my choice, would it surprise you?"

"Surprise me! why no. I've known this long time how matters stood, and think it is high time the affair was settled."

"Well, you are a wonderful person, I must confess; but how did you ascertain all this—I am rather curious."

"My divining powers consist chiefly in keeping my eyes open, and knowing how to put *this* and *that* together; no harm in that, I hope."

"Oh, no; but you do not know all yet, I perceive; suppose I should tell you that Jessie has really consented to become Mrs. Frank Marstone, what then?"

"Why then I should congratulate you, and rejoice

that I had been such a good prophet ; how long since this took place ? ”

“ Quite lately—that’s near enough ; but it was not on a sleigh-ride,” and he laughed heartily, Kate joining in the merriment, in the midst of which Sir William made his appearance. The quizzical expression of his countenance showed that he was in the secret, but he forbore to make any allusion to the subject while Frank remained.

“ Is the sleighing as good as ever ? ” inquired the latter as he rose to leave, and a sly wink at Kate showed the spirit of the question.

“ Oh, capital,” returned Sir William ; “ I advise you to try it by all means—my fly and horses are at your service ; ” but Frank was off, for he understood the hint, and was willing to admit they were even with him.

“ And so it turns out to be just as we supposed,” said Sir William, “ and they are really engaged.”

“ Yes, he has just been confessing it all to me,” replied Kate, “ and yonder he goes in the direction of the Lodge ; pray when did it happen ? ”

“ Last evening, I presume ; for when I returned from here, Edward and Mary were talking it over, and Jessie was nowhere to be found. Frank had left a short time before.”

“ I shall have to go and congratulate her on the occasion,” said Kate.

“ You will find her as modest as a violet whenever the subject is mentioned, but I suppose the idea is

new yet," and he gave a happy look at the blushing girl beside him, kissing her fair brow and playing with her chestnut ringlets.

With the two pairs of lovers the remaining weeks of winter passed or rather flew rapidly away.

The constant intercourse between them served only to increase the mutual satisfaction in each other. Kate had gathered a pretty good idea of her future home from Willie's flowery descriptions of the castle, and she could not realize the fact that she was indeed to be the mistress of such a place. But the day was really fixed for the double wedding, and in three months more she was to set sail for England as Lady Scott. Her preparations were progressing, and though quite moderate in their extent, required some time for their entire completion.

And then there were Frank and Jessie, the envy of many a less happy creature, for their lives flowed like a river, without a ripple to disturb its smoothness. In their young loving eyes everything seemed to be *couleur de rose*; they wished for no higher bliss than what each found in the other's society.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
 I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed;
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
 CHILDE HAROLD.



LETTER from Clairsville!" exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm in astonishment; "and pray from whom can it be?"

"You will be as much surprised as I was," replied the husband;

"open it and see."

"Mr. Nelson! The last person I should have thought of." The letter was written in a clear, distinct hand, and read as follows:

TO EDWARD MALCOLM, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Presuming on our former intimate friendship, I have taken the liberty of addressing you on some private matters of my own. I am anxious to leave Clairsville and locate myself in another place, as, for various reasons, my legal practice has become too small to furnish an adequate support for my increasing family. Perhaps there may be an opening for a lawyer in your neighborhood, and if so, I rely on your good offices to let me know of it, and use your influence in

my behalf. It is absolutely necessary that I should go somewhere, and if I am not encouraged to try Dunkeith, must seek a home in the far west, where my unremitting efforts will be better appreciated. With kind regards to your family,

I am yours resp'y,

DANIEL NELSON.

"Poor man," said Mrs. Maleolm compassionately, as she closed the letter; "I cannot help pitying him, although I know his trouble has been brought on entirely through his own foolishness and imprudence."

"Yes, entirely," replied her husband; "and I suppose no one knows this better than himself; he seems to have an unhappy propensity for meddling in other people's affairs, which is particularly impolitic in a professional man who wishes to acquire a lucrative practice."

"But what amuses me most is the commencement—'presuming on our former intimate friendship;' one might suppose from this you had been bosom friends."

"Ah, he has drawn upon his imagination for that idea; he no doubt could remember some few interviews with his former intimate friend that would be very uncomfortable to his feelings."

"I am truly thankful there is no vacancy that he can fill in Dunkeith; it would be a public calamity to have such a man come amongst us."

"It would, undoubtedly, and I would be very unwilling to aid in such an importation. His alternative is a much more promising one for himself and us too."

"I pity the place he chooses for a residence, unless sad experience should at last teach him that useful lesson of minding his own business."

"Oh, by the way—speaking of Clairsville reminds me of an item of news which I had forgotten to mention; I found it in a New York paper." He opened it and read the following notice:

"On the 18th inst., by the Rector of St. George's Church, Clairsville, Thos. King, M.D., to Louisa, eldest daughter of Geo. Brown, Esq., all of the city of Clairsville."

"I am really glad to hear of it; I always suspected there was a fancy there. Louisa Brown is a fine girl, and Dr. King deserves such for a wife."


The Browns had been favorites with the Malcolms. Refined, cultivated, and congenial in their tastes, a warm friendship had continued between the two families during the period of the latter's residence in Clairsville; they were therefore greatly rejoiced at receiving a letter from Dr. King himself, written from some point on the wedding journey, stating their intention of stopping at Dunkeith to pay a short visit to their old friends; nor did many days elapse before the bride and bridegroom arrived.

When they were once fairly domiciled, there were many inquiries to be made respecting their former

acquaintances in Clairsville, and considerable news to be told in return, for changes are of course constantly occurring in every community; and although but a short time had passed since they left the place, enough had happened since then to create quite an alteration in society.

The church had again changed its Rector, and the place was now filled by one of Dr. Murray's warm friends. A memorial window was already placed in the chancel over the altar, and strenuous efforts were being made to pay off the floating debt of the parish. A costly monument had been reared over the grave of the late Rector, which was still covered with choice flowers, the daily offerings of those who cherished his memory, and associated it always with the most beautiful things. The schools, his enduring monuments, were never more flourishing than now, and new buildings were in progress to accommodate the increased patronage; while, under the same corps of teachers, and with the same established rules for their guides, another generation of children were crowding to the halls where their parents had been trained.

Poor Mrs. Williams; whose age and infirmities had made her life a toil and trial during many years, had gone to her rest, and her pleasant home had passed into other hands; and the new library, provided by the late Mr. Barton's liberality, was now the favorite resort of the literati of Clairsville and its vicinity.



These were some of the news items which interested the Malcolms, and it was with feelings of real regret, that after a few days of pleasant intercourse, they saw their happy friends depart. The home of the bridal pair was to be in the Elm street cottage, the same that they had once occupied themselves.

Mr. Malcolm's reply to Mr. Nelson's remarkable communication was so discouraging, that he did not choose Dunkeith as his place of residence, but shortly after removed to a new settlement on the borders of Wisconsin, where, with the hope that he has profited by his dear-bought experience, we shall take our final leave of him.

As may be supposed, with two weddings on the tapis, these were busy times at Dunkeith. Of course it fell to Kate's lot to superintend the various little improvements that were to be made in the Parsonage.

There was to be some papering of the walls, and painting of the wood-work, both inside and outside the house; new carpets to be made and put down, all of which Jessie's father had provided in order to make her future home bright, and cheerful, and fitting for a bride. Then sundry pieces of new furniture were to be brought, and little nameless belongings which Kate alone could properly arrange. In fact, so interested and occupied was she in promoting other people's happiness, that to all appearances the thoughts of her own future were quite

set aside, or at least made subservient to theirs. But it was better to be so, for her own personal preparations could be speedily completed; others would prepare her home, nor did she desire leisure to reflect on the parting scenes that were so soon to come.

While these bridal preparations were progressing at Dunkeith, others were being made across the water, where already rumors of Sir William Scott's approaching marriage had arrived.

To those who had known him in former times as the staunch upholder of the Roman faith, it seemed altogether incredible that he was to return a Protestant, and with a wife of the same creed. Yet the wondering servants had received their orders, the Castle was even now being refitted, and the little oratory where in former years the daily mass had been offered, was already prepared for a purer and simpler mode of worship. The workmen to whom the unwelcome orders had come, could only follow directions, wonder as they might at their strangeness.

At length the day before the weddings arrived; all the arrangements were accomplished; the last touches given to the neat Parsonage, Frank's wardrobe was in order, and Kate's trunks were packed, and stood ready in the hall.

The service was to take place in the church, and the wedding festivities at the Lodge. Mr. Fitzsimmons and Lizzie had arrived several days before, and Ada and Helen Malcolm were to act as brides-

maids. Of course all were occupied with the engrossing topic, and only the thought of parting with Sir William and Kate marred the enjoyment of such a time.

It was the last of May; the days were lovely and the twilights long, and on that evening Kate stole softly away from the circle of friends in the parlor, to the quiet of her own chamber. Seated at the low west window, where she had sat so often before, she gazed out for the last time on the beautiful picture below her. The sun had just set behind the mountains, and before her lay the green valley in which her life had, for the most part, been passed. At the back of the house flowed the quiet little river, in winter a wide and swift stream, swollen with the melting snows from the surrounding hills, but now peacefully murmuring within its grassy banks, and widening into a mill-race at the other end of the village. In front, with only a wheat-field between, rose the church, with its slender spire bearing the sacred symbol on its point, and beside it was the graveyard, studded with white stones, each one as well known and familiar as if she were there to read the inscriptions for herself. And then all around were to be seen the little cottages and farm-houses in which she had so often been welcomed, each one linked with some pleasant memory of the past.

She tried to realize that this was probably her last look at these dear objects; that before many hours

she would be far away beyond the reach of familiar things; and as she did so, the long pent-up feelings found relief in a copious flood of tears.

The twilight had almost changed to darkness, when, her composure once more restored, she descended again to the parlor. Sir William observed that there were traces of tears on her cheek, but these evidences of natural feeling only made her dearer to him, as he reflected that this sacrifice was all to be made for him. As she seated herself by his side, he drew her gently towards him, and whispered in her ear such words as lovers are privileged to utter at such times as these.

CHAPTER XXIV.

(Then manly honor makes her bride,
In God's own name, Triune and dread,
And, from the holy altar's side,
Another blessing crowns her head.)

CHRISTIAN BALLADS.



THE wedding-day was the first of June, a clear and bright one, just such as brides would choose for such occasions; and both within the Lodge and at the Parsonage, preparations were afoot early, as the service was to take place before noon.

Long before the appointed hour the little church was filled with a curious and interested crowd, anxious to witness the unusual spectacle of a double wedding, and it required the utmost vigilance of the busy sexton to keep open the passage up the aisle until the arrival of the bridal train. To those who waited so patiently for the sight, no doubt the slow minutes seemed like hours.

At last, however, their patience was rewarded; the white-robed clergyman entered the chancel, and knelt before the altar to ask a blessing on the act he had come there to perform. Then, standing before the rail, he waited for the procession which now came up

with slow and measured steps. First the young minister leading Mrs. Malcolm, followed by Jessie, who leaned upon her father's arm; then the two bridesmaids with their attendants—Willie Malcolm for Ada, and a young college friend of Frank's for Helen. Next came Sir William Scott with Kate Marstone; and last of all Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who brought up the rear.

There was just space enough before the chancel-rail for the company to be arranged in proper order before the clergyman, and then the service commenced. First Frank Marstone and Jessie Malcolm were joined together in holy matrimony, and then the other couple in the same manner, Mr. Malcolm giving away both the brides.

And a pretty sight it was truly. Jessie in her white dress of sheer muslin, with a veil of simple blonde falling about her slender figure, and a wreath of orange blossoms and jessamine around her brow. Not a piece of jewelry, but only natural flowers on her bosom and in her hair.

And Kate Marstone, with her dark hair braided smoothly over her forehead, and robed in the wedding dress her intended husband himself had provided of costly silk, with pearls and diamonds, and a veil of real lace. Not that she desired anything different from Jessie's tasteful dress, but Sir William had made the request, and his station in life seemed to warrant it, so she consented for his gratification; and her appearance was truly queen-like as she stood

there in all the dignity and self-possession of her nature.

When the ceremony was over, Sir William and his bride led the procession down the aisle, followed by the other newly-married pair, with the rest of the party in the rear until they reached the outer porch, where they waited to exchange greetings with the people who crowded around, until the "time o' the clock" warned them to break away.

A sumptuous collation was ready on their arrival at the Lodge, but the thought of parting interfered sadly with the enjoyment of the good things spread out before them. There was but an hour before the time appointed for the start, and then came the leave-taking which all had dreaded so, but which of course would come; so strangely and yet so naturally are blended the sweetest and the bitterest things in life.

But it was over; the last farewells had been spoken, and all remembered in kindness. Even Irish Bridget, who had seemed such a strange link between the brother and sister, and who was still a faithful servant of Mrs. Malcolm's, received a parting gift from her old master, and was heard invoking the holiest saints in her calendar to extend their protection over the outward-bound.

A few hours of railroad travel brought them to the port, from which on the morrow they were to sail.

A fresh breeze was blowing, and passengers with their baggage were hurrying on board, when Sir William and his bride, accompanied by Frank and

Jessie, arrived. There was scarcely an hour before the time for the ship to loosen her moorings, and that was short indeed for all the last words and thoughts that strove for utterance.

As Sir William took Jessie by the hand for the last time, he laid in it a little packet, begging her to accept whatever it might contain as her uncle's gift of love.

And Frank had also prepared a gift for his friend—one whose intrinsic value was very small, but which he knew would possess a peculiar one in the eyes of him who was to receive it—as a precious remembrancer of the past.

And so they parted, with a promise that, if all went well with them, before another year they would meet again on English soil; the vessel steamed away, and sailed quickly out of the sight of those on shore.

When Sir William opened the little package that Frank had banded to him, it was found to contain the old worn copy of the Latin Bible which had once before been in his own possession, but had since then performed such a strange mission in his behalf.

Frank and Jessie continued their trip for several days longer, according to their original intention, and then returned to their pleasant home, where everything was in readiness for their reception.

And a happy home-coming it was; for the young minister was in the midst of a kind-hearted and generous flock, and his wife, being still near her old home, was spared the pangs of separation.

Sir William's parting gift to Jessie was a draft on his banker for ten thousand dollars; a sum which, when placed at interest, would furnish many little luxuries that a country parson's moderate means might not be able to afford.

And now, having so happily disposed of our friends at Dunkeith, we have little further to tell except to record their continued prosperity.

Five years after the weddings we look in upon them with that wonderfully ubiquitous vision which authors are supposed to possess.

In the ancient English castle, to which Sir William Scott then took his bride, is to be found a family circle whose happiness and harmony might excite the envy of some other homes whose inmates are not so well mated. Two lovely children have blessed their union; a boy who bears his father's name, and a girl whose age is counted by months—not years.

Kate has by this time become fully accustomed to her home and high position; but, to one of her native nobility, no mere honors of wealth and station could add anything to her worth. She is eclipsed by none of her noble and gifted friends. And her husband, who knew her real merits, and proved her worth under such widely different circumstances, has never had cause to regret his choice.

The promise of Frank and Jessie Marstone to visit England was fulfilled last year, when they experienced with delight the graceful hospitalities of a true

English home. Opportunities for various out-door amusements were found within the spacious grounds surrounding the Castle, and excursions were taken all over the kingdom to visit remarkable places. Oxford, the shrine of learning, with its many colleges, had vast attractions for Frank Marstone, and those grand old Cathedrals—monuments of the piety and taste of past ages, besides many other objects renowned in history, or celebrated in song.

Then, after seeing all these objects of interest in Great Britain, they made a tour on the Continent, Sir William and Kate, who had awaited this occasion to travel, acting as escorts.

Frank still has the parish of Dunkeith, and Jessie looks nearly the same as when we saw her last. They have been called on to taste one bitter drop since their marriage, in the loss of a lovely child, a babe of one year, who had begun to endear itself by many little ways to their parental hearts. But the Christian hope has cheered them even under that trial; they know their treasure is safe in the Shepherd's keeping—"not lost, but gone before."

In Dunkeith there is little change. The Malcolms have learned that rare art of growing old gracefully; and although both Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm have many grey hairs sprinkled among their dark locks, yet they are by no means aged, but bright and cheerful; they enjoy life to the full, and are sensible of their many blessings.

Willie is a hard-working farmer, well formed and

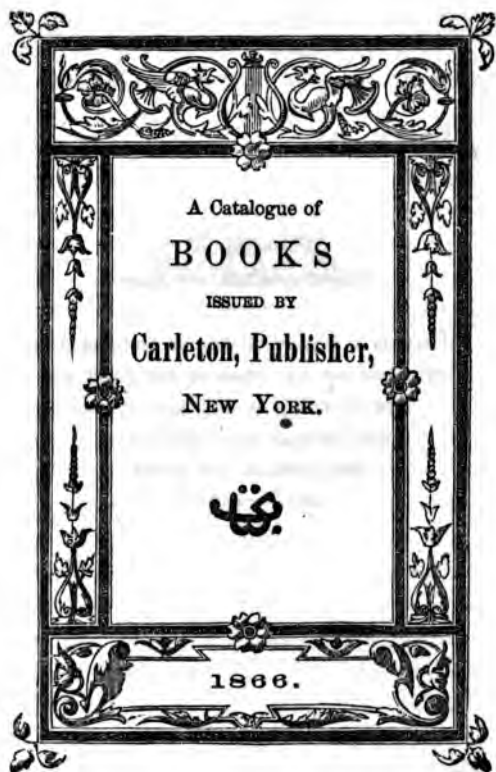
substantial, and has married one of the village girls. She is an excellent wife, and is entirely agreeable to his parents. Their home is also in "the happy valley," and around them are the true elements of earthly happiness, peace and plenty, good society, and warm friends.

Every summer brings the Fitzsimmons family to spend the warm months among the scenes where Lizzie's early life was passed; and thus the pleasant intercourse continues, and probably will do so as long as life shall last; and when the final parting comes, there will be a cheering hope of an eternal re-union in Heaven.

And so we close our story, and bid adieu to our friends on both sides of the water. If we have succeeded in drawing a pleasant picture of several happy homes, we have likewise shown that the best of all ingredients in their formation are the happy hearts that make them such. And if for us mortals there is needed anything beyond the possession of home and friends, we include it all whenever we utter that comprehensive petition: "Grant us in this world *knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting.*"

THE END.







*There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles
of books no less than in the faces of
men, by which a skilful observer
will know as well what to ex-
pect from the one as the
other."—BUTLER.*



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